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THE  
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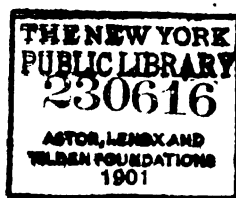
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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1816.

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ART. I. *Narrative of a Journey in Egypt and the Country beyond the Cataracts.* By Thomas Legh, Esq. M. P. pp. 143. London. 1816.

IT is rather a phenomenon, in these days of bookish luxury, to encounter a volume, and more particularly a volume of Travels, destitute of the usual garniture of fine prints or aquatinta sketches, without a single head or tail-piece, vignette or even portrait of the author, but sent naked into the world with no other embellishment or illustration than a fair type, excellent paper, and a style as plain and free from tawdriness as the sheets on which it is written. Nor is this total disregard of all ornament the only point in which Mr. Legh has shown his utter deficiency in the notable art of book-making: it will scarcely be credited, especially by some of our more celebrated tourists, that a three months cruise in the Egean sea, a visit to Mitylene, Scio, Delos, Mycone, and Athens—a voyage down the gulf of Lepanto to Zante, from Zante to Malta, from Malta to Alexandria, and a journey from Alexandria to Ibrim in Nubia, 120 miles beyond the first Cataract of the Nile, should have produced only 143 pages of moderate-sized letter-press. Such, however, is the fact. Perhaps we have found a suitable companion for this unpretending volume in Norden's modest account of his travels, through Egypt and Nubia. This honest Dane, when on his sick bed, anxious for his reputation, and fearful that he should not live to arrange his observations, but still more fearful lest the mistaken zeal of others should add to his notes and observations, thus writes to his friend: 'It is my desire that all wandering prolixities be curtailed, in order to avoid the sarcastic imputation of the French against the learned of the North, that they never know when to have done with a subject; "ils ont tant la rage de bavarder."' But Mr. Norden was no *bavard*; nor, in truth, is Mr. Legh. A few good plates, indeed, of the Nubian temples, and some account of the natural history of this upper region of the Nile, so very little known, would have greatly enhanced the value of the work; but—non omnia possumus omnes—and when we find Englishmen of rank, of family and of fortune, foregoing all the pleasures within their reach, for a voluntary exile; exposing themselves, with

their eyes open, to all the inconveniencies and hardships of painful and perilous journeys, to the effects of bad climates and pestilential diseases, not merely out of idle curiosity, but for the sake of seeing with their own eyes, hearing with their own ears, and of obtaining that information and receiving those impressions which books alone can never give, we ought to be proud of this national trait, peculiarly characteristic, we believe, of British youth; and so far from visiting their literary omissions with critical severity, we should consider their communications as entitled to every indulgence. On the present occasion we have nothing to find fault with but the omissions. We could have wished to know something more of the ancient country of the Ethiopians, in which Mr. Legh has gone beyond any former traveller, (that is to say, along the banks of the Nile,) except two, whom we shall have occasion to mention hereafter, and whose labours are not yet before the public.

The plague, which, in 1812, raged at Constantinople and throughout Asia Minor, compelled our author, and his fellow traveller the Rev. Mr. Smelt, to abandon their original plan of travelling by Smyrna to the capital of the Eastern empire, and to turn their faces towards Egypt. For though the communication between Constantinople and Alexandria had been uninterrupted, the latter remained perfectly free from the contagion; and so inexplicable and capricious is the way in which this most dreadful of all diseases spreads from country to country, that a Greek, who acted as British consul at Scio, observed to our travellers he had no fear of its infection being communicated from Smyrna, where numbers were daily dying, and from whence persons were daily arriving at the island, though within a few hours sail; 'but,' he added, 'should the plague declare itself at Alexandria, distant some hundred miles, we shall certainly have it at Scio.' It did reach Alexandria while they were in Upper Egypt, and carried off one half of its inhabitants, who, before this dreadful visitation, had dwindled down to about 12,000 souls. 'New Alexandria,' says Norden, 'may justly be looked on as a poor orphan who has no other inheritance but the respectable name of its father.' Most travellers agree in the melancholy feelings excited by the present forlorn and neglected state of this once magnificent city; which abounded in temples, palaces, baths and theatres; and which reckoned 300,000 freemen among its population at the time when it fell under the dominion of the Romans. The inhabited part is confined to the narrow neck of land which joins the Pharos to the continent; the circuit of nearly five miles, enclosed by the wall of a hundred towers built by the Saracens in the thirteenth century, 'is now, for the most part, a deserted space,

covered with heaps of rubbish and strewed over with the fragments of ancient buildings.' Even its venerable ruins are fast disappearing,—the Turks having solittle feeling for ancient works of art, that they dig up the most beautiful columns to saw into mill-stones, and build their bases and capitals into the walls of their ill-constructed houses. Pompey's Pillar and the Obelisk of Cleopatra owe their preservation solely to their bulk.

By Colonel Missett, the British resident at Alexandria, our travellers were furnished with letters to Cairo, and, among others, with one to an intelligent traveller, to whom they were afterwards indebted for great assistance and much valuable information. This person, who was known in Egypt by the name of Shekh Ibrahim, but whose real name is Burchardt, is still on his travels under the auspices of the African Association ;—not *Society*, as Mr. Legh has it, nor yet *Institution* ;—he has transmitted home, we understand, some very curious and important information respecting the Nubians and various tribes of Arabs. At that time he had just effected his escape from the Bedouins, in Syria, by whom he had been robbed of all his effects and detained for six months in close captivity.

The population of Egypt is a mixture of Copts, Jews, Arabs and Turks—the first supposed to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians ; the second the same here as they are found to be over the whole world ; the third, who form the great mass of the population, consist of the Pastoral—the Bedouin, the independent, restless, warlike freebooter of the desert—and the Fellah, or cultivator of the soil, the most civilized and patient, but at the same time the most corrupt and degraded of his countrymen—and the Turks and Albanians, who lord it over all the others, being distributed through the country to garrison the different towns, and to levy the *miri* or contributions, ' which they do with every circumstance of cruelty and oppression.'

The condition of the peasantry, which is as miserable as can well be imagined, seems to have undergone no change for the better since the days of Sesostria, Psammeticus or Cheops. Whether under the yoke of the Persians, the Greeks, Romans, Arabians, Turks or French, this unfortunate country, as Niebuhr justly observes, has enjoyed no interval of tranquillity and freedom, but has constantly been oppressed and pillaged by the lieutenants of a distant lord ; the sole object of both being that of extorting as large a revenue as possible from the hard hands of the peasants.

' Even now,' says this judicious writer, ' the population is decreasing ; and the peasant, although in a fertile country, miserably poor ; for the exactions of government and its officers leave him nothing to lay out in the improvement and culture of his lands, while the cities are falling

into ruin, because the same unhappy restraints render it impossible for the citizens to engage in any lucrative industry.'

Of this mixed population it is hard to say whether the Arabs, the Copts or the Turks are the most simple, the most ignorant and the most superstitious. Mr. Legh seems to think the Copts, (who are Christians of the sect of Eutyches,) 'a clever and intriguing race :' they are employed, he says, by the government in keeping the 'registers of land and tribute ;' he admits, however, that in acquiring these posts, they have to dispute them with the Jews. Ancient Coptic books are said to be found still in Upper Egypt, but no Copt understands them ; and the Rosetta stone, we suspect, is still little less mysterious than it was on the day of its arrival in England. The simplicity of the peasants, whether Copts or Arabs, is not the worst trait in their character. Niebuhr says, that, while he was surveying in the Delta, he let a peasant look through the levelling telescope, which inverted the object ; the man, on observing the village turned upside down, stared at the traveller with great astonishment ; but on being told that, by the order of the Pashaw,\* he was about to destroy it, the poor fellow entreated he would give him time to remove his wife and his cow, and set off on full speed for that purpose—and this poor man, we doubt not, was quite as well skilled as his neighbours in 'all the learning of the Egyptians.'

The mud villages and the pigeon houses interspersed with palms, the gardens of orange and banana trees which abound in the Delta and along each bank of the Nile, added to the richness of the soil, which produces the finest crops of grain almost without the labour of culture, afford a pleasing prospect to the eye, while the miserable appearance of the peasantry strongly evinces how completely the bounty of nature may be counteracted by a bad government.

The citadel of Cairo, which stands under the Mokattam heights or termination of the chain of mountains which accompanies the Nile through Upper Egypt, and which the French fortified, is the residence of the Pashaw, who received our travellers in the most friendly manner, with many flattering expressions of esteem for their country, and what was of more use to them, with a promise of protection and assistance in the prosecution of their travels to the southward. This he was enabled to do, as Egypt was now, by his vigorous administration, in a state of greater tranquillity than it had known for many years, while the Turks and Mamelukes held a sort of divided empire. It cannot be denied that the latter expe-

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\* We heartily wish that Mr. Legh and other English travellers would not sanction us in the improper mode of spelling this word ; *Pacha* in French orthography is right, in English it would be *Pata*, which cannot be right.

rienced a severe and unmerited fate, to which England was an unwilling and unconscious accessory ; but it was necessary for the peace of the country that one of the parties should abandon it—that lot, after a perfidious massacre on the part of the Turks, fell to the Mamelukes, who retired into Upper Egypt. Shortly, however, after the English had evacuated the country, the Albanian troops mutinied, and calling the exiles to their assistance, succeeded in deposing Mahomed Pashaw ; but the Mamelukes soon threw aside the mask of friendship, and became the masters of the Albanians, who, on their part, used every effort to get rid of their treacherous allies, and, after a severe struggle, drove them back, a second time, into Upper Egypt : they then elected Mahomed Ali, the present pashaw, their chief, who has proved himself a man of extraordinary talents and enterprise, though taken from the humble station of captain of a pirate boat in the Archipelago. He has since not only secured the tranquillity of his own dominions from the formidable incursions of the Wahabees, but dispossessed them of Mecca, and restored it with Medina to the Ottoman Porte.

Ali had also succeeded in driving the Mamelukes from Ibrim, where they made their last stand ; and compelled them to retreat to Dongola. This part of Nubia is particularly famous for its breed of horses, one of which is said to be valued, on the spot, at eight, ten, and even a dozen slaves ; and at Cairo, in the time of the Mamelukes, a good Dongolese horse would fetch the value of a thousand pounds sterling. Here the remaining Mamelukes, to the number of about five hundred, have taken their station ; and, laying aside their old habits of external magnificence, addicted themselves to agriculture, and to the breeding of cattle ; it is also reported that they have a few trading vessels on the Nile. They have found it necessary, however, to arm about four or five thousand negro-slaves, and to surround their city with a wall, against the incursions of the Arabs from the west, and a nation of blacks from the east. The city or town of Dongola is said to be larger than any in Upper Egypt, and to be built on both sides of the Nile. At their head is Osman Bey Bardissi ; and our travellers learned at Dehr, that he had made a vow never to shave his head or his beard, till he should re-enter Cairo in triumph.

The police of Cairo is stated to be highly creditable to the vigour of Mahomed Ali's government, and the disorders usual among Turkish troops are so far repressed, as nearly to verify a promise which he made on his appointment to the pashalic, that in a few years 'you should be able to walk about the streets with both hands full of gold.' Every street in Cairo has a gate at each end, which is shut at eight o'clock, and every person is required to carry a light after it is dark,—a regulation very common in eastern cities,



and one which might be adopted with advantage in some cities of Europe.

The extent, the population, and the magnificence of Cairo, have been described by many travellers in the most pompous and exaggerated terms. It is still called, in the figurative language of the east, 'Misr, without an equal; Misr, the mother of the world.' The *chalice*, or canal, Mr. Legh says, which pierces the city in a direction nearly from north to south, is the general receptacle of filth; but when opened on the overflow of the Nile, it is changed at once into a canal covered with boats, 'offering an imperfect resemblance to the gondolas and gayety of Venice.' The descriptions of it, he says, have been ridiculously magnified; it is not more than twenty feet broad; and the term *ditch* would not convey an incorrect idea of its appearance: in this Mr. Legh is supported by Niebuhr and Norden. The bazaars were more entitled to attention, being superior in splendour to any that our travellers had met with in Turkey. Of the Slave-market we shall allow Mr. Legh to speak for himself.

'We visited also the Slave-market, where, to say nothing of the moral reflections suggested by this traffic in human beings, the senses were offended in the most disagreeable manner, by the excessive state of filthiness in which these miserable wretches were compelled to exist. They were crowded together in enclosures, like the sheep-pens of Smithfield-market, and the abominable stench and uncleanness, which were the consequence of such confinement, may be more readily imagined than described.'—(p. 21.)

Cairo is the chief mart of the slaves who are brought from Abyssinia, Sennaar, Darfur, and other parts of Soudan. This horrid traffic is carried on by a set of fellows called Jelabs, or slave-merchants, who, in the course of the long journey, seize upon those periods of distress arising from a scarcity of water or provisions, to perform the operation of emasculation on the male slaves; who, immediately after the process, are buried in the sand to a certain depth to stop the hemorrhage;—for the rest we must quote Mr. Legh.

'The calculation was, that one out of three only survive the operation, which was performed at a moment of distress, that the risk of mortality might be incurred at a time when the merchants could best spare their slaves. Their method of travelling was to sling a dozen of the negroes across the back of a camel.

'With respect to the value of these slaves in Egypt, it is various, according to their age, sex, and other qualities.

'An eunuch was estimated at 1500 piastres.

'Girls, whose virginity was secured by means more powerful than moral restraint, were valued at 500 piastres: but such is the state of

degradation to which the human species is reduced in this country, that the precaution serves only to produce abuses of a more revolting nature.'

'Female slaves, who could not boast of this advantage, were in general sold for 300 piastres; but if they have lived in a Frank family, and had learned to sew, wash, and wait at table, their value was estimated in the market at Cairo at 700 piastres.'—(p. 39.)

The mosques and churches, objects that usually catch the traveller's attention, possessed no charms apparently for Mr. Legh: he was unsatiated enough not to visit the Coptic church in which is the grotto where the Holy Family took refuge; nor did his curiosity tempt him into that of the Greeks with the miraculous pillar, to which if fools be bound they speedily recover their senses:—such a pillar, at this time, would be invaluable, if without injury to the Greek church, it could be pulled down and transported to London or Paris!

On leaving Cairo for Upper Egypt, our travellers engaged an American, of the name of Barthow, who had resided many years in the country, to accompany them in the capacity of interpreter. They sailed on the 13th January, and their first landing was at the ruined village of Benihassen, where they visited the excavations which Norden ascribes to 'holy hermits, who made their abodes there.' The principal chamber is 60 feet in length, and 40 in height; to the south of it are 17 smaller chambers, and probably the like number to the north. Mr. Legh says, they found it difficult to follow Mr. Hamilton's descriptions of the paintings which cover the walls of the chambers. At Ashmounien, the site of the ancient Hermopolis, they partook of the enthusiasm with which Denon speaks of its splendid ruins; but Mr. Legh observes, that his delineation of them denotes the haste with which he travelled, for that the Winged Globe represented by him on the frieze, does not exist in the original. Indeed M. Denon is very little to be depended on where he does not copy from preceding travellers, or from the actual fragments carried away by the French. By his own account, he has drawn and described objects seen only in galloping past them, and at the best labouring under the horror of a hostile visit from the Arabs or the Mamelukes.

At Siout, which has succeeded to Girgeh as the capital of Upper Egypt, they fell in with their friend Burchardt, travelling as Shekh Ibrahim, on his way to the Great Oasis, where a tribe of Bedouins had lately established themselves. Ibrahim Bey, the eldest son of the Pashaw of Egypt, who was residing here as Governor of Upper Egypt, received them with civility and attention.

On the 28th, they reached Gaw-el-Kebir, the ancient Antaeopolis, where the portico of the temple is still standing, and con-

sists of three rows, each of six columns; they are eight feet in diameter, and, with their entablature, sixty-two feet high! situated in the midst of a thick grove of date trees. Mr. Legh thinks this venerable and gigantic ruin the most picturesque in Egypt,—the columns, architraves, and every part of the building, are covered with hieroglyphics. At the farthest extremity of the temple is an immense block of granite, of a pyramidal form, twelve feet high and nine feet square at the base, in which is cut a niche, seven feet high, four feet wide, and three feet deep.

In visiting these temples and the villages along the banks of the Nile, our travellers were forcibly struck with the luxuriant fertility of the soil, as contrasted with the wretched state of poverty and misery of the inhabitants, who evidently laboured under the same arbitrary and oppressive exactions here as in Lower Egypt.

‘The fields enriched by the Nile teem with plenty; the date trees here are loaded with fruit; cattle of every kind, poultry and milk, abound in every village; but the wretched Arab is compelled to live on a few lentils, and a small portion of bread and water, while he sees his fields plundered and his cattle driven away, to gratify the insatiable wants of a mercenary soldier, and the inordinate claims of a rapacious governor. After having paid the various contributions, and answered the numerous demands made upon him, not a twentieth of the produce of his labour falls to his own share: and without the prospect of enjoying the fruits of his toil, the *fellah*, naturally indolent himself, allows his fields to remain uncultivated, conscious that his industry would be but an additional temptation to the extortion of tyranny.’—(p. 42.)

Between Cafr Saide, supposed to be the site of Chenobossion, and Diospolis Parva, the modern How, our travellers observed, for the first time, some crocodiles basking on the sand banks in the river, the largest apparently about twenty-five feet long. Mr. Legh thinks Girgeh the limit below which they do not descend; and they appear to be most numerous between this place and the Cataracts. The superstitious natives, we are told, attribute the circumstance of crocodiles not being observed in the lower parts of the Nile, to the talismanic influence of the Mikkias, or Nilometer, at Cairo;—so says Niebuhr; but, he adds, it may be ascribed rather to the culture and population on the banks of the river.

A fair wind wafted the travellers past the magnificent ruins of Dendera, Koptos, and Kous, and on the 7th February they landed on the plain of Thebes—Thebes, the city of an hundred gates—the theme and admiration of ancient poets and historians—the wonder of every traveller in every age—‘that venerable city, (as Pococke says,) the date of whose destruction is older than the foundation of most other cities’—and the extent of whose ruins, and the immensity of whose colossal fragments, still offer ‘so many asto-

ishing objects, that one is riveted to the spot, unable to decide whither to direct the step or fix the attention.' These ruins extend from each bank of the Nile to the sides of the enclosing mountains : the objects which most powerfully attract the attention on the eastern side are the magnificent Temple of Karnac, and the remains of the Temple of Luxor ; the latter of which, Mr. Legh says, mark the southern extremity of the walls of the city on that side of the river ; Pococke, however, ' found no signs of walls round Thebes.' On the opposite or western bank, are the Memnonium, the two colossal statues, and the remains of Médinet-Abou. The Necropolis, or celebrated caverns, known as the sepulchres of the ancient kings of Thebes, are excavations in the mountains, covered with sculptures and paintings, still in the highest degree of preservation. Of these, Mr. Legh gives no description, which indeed without engravings would have been of little use ; but we are told that ' the hasty sketch of the ruins of Thebes, to be found in the *Travels of Denon*, and the minute description of the paintings with which Mr. Hamilton's book is enriched, may be consulted for the details of this wonderful spot.' Mr. Hamilton has indeed given a most curious and interesting description of the paintings and sculptures of the ruins of Thebes ; but as to Denon's sketches, we can only admire the ingenuity of the painter, who could contrive to catch the outline of so many objects while galloping through them ; even though the complaisant enthusiasm of the French soldiers supplied him with their knees instead of a table, and whole corps formed to afford him shade from a burning sun :—' delicate sensibility,' he exclaimed, ' which makes me happy in being their companion, and proud in being a Frenchman !' His copies, however, of the paintings and hieroglyphics in the ' tombs of the kings' were taken more at his ease, and consequently are more correct than his ' hasty sketches.' But for the most ample, laborious, and accurate details of these ancient ruins, we are indebted to the learned and indefatigable Pococke ; though enough still remains for future travellers to add to his descriptions : and we confess that we are rather disappointed to find that the united labours of Mr. Legh and Mr. Smelt could supply no more than one little page for the plain of Thebes ; and that one single measurement of the remnant of a statue of red granite, lying among the ruins of the Memnonium, ' whose dimensions across the shoulders were twenty-five feet,' was sufficient to satisfy their curiosity, surrounded as they were by whole colonnades of gigantic columns, some of them seventy feet high—by temples extending a mile in length—and by fragments of colossal statues, whose dimensions almost exceed belief. Nay we even fear that this single measure is taken from Denon, who mentions a huge fragment thrown down near the two Memnonian statues, which

'measured twenty-five feet across the shoulders;'—but as the French foot exceeds that of the English by nearly four-fifths of an inch, Mr. Legh, if he copied Denon, ought to have set down the measure at 26½ English feet. He would have done well not to trust to any measurement or description but his own; where no two authors are found to agree, it is of the utmost importance to have the testimony of a third; and the apology is scarcely admissible for 'passing too hastily over places famous in antiquity,' because Mr. Hamilton, M. Denon, or any other traveller, however celebrated, has gone over them before. Were such a rule of conduct to be strictly followed, the reader must sit down contented with the single description of the first traveller, however inaccurate.

Pococke bears testimony to the correctness of Diodorus, in his description of Thebes and the stupendous temples of Karnac and Luxor; Mr. Hamilton, however, thinks him little entitled to the praise of accuracy. Among the ruins of Luxor, Pococke measured a statue of one single stone sixty feet high; but he found no traces of the statue of Osymandyas, whose foot (said to be 10½ feet long) bore this inscription:—'I am the king of kings, Osymandyas—if any one would know how great I am, and where I lie, let him exceed the works that I have done.' Whether the prostrate fragment mentioned by Mr. Legh was a part of this statue, or of that of Memnon, or neither, is left for the speculation of future travellers. Denon, who pronounces all the descriptions hitherto given of those wonderful monuments to have tended to confuse rather than illustrate, seems to think that it belonged to the statue of Memnon, and that 'all the travellers for the last 2,000 years have been deceived in the object of their curiosity; as appears from the inscriptions.' These are cut into the legs of the northernmost of two colossal figures, found in the midst of the plain near Médinet-Abou, in a sitting posture; they are in various languages, and record the names of many illustrious travellers of antiquity, who had come thither to hear the sounds emitted by the statue when struck by the first rays of the sun; at the same time attesting the fact. These inscriptions have been copied with great labour by Dr. Pococke, and some of them are to be found in Mr. Hamilton's 'Egyptiaca,' where it is observed that the author looked in vain for the name of Strabo, who has given, from personal inspection, a particular account of the Memnonian statue, which, in spite of the attestations, Cambyzes is said to have previously thrown down. Denon, however, following Herodotus and Strabo, maintains that the two sitting figures are the mother and son of Osymandyas. Of the difficulty arising from the numerous testimonies on the leg of the supposed Memnon, he easily gets rid:—'In the age of Hadrian, (he says,) enlightened by the beams of philosophy, Sabina,

the wife of this emperor, who was herself a learned woman, (a Roman *précieuse* we suppose,) was desirous, as well as the *savans* who accompanied her, to hear those sounds which no cause, physical or political, could any longer produce: but the pride of perpetuating their names, by inscribing them on antiquities of this kind, was sufficient to give rise to the first names; and the very natural desire of associating himself to this species of renown, would induce every succeeding traveller to add to his own; such is, without doubt, the cause of those innumerable inscriptions of names, of all dates, and in all languages.'

Norden also seemed to think, that the huge fragment of a colossal statue must have been a part of the vocal statue of Memnon: and because, says this honest Dane in the simplicity of his heart, 'that most authors have related the wonder of Memnon's statue rendering a sound at the rising of the sun,—to satisfy my curiosity, I struck the remains of this colossal figure with a key; but, being all solid, I found it as dumb as any block of granite buried in the earth.'

Our present travellers passed upwards with a fair wind from Thebes, reserving the examination of the ancient towns of Esné, Eleithias, Etfou (Apollinopolis Magna) and Koum Ombos, for their return; and on the 11th February reached Essouan, having performed a journey of 600 miles from Cairo, on the thirtieth day from their departure—a rate of travelling not exactly calculated for examining fully and accurately so interesting a country; but as no part of their object appears to have been that of making drawings, or collecting subjects of natural history, the mind probably had become to a certain degree sated with the constant succession of temples resembling each other in the plan and execution, and differing chiefly in magnitude. This seems to have been the case with Denon's feelings, who exclaims rather petulantly among the ruins of Thebes, 'Still temples, nothing but temples! no walls, quays, bridges, baths, or theatres!' He searched, he says, in vain, for a single edifice of public utility or convenience—he found nothing but temples, whose walls were covered with obscure emblems, and with hieroglyphics, which attested the ascendancy of the priesthood.

At Essouan there was no Turkish garrison; and an Arab Shekh was governor of the town. From him they learned that the difficulties encountered by former travellers beyond the Cataracts, from the disturbed state of Nubia, no longer existed; that the Mamelukes were at a great distance, and the Barâbras at peace with the Pashaw of Egypt. Pococke, Niebuhr, Browne, Hamilton, were all stopped at the Cataracts. Norden is the only European who ventured above them, and the aga of Essouan endeavoured to dis-

suade him from the attempt, assuring him that he and his party would all be destroyed; and 'the boundary of the French expedition in Egypt was marked on a granite rock a little above the Cataracts.' The pillage and desolation and massacre which accompanied the progress of the French arms in Upper Egypt were manfully resisted by the inhabitants of the interesting little isle of Philæ, who, when they could no longer prevent the approach of the enemy, quitted the island in despair, threw themselves into the Nile, and swam to the opposite shore. Such indeed was the horror at the cruelties committed by the French, that Denon acknowledges 'mothers were seen drowning their children which they could not carry away, and mutilating their daughters to save them from the violence of the victors.' We cannot be surprised, therefore, after what we have just seen, that the natives of Philæ should appear to our travellers less civilized than their neighbours.

The few days passed by Mr. Legh at Essouan were employed in visiting the islands of Elephantina, Philæ, and the Cataracts. 'Elephantina (he says) is celebrated for its beauty, and certainly contains within itself every thing to make it one of the most enchanting spots in the world: woods, gardens, canals, mills, rivers and rocks, combine to make it picturesque.'

Eight temples or sanctuaries are crowded together on the island of Philæ, though its whole length does not exceed a thousand feet, nor its breadth four hundred. Mr. Legh thinks, from the present state of these temples, that the system of building among the ancient Egyptians was first to construct great masses, and afterwards to labour for ages in finishing the details of the decorations, beginning with the sculpture of the hieroglyphics, and then passing to the stucco and painting. He tells us also that the granite quarries at the foot of the mountains still bear the marks of the chisel and the wedge; 'and that the unfinished obelisks, columns, and sarcophagi, which are to be seen in great profusion, show the unwearied labour and mighty schemes of the ancient inhabitants.'

The Cataracts of the Nile have been represented by the ancients in the most exaggerated colours; unless indeed, which is not impossible, the granite barrier which occasions them, has been worn down in the lapse of two thousand years. Denon says the effect on the surface of the water was so little visible, that it could not be expressed in the drawing. Norden estimates the fall at four feet, and Pococke at three; the latter indeed, says, 'I asked them (his guides) when we should come to the Cataract? and to my great surprise they told me, *that* was the Cataract.'—'But,' observes Mr. Legh, 'there are modern travellers who seem to have listened rather to the stories of the ancients, than to the evidence of their

own senses; and Cicero is still quoted to prove, that the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the Cataract are deafened by its noise. In confirmation of the fact, it has been lately asserted, that the natives of that part are remarkably dull of hearing.' The allusion we suppose is to Mr. Hamilton, who, after noticing Cicero's observation, says, 'several persons with whom we conversed, assured us of this fact;'—and, he adds, 'we certainly observed that they were particularly dull of hearing.'

The view, however, of the barrier placed by nature between Nubia and Egypt, is described as in the highest degree magnificent.

'Passing upwards from Egypt, you leave the delicious gardens of the island of Elefantina, which divides the Nile into nearly two equal streams; and on the left, the romantic and ruined town of Essoua strongly reminded us of the old Gothic castles in England. Beyond, the two chains of primitive mountains lying on each side the Nile, cross the bed of the river, and form innumerable rocky points or islands to impede its course. The wild disorder of the granite rocks, which present every variety of grotesque shape, the absence of all cultivation, the murmur of the water, and the savage and desolate character of the whole scene, form a picture which exceeds all power of description.'—p. 54.

In fact, from the moment that the Cataracts are passed, both the country and its inhabitants have a character totally distinct from that of Egypt, its low sandy banks, its Copts, Arabs, Turks and Jews. The natives of this upper region are Barâbras or Berebbers, or Berberins, the same who inhabit Mount Atlas and the interior parts of Barbary, to which they have given their name; a frugal, harmless, and honest people, subsisting chiefly on dates, millet, and a few leguminous plants: they are rigid Mahomedans. For the first eighteen miles, the mountains are described as hemming in the Nile, leaving but few small patches that could possibly be cultivated, and these were generally planted with dates. At Siala it was deemed expedient to wait on the Douab Cacheff, who was encamped about a mile and a half from the river, forming a sort of advanced guard of the Nubians; they found the men in wigwams; the women and children apart in tents; the whole body about 400; the horses and camels feeding around them. The Cacheff received them kindly; made no sort of objection to their proceeding up the river, and told them he would send an express to Dehr, to inform Hassan Cacheff of their intended visit to his capital. He offered them milk, flour and butter, invited them to eat out of the same bowl with him, the strongest mark of hospitality and friendship, and presented them with a sheep, in return for some coffee and tobacco.

Three miles beyond this, at Deghimeer, the mountains recede



from the river; at El Umbarakat, about twelve miles from Siala, are some ruins: the country is thinly inhabited, and the natives mostly live in the caves of the mountains, which here again approach the river, and form a narrow and difficult pass. Two miles higher is the island of Kalaptshi, and three miles above the island the village of the same name, with extensive ruins; eight miles beyond which is the village of Aboughor. 'We calculated,' says Mr. Legh, 'that we were now just under the tropic, and bathed by moonlight in the waters of the Nile.' If this calculation be accurate, what becomes of the famous well at Syène, which reflected the image of the sun's disc when in the solstice?—But from what materials did our travellers draw this result? Mr. Smelt must be aware that this is a point of no trifling importance, since *soi-disant* philosophers, calculators and system-mongers, have attempted to invalidate the chronology of the Holy Scriptures, from the supposed discrepancy of the situation of the well at Syene, with regard to the solstitial point, in modern and ancient times: as if, in the first place, the ancients had instruments for astronomical observations so perfect as to enable them to observe within a sixtieth part of a degree, when we find our modern travellers, with all the improvements of two thousand years, and with instruments capable of observing the measure of an arc to the 3600th part of a degree, differing in their calculations of the latitude of this well at Syene, no less than 40 minutes, or nearly three-fourths of a degree, which, in cosmogony, would make the difference of a few thousand years! Thus, as Mr. Hamilton observes, Bruce makes Essouan or Syene in  $23^{\circ} 28'$ , while Nouet places it, from more precise observations, in  $24^{\circ} 8' 6''$ ; 'thus making a difference of nearly (*exceeding*) forty minutes.' But Nouet, like most of his countrymen, was a theorist; and boldly assuming his own observation to be strictly true, of which we have very great doubts, as well as of the position of the well of Syene being at any time immediately under the tropic, he fixes the precise era when astronomy was in the most flourishing state among the Egyptians, i. e. just 5400 years before the time when he made his observation for the latitude of Essouan! Few of the cavillers against Scripture chronology have any better data on which to ground their scepticism. They are ready to admit every rude observation of the ancients, who were incapable of observing with any degree of accuracy, provided such admission favours some preconceived theory; but captiously dispute every second of the more scientific and accurate moderns that happens to make against it. Perhaps our travellers thought, as we also think, that M. Nouet's conclusion is unworthy of serious notice; yet it might have occurred to a clergyman of the Church of England how desirable it would be

to possess one simple fact that could be employed to silence those idle speculations drawn from imperfect data—and the remarkable discordance between Bruce and Novet, in this particular instance, should have shown Mr. Legh how necessary it was to have the observations of more than *one* traveller to get at the truth.

At Dondour was a small temple containing nothing remarkable; the character A + Ω among the fragments showed it to have been the abode of some early Christians. The weather began now to be exceedingly sultry and oppressive; the thermometer in the cabin was at 86°; in the outer air 96°, and in the sand 126°; but it was a great relief to find the inhabitants every where peaceably disposed; they brought the travellers dates, milk, and whatever their scanty means enabled them to afford.

The temple of Sibhoi was minutely examined, and no doubt remained of its having been a celebrated sanctuary of pure Egyptian architecture. Mr. Legh thinks 'it probably of an earlier date than those in Egypt; the walls being built in a ruder style, and the hieroglyphics, though bold, of inferior execution; but the statues,' he adds, 'and the sphinxes would bear a closer examination.' He was greatly struck with the high state of preservation of the stone and outward walls of these venerable ruins, as compared with the state of these below the Cataracts. 'No reasonable allowance of difference of date,' he says, 'will explain this; and we must seek for the cause in the mild, unalterable climate between the tropics. The corroding hand of time has no effect upon them, but they are abandoned to the desert, and many of them will in a few years entirely disappear.'

They proceeded about fourteen miles on asses to Dehr, the capital of Nubia, to wait on Hassan Cacheff, the chief of the Barâbras. At this moment the people were celebrating the festival of the Cacheff's marriage, which our travellers were rather surprised to hear them call (in *lingua Franca*) a *fantasia*. They rode through scattered plantations of date trees, among which were interspersed a number of mud huts, till they reached the house of the chief, distinguished only by being built of brick, and consisting of two stories. The natives, many of whom were drunk, were greatly astonished at the sudden appearance of the strangers; but offered them no incivility. They brought them paste, with boiled goat's flesh swimming in butter. After waiting about four hours, the Cacheff made his appearance, attended by five or six officers, and a number of Negro guards; he was a young man, about six feet high, of a handsome person, half drunk with *araki*, a spirit distilled from dates. He asked them boisterously what they wanted, and why they came to Dehr? This was but a discouraging reception from a man who had 300 armed Negroes at his elbow, and at least 3000 in the dis-

strict, ready to execute any of his commands. On retiring, he ordered his secretary, who spoke Arabic, to conduct them to ~~lodg-~~ing for the night; this was a mud hut of two apartments, but without a roof; it was, however, next to that of the Cacheff, the best in all Dehr. Early in the morning the secretary called upon them, and hinted that his master expected a present, and that one of their swords would be acceptable. On waiting on the Cacheff, they offered him a watch, of which he declined the acceptance, as they were unable to make him comprehend its use. Perceiving that any facilities for the further progress of their journey depended on the sacrifice of one of their swords, Mr. Legh presented him with a fine Damascus blade worth at least 500 piastres: the effect was instantaneous; his eyes sparkled with pleasure, and his lips uttered nothing but friendship. He inquired after our author's harem—if he had left it at the Cataract, ‘meaning,’ says Mr. Legh, ‘as I understood, to give me a female slave to wait upon my wife.’ He afterwards made him a present of a Negro boy, and granted permission for them to proceed to Ibrîm, offering horses and dromedaries, or any thing else that could be of service. The Damascus blade accomplished more than all poor Norden's wealth was able to do with the Cacheff Baram, who sent him back from Dehr, telling him, when he claimed the protection of the Grand Signior, ‘I laugh at the horns of the Grand Signior; I am here Grand Signior myself.’—Baram in Ethiopia felt his own importance, like the porter in London, who, being jostled in the street against Peter the Great, was accosted with—‘Sirrah! do you know that I am the Czar?’—‘Yes, yes,’ replied the fellow, ‘we are all Czars here!’

It required a half day's journey from Dehr to reach Ibrîm, and as there was nothing to interest them there, they returned to Dehr the same evening. The following is all that we are told of Ibrîm.

‘Not a vestige of life was seen about us; the destruction of Ibrîm by the Mamelukes, when they passed two years ago into Dongola, had been so complete, that no solitary native was to be found wandering amongst its ruins; there was not even a date tree to be observed. The walls of the houses, which are in some places still standing, alone attest that it has once been inhabited. The population was partly carried off by the Mamelukes, and has partly removed to Dehr.’—p. 76.

At Dehr the only monument of antiquity is a temple or grotto excavated in the solid rock; but at Amada, about an hour's journey from thence, on their return, they saw a fine temple which had been converted by the early Christians into a church; the painted figures that had been stuccoed over were in wonderful preservation. Below Sibhoi they fell in with their old acquaintance Shekh Ibrahim, whom they had left at Siout in good health and condition,

and well dressed like a Turkish gentleman : he had now the appearance of a common Arab, looking very thin and very miserable. He had been living, he said, for some time with the shekhs of the villages on lentils, bread, salt and water, and was most happy to share a mutton chop with our travellers, though cut from a lean and half starved sheep, for which however they had paid the extravagant price of a dollar. Ibrahim then departed on his route to the southward, carrying with him the good wishes of his countrymen—not exactly ‘countrymen,’ for he is a German. ‘Certainly,’ says Mr. Legh, ‘no one was ever better fitted for such an undertaking ; his enterprise, his various attainments in almost every living language, and his talent for observation, are above all praise.’ His Journals, we understand, which have been received, and with which in due time the public will be gratified, fully justify the character given by Mr. Legh of this extraordinary traveller.

At Dakki there is a fine temple quite perfect, with the hieroglyphics in high relief, and in an excellent state of preservation. The height of the Propylon is about fifty feet ; its front ninety feet, and its depth at the base eighteen feet. The space between that and the temple forty-eight feet ; the temple itself eighty-four feet in length, thirty in breadth, and twenty-four in height. Many Greek inscriptions are cut on the Propylon, recording the devotion of those who visited these sacred buildings. Of these our travellers copied two. The first, is—‘I, Apollonius, the son of Apollonius, Commander-in-Chief of the province of Ombi, and of the district about Elephantina and Philæ, came and worshipped.’—The second—‘I, Callimachus, the son of Hermon, came with him and worshipped the same God, in the thirty-second year of the Emperor—ΦΛΟΦΙ’—the meaning of which they pretend not to determine.

At Guerfeh Hassan, nine miles below Dakki, they found an excavated temple ‘that far surpassed any thing they had witnessed above or below Essouan, and was indeed a stupendous monument of the labour bestowed by the ancients on their places of devotion.’ It consists of an area or outer court sixty-four feet in length and thirty-six in breadth, having six columns on each side, to which are attached statues of priests. The passage into the temple, through a door six feet wide, is formed by three immense columns on each side, to which are attached colossal statues of priests, (on pedestals three feet three inches high,) each eighteen feet six inches in height ; and whose splendid dresses had once been covered with paint and gold. There are three chambers of considerable size, and four smaller apartments. ‘We found (the travellers say) no inscription on this temple, which is a most astonishing monument of labour and ancient magnificence. The various apartments we explored,

together with the statues that ornament them, are all hewn out of the living rock.'

This excavated temple of Guerfeh Hassan reminds our travellers of the cave of Elephanta, on the little island of that name in the harbour of Bombay. Its resemblance, indeed, is singularly striking, as are in fact all the grand leading principles of Egyptian architecture to that of the Hindoos. They differ only in those details of the decorative parts, which trifling points of difference in their religious creeds seem to have suggested to each; but many even of the rites and emblems are precisely the same, especially those of the temples dedicated to Iswara, the Indian Bacchus. Indeed, in most respects, they are so much alike—they each partake so much of the same gigantic character, and delight so much in stupendous masses, conveying rather the idea of strength and solidity, than of elegance and proportion—that the same identical workman might almost be supposed to have superintended the execution of them in both countries. In India and in Egypt the hardest granite mountains have been hewn down into the most striking if not the most beautiful fronts of temples, adorned with sculpture; in both countries solid masses of rock have been excavated into hollow chambers, whose sides are decorated with columns and statues of men and animals hewn out of the same rock, and in each country are found solid blocks of many hundred tons weight, cut from the living stone and lifted into the air.—By whom and by what means these wonderful efforts have been accomplished, is a mystery sunk too deep in the abyss of time ever to be resolved. To Greece none of them are indebted for any part of their architecture, but she has evidently taken many hints from them. Excepting at Alexandria and Antinoë nothing of Grecian architecture appears in Egypt. But we need only compare the monolithic temples of Nubia with those of Mahabali-poor, the excavations of Guerfeh Hassan with those of Elephanta, and the grottos of Hadjur Silcily, as described and delineated by Pococke, with the excavations of Ellora, to be convinced that these sacred monuments of ancient days derived their origin from the same source—and that many of them were probably executed under the influence of the same directing mind. We may observe, by the way, that the ruins of Hadjur Silcily have not been sufficiently examined. The excavated chambers seen there by Mr. Hamilton were each 300 feet long by 100 broad; and he measured a single cubical block of stone whose side was eighteen feet. This enormous mass, exceeding 400 tons in weight, was supported by a small column of soft white stone three feet in diameter.

The temple of Kalaptshi, though in a state of great dilapidation, exhibits the remains of a magnificent building; and the plain of El

Umbarakat is strewn with ruins. At Sardab and Debedè are also many interesting ruins which are briefly described. On the second arrival of our travellers at Philæ they observe that 'it is impossible to behold the profusion of magnificent ruins with which this island abounds, without feelings of admiration and astonishment?' at the same time it is avowed that 'the excavated temple of Guerfeh Hassan and the ruins of Dakki and Kalaptshi appeared to rival some of the finest specimens of Egyptian architecture.' These specimens of Ethiopian grandeur show the fallacy of Denon's theory,—that 'Philæ being the entrepot of commerce between Ethiopia and Egypt, the Egyptians, desirous of giving to the Ethiopians a grand idea of their means and their magnificence, had raised a number of splendid edifices on the confines of their empire, at the natural frontier, marked out by Syene and the Cataracts.'

A French philosopher is never at a loss for a reason.—The fact is, that the resistance of the brave inhabitants of Philæ put an end to the hopes and the progress of the French general in Nubia, and all the grapes that grew beyond it turned instantly sour. Our travellers, however, have convicted at least, though probably not convinced, M. Denon of his error:—But even what they have seen and described shrinks into nothing, when compared with the discoveries of Mr. — Banks, a *précis* of which has been received by his father. This gentleman pushed on as far as the second Cataract, beyond which no modern European, with the exception of Shekh Ibrahim, had proceeded, nor any before him reached. Bruce saw nothing of the Nile from Syene till he crossed the Tacazze, near its junction with the main stream of the Nile, in the 18th parallel of latitude. Poncet has given his route from Moscho to Kortie, through Dongola; but these places are farther to the southward: besides, Poncet disdained to look at any thing but gold and silver and precious stones, and Christian churches and apostolic miracles. All beyond Ibrîm, therefore, to the cataract of Genâdal, may be considered as new ground. Mr. Banks appears to have examined minutely those numerous ruins of which Messrs. Legh and Smelt took but a rapid glance; he discovered a great number of extraordinary excavations in the mountains, and of colossal statues, compared with which even the gigantic fragments of the Memnonium and Luxor appeared but as pigmies. To give some idea of the immensity of those wonderful productions of early art, he states that, having mounted upon the tip of the ear of a statue which was buried up to the shoulders in sand, he could just reach to the middle of its forehead; that the length of its head, from the chin upwards, was twelve feet, the parts in good proportion and well cut: allowing, therefore, seven heads for the length of the whole figure, its height, if in a standing posture, must have been equal to eighty-four feet; a height far exceeding that of the supposed.

statue of the 'King of Kings,' which Denon says was twenty-five feet across the shoulders, and which he calculates to have been seventy-five feet in height. Several colossal statues besides this were seen by Mr. Banks of forty feet in height, placed generally as if to guard the monumental excavations in the mountains. In one place the side of the mountain had been cut away so as to form an extensive perpendicular surface, which was afterwards chiseled out into columns with capitals, entablature, and an over-hanging cornice, forming the front of a magnificent temple; the whole face covered with deep-cut hieroglyphics in the highest state of preservation. The proposal of Alexander's architect to cut Mount Athos into a statue of that conqueror, however extravagant it may appear to us, would be less so to him who designed and superintended the execution of the temples, tombs, and statues of the Nubian mountains. Mr. Banks, we understand, has brought away copies of a multitude of inscriptions and paintings, which not only represent the mysteries of a lost religion, but of the wild animals still existing on the continent of Africa, and among them the camelopardalis, who is seen over-topping all the rest. Mr. Banks thought that one of the animals resembled the Unicorn, except, indeed, which is rather unlucky, that it had *two* horns. He has also procured from the ruins of Thebes and other places several rolls of the papyrus, and mummies without number. Such, we believe, is pretty correctly the substance of Mr. Banks's communication, which is certainly of a most important and interesting description. There would appear to be little or no obstruction on the part of the natives, to the progress of travellers, as was formerly the case. Mr. Legh bears testimony to their peaceable, obliging, and inoffensive conduct.

'During the whole of this interesting journey, we had found the natives universally civil, conducting us to the remains of antiquity without the least suspicion, and supplying us with whatever their scanty means would afford. It is true they viewed us with curiosity, and seemed astonished at our venturing among them; and at Kalaptubi they asked our guide "How dare these people come here? Do they not know that we have 500 muskets in our village, and that Douab Cacheff has not the courage to come and levy contributions?"'—p. 97.

He describes the men as having lively features, a sleek and fine skin, and teeth beautifully white; their colour, though dark, 'full of life and blood;' their persons remarkably thin, which he thinks may be owing to the heat of the climate and to their scanty means of subsistence. Their hair is sometimes frizzled out at the sides and stiffened with grease, so as perfectly to resemble the extraordinary projection on the head of the sphinx. The Bichâré, a tribe of Arabs, Mr. Hamilton tells us, wear their hair in this manner;

and, he observes, that this dress is the original of that 'extraordinary projection.' The women are horribly ugly, and seem to pass at once from childhood to old age. The children go naked, the boys wearing round the waist a small cord only, and the girls a sort of fringe, made of thin strips of leather, matted together with grease—precisely the Hottentot apron. Their principal food seemed to consist of lentils, sour milk, and water, which they were always ready to share with the travellers. The condition of those, by whose labour the mighty masses of the pyramids were reared, mountains cut down or excavated, and colossal statues formed, was probably not better than that of the modern Nubians—such works could only have been accomplished by men who fed on food as cheap as the lentils and sour milk of the Arabs—the slaves of some despot, himself the slave of a crafty and tyrannical priesthood. We have no reason to doubt Herodotus when he says that 100,000 men were employed by Cheops in quarrying stones in the Nubian Mountains and conveying them down the Nile, for building a bridge which occupied ten years, and erecting a pyramid, the labour of twenty years, on which an inscription in Egyptian characters set forth that the sum of 1,600 talents of silver had been expended in onions and garlic for the workmen.

In the voyage of our travellers down the Nile they revisited many of the spots which they saw but transiently on their passage up the river, and, among others, Koum Ombos, where they looked in vain for the inscription mentioned by Mr. Hamilton on the cornice of one of the temples; an inscription from which that author infers that some of the temples are not of so high a date as is generally given to them, but rather to be attributed to the Ptolemies. 'We searched,' says Mr. Legh, 'more than an hour, with his book in our hands.' We are rather surprised at this, as the inscription is none of the shortest; the place is distinctly pointed out; and the letters, Mr. Hamilton says, are nearly 'three inches in length.'

They also landed a second time at Thebes, and visited the 'gates of the kings,' and the excavated mountains. They likewise descended into one of the mummy pits that abound in the neighbourhood; but it would be difficult, Mr. Legh says, 'to convey an adequate idea of the disgusting scene of horror we had to encounter.' A narrow hole nearly filled up with rubbish, led to a small room about fifteen feet by six, beyond which was a larger chamber with two rows of columns; the walls covered with paintings; and at the farther end, two full length statues, dressed in very gay apparel, with the figures of two boys on one side and of two girls on the other.

'The whole of this chamber was strewed with pieces of cloth, legs, arms, and hands, of mummies, left in this condition by the Arabs, who



visit these places for the purpose of rifling the bodies, and carrying off the bituminous substances with which they have been embalmed. From the chamber above described, two passages led into the interior and lower part of the mountain, and we penetrated about the distance of a hundred yards into that which appeared the largest. Slipping and crawling amongst the various fragments of these mutilated bodies, we were only able to save ourselves from falling by catching hold of the leg, arm, or skull of a mummy, some of which were lying on the ground, but many still standing in the niches where they had been originally placed.'—(p. 108.)

On their arrival at Siout, they received the unwelcome intelligence that the plague had made its appearance at Alexandria, to ascertain the truth of which, they despatched a courier to Cairo; and in the mean time landed at Manfalout, to examine some mummy pits in the desert, near the village of Amabdi, of which they had heard an extraordinary account from a Greek whom they met with at Thebes, of the name of Demetrius. He told them, that in pursuing some fugitives, they were suddenly observed to disappear. On coming to the place, they found a pit which he and some others descended; at the bottom were fragments of mummies of crocodiles scattered about, but no fugitives to be seen. This story raised the curiosity of our travellers, and they determined to visit those subterraneous chambers, in which the sacred crocodiles had been interred, and which Herodotus was not permitted to see. The party consisted of Mr. Legh, Mr. Smelt, the American interpreter, an Abyssinian merchant of the name of Fadlallah, and three of their boat's crew, Barâbras, whom they had brought from the Cataracts. Having wandered about four hours in search of Amabdi, they at length observed four Arabs cutting wood. These people showed an unwillingness to give them any information—talked of danger—and were heard to mutter that—'if one must die all must die':—this, however, did not deter the party from proceeding. The story of this adventure is so well told, and so painfully interesting, that, though rather long, no apology will be required for giving it in Mr. Legh's own words.

'We were bent on going, and the Arabs at last undertook to be our guides for a reward of twenty-five piastres. After an hour's march in the desert, we arrived at the spot, which we found to be a pit or circular hole of ten feet in diameter, and about eighteen feet deep. We descended without difficulty, and the Arabs began to strip, and proposed to us to do the same: we partly followed their example, but kept on our trousers and shirts. I had by me a brace of pocket pistols, which I concealed in my trousers, to be prepared against any treacherous attempt of our guides. It was now decided that three of the four Arabs should go with us, while the other remained on the outside of the cavern. The Abyssinian merchant declined going any farther. The

sailors remained also on the outside to take care of our clothes. We formed therefore a party of six; each was to be preceded by a guide—our torches were lighted—one of the Arabs led the way,—and I followed him.

‘ We crept for seven or eight yards through an opening at the bottom of the pit, which was partly choked up with the drifted sand of the desert, and found ourselves in a large chamber about fifteen feet high.

‘ This was probably the place into which the Greek, Demetrius, had penetrated, and here we observed what he had described, the fragments of the mummies of crocodiles. We saw also great numbers of bats flying about, and hanging from the roof of the chamber. Whilst holding up my torch to examine the vault, I accidentally scorched one of them. I mention this trivial circumstance, because afterwards it gave occasion to a most ridiculous, though to us a very important, discussion. So far the story of the Greek was true, and it remained only to explore the galleries where the Arabs had formerly taken refuge, and where, without doubt, were deposited the mummies we were searching for. We had all of us torches, and our guides insisted upon our placing ourselves in such a way, that an Arab was before each of us. Though there appeared something mysterious in this order of march, we did not dispute with them, but proceeded. We now entered a low gallery, in which we continued for more than an hour, stooping or creeping as was necessary, and following its windings, till at last it opened into a large chamber, which, after some time, we recognized as the one we had first entered, and from which we had set out. Our conductors, however, denied that it was the same, but on our persisting in the assertion, agreed at last that it was, and confessed they had missed their way the first time, but if we would make another attempt they would undertake to conduct us to the mummies. Our curiosity was still unsatisfied; we had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterranean passages, and felt considerably fatigued by the irksomeness of the posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in those narrow and low galleries. But the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which we now approached guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch, and we all followed him. The passage we entered was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat on the ground, and almost always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth, and it terminated at length in a chamber much smaller than that which we had left, but, like it, contained nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless, but the mummies might not be far distant; another effort, and we might still be successful.

‘ The Arab whom I followed, and who led the way, now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far before the heat became excessive;—for my own part, I found my breathing ex-

tremely difficult, my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing sensation of fullness about the heart.

‘ We felt we had gone too far, and yet were almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment the torch of the first Arab went out : I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side—he uttered a groan—his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling noise in his throat—he was dead. The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and conceiving he had stumbled, past me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment—he also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant ; our torches burnt faintly ; our breathing became more difficult ; our knees tottered under us, and we felt our strength nearly gone.

‘ There was no time to be lost—the American, Barthow, cried to us to “take courage,” and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us Caffres, imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, expecting every moment to share it with him. The windings of the passages through which we had come increased the difficulty of our escape ; we might take a wrong turn, and never reach the great chamber we had first entered. Even supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probable our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us separately and unknown to one another observed attentively the different shapes of the stones which projected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth we had now to retrace. We compared notes, and only on one occasion had a dispute, the American differing from my friend and myself ; in this dilemma we were determined by the majority, and fortunately were right. Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber. Mustering all my strength, I leaped, and was followed by the American. Smelt stood on the brink, ready to drop with fatigue. He called to us “for God’s sake to help him over the fosse, or at least to stop, if only for five minutes, to allow him time to recover his strength.” It was impossible—to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on and reach the open air. We encouraged him to summon all his force, and he cleared the trench. When we reached the open air it was one o’clock, and the heat of the sun about 160°. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a *bardak*\* full of water, which they sprinkled upon us, but though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit ; they unfolded their turbans, and slinging them round our bodies, drew us to the top.’—pp. 111—116.

The Arab who remained at the entrance anxiously inquired for his *hahabebas*, or friends ; he was told they were employed in bringing out the mummies ; the travellers then mounted their asses,

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\* ‘ The name of the jars, made at Kenné, of porous earth, and used to cool water.

and rode with all speed to their boat, in order to get away as quickly as possible: but from the laziness or stupidity of the Reis, it was five o'clock the following morning before they weighed anchor. They had not gone far when they perceived four Turks on horseback galloping towards them, followed by two Arabs on foot, the latter bawling out and swearing that they would have blood for blood. The Turks said they were sent by the Cacheff to bring them back to Mansalout, to answer for the murder of the Arab guides. It was in vain to resist: they therefore returned to Mansalout, where about forty Arabs from Amabdi 'received them with a shout of revengeful delight.'

The Cacheff treated them in a stern and haughty manner, and poured out a torrent of abuse; they claimed the protection of their firman; but looking sternly at them, he observed sarcastically, 'I do not see that this firman allows you either to maltreat or kill the Arabs.' He then left them, as they thought, to the mercy of the Arabs, who now began to surround them with menacing gestures. They were soon, however, sent for to attend the Cacheff, who thus addressed them:

'My good friends, I know I am, by virtue of your firman, bound to protect you, and my head must answer for your safety. I believe your story; but I have a guard only of fifty soldiers, and the village of Amabdi is 700 muskets strong. Should all the inhabitants take a part in this affair and come over, the consequence will be fatal both to you and myself; you must make your escape secretly, and in the mean time I will amuse and detain the Arabs.'

They took his advice; and escaping by the back door reached the Nile; but the wind being northerly, they were unable to make much way, and were presently stopped by a vast body of Arabs, who threatened to fire upon them if they did not come immediately to the side on which they were. They turned back a second time to the town, and were assailed by three women and five or six children, all naked and smeared with mud,—these were the wives and children of the men who had perished, and this they were told was the usual custom of mourning.

'As we were armed, we reached without much obstruction the house of the Cacheff, whom we now found surrounded by more than four hundred Arabs, and amongst them the Shekh of the village of Amabdi. Making our way through the crowd, we luckily recognized the person of the Arab whom we had left and supposed to have died with his companions in the cavern. His appearance was most wretched; he was unable to stand, and was supported by two of his friends. We afterwards found he had escaped by the light of Mr. Smelt's torch, when he was obliged to remain for a short time to recover his strength at the edge of the trench. Our dragoman related our story again, and called upon the survivor to confirm the truth of it, but in vain; on the contrary he

maintained we had taken him and his companions by force, and compelled them to conduct us to the place. In this falsehood he was supported by the Arab who had remained on the outside of the cavern, and whom we now saw for the first time among the crowd. In our defence we replied it was not possible we could have used any means of compulsion, as we were unarmed. This we boldly asserted, as the brace of pistols I had with me was never produced. Besides, we recalled to his memory that on our way thither one of the guides who had died, had replenished our *bardak* with water from a well near Amabdi.—This proved that we had gone amicably together.

‘The Cacheff, who continued to treat us haughtily in public, commanded the Arab to explain the means by which the infidels (who he confessed were without arms) had killed his companions. He replied, *by magic*, for he had seen me burning something on our first entrance into the great chamber. This was the bat I had accidentally scorched. Our cause now began to wear a better complexion; part of the crowd, who treated the idea of magic with contempt, believed us innocent, and the rest probably dreaded the imaginary powers with which we had been invested. Emboldened by this change of sentiment in our favour, our dragoman assumed a lofty tone, and peremptorily insisted on our being sent, together with our two accusers and the Shekh of Amabdi, to Siout to Ibrahim Bey, the son of the Pacha (*Pashaw*) of Cairo, and the governor of Upper Egypt. The reputation of this man for cruelty was so great, that his very name excited terror in the assembly. It was now our turn to threaten, and we talked of the alliance of our King with the Pacha (*Pashaw*) of Cairo, and the consequence of ill-treating any one protected by his firman. This had its effect, and the Cacheff having consulted for some time with the Shekh, suggested an accommodation by money. This proposal we at first affected to reject with disdain, as it would in some manner be an acknowledgment of our guilt, though we were secretly anxious to terminate the affair at any rate. Our dragoman was sent to negotiate with the Cacheff, and it was finally agreed we should pay twelve piastres or two Spanish dollars to each of the women, and the same sum we offered as a present to the Shekh of the village. All animosity seemed now to have ceased, and we were permitted quietly to return to our vessel, and continue our voyage.’—pp. 121, 2, 3.

On their arrival at Miniet, they were met by their courier, with a confirmation of the alarming intelligence of the plague, which shut them up at this place, at Bulac, and at Rosetta, three months—one more than had been employed in the whole journey from Cairo to Ibrim and back again to Miniet: but this misfortune could not have been foreseen, and all regrets were then unavailing, that the time had not been employed rather in Nubia than in passing the mornings at Miniet in learning to ride like the Mamelukes, and the evenings in attending the exhibition of those ‘ministers of pleasure,’ called Almès, or dancing girls.

At Miniet they met with a soldier belonging to one of the seven Beys attached to the Cacheff, whom, to their utter astonish-

ment, they discovered to be a Scotchman, of the name of Donald Donald, a native of Inverness. He had been taken prisoner at the battle of Rosetta, had nearly forgotten his own language, and seemed perfectly reconciled to his situation. He was now a good Mussulman in every respect. They offered to ransom him for 2,000 piastres, but he seemed indifferent about obtaining his liberty, and his master grew jealous of his interviews with them. Before they left Miniet, the Bey gave him in marriage one of the women of his harem, after which they heard no more of him.

There is nothing new or important in the measures of precaution adopted by our travellers to preserve themselves from the contagious effects of the plague: Mr. Legh observes, that in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean the quarantine regulations are efficient; but that in England they are not only ineffectual but absurd. One officer of the Board of Health hands up a Bible for the captain of the ship to kiss, on making oath, which, on being returned, would be sure to communicate infection, if any existed in the ship; another produces a number of queries, to which the captain must give written answers: on the present occasion our travellers remonstrated, telling the officer that nothing was so infectious as paper; but he contented himself with replying 'that the orders of the Privy Council were peremptory, and must be obeyed.' It would seem, therefore, that if we have hitherto been fortunate enough to escape this dreadful calamity, it is in spite of the perilous precautions of the Privy Council.

The progress of our travellers through Lower Egypt, their voyage to Malta and residence on that island, afford nothing of interest or novelty that would justify the protraction of this article, which has already proceeded to a greater length than originally we had intended; and we cordially take leave of Mr. Legh, with a hope that if he or Mr. Smelt should have in their possession any sketches, drawings, or measurements of the ruins of Nubia, they will not withhold them in a second edition.

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- ART. II. I. *The Emerald Isle, a Poem.* By Charles Phillips, Esq. Barrister at Law. Dedicated by Permission to the Prince Regent. London. 1813. Embellished with a full length Portrait of Brian Borhoime, King of Ireland. 4to. pp. 159.
- II. *The Speech of Mr. Phillips, delivered in the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin, in the Case of Guthrie versus Sterne; with a short Preface.* 8vo. London. pp. 42.
- III. *Speeches of Mr. Phillips on the Catholic Question; with a Preface.* 8vo. London. pp. 40.
- IV. *An Authentic Report of the Speech of the CELEBRATED and*

ELOQUENT *Irish Barrister, Mr. Phillips, delivered at Roscommon Assizes.* 8vo. London. pp. 20.

V. *The Speech of Counsellor Phillips on the State of England and Ireland, and on a Reform in Parliament; delivered at Liverpool, Oct. 31, 1816.* 8vo. London. pp. 16.

WE have really been at a loss in what light to consider the series of works before us; they are all planned and constructed on a scale of such ridiculous exaggeration, there is so little law in the pleadings, so little poetry in the poems, and so little common sense in the prose, that we almost suspected that they were intended to ridicule that inflated and jargonish style which has of late prevailed among a certain class of authors and orators in the sister kingdom.

But in opposition to this internal evidence, there are so many circumstances of external testimony, that we have been reluctantly driven to conclude that Mr. Charles Phillips is not a censor, but a professor of the new school; and that having lost his own wits, he really imagines that the rest of the world may be brought to admire such fustian in verse and such fustian in prose as cannot, perhaps, be equalled except in Chrononhotonthologos, or Bombastes Furioso.

Our readers must be aware, that we are generally inclined (though we do not shrink from giving our own honest opinion) to permit authors to *speak for themselves*; and to quote from their own works such passages as may appear to us to justify our criticism. We will not be more unjust with Mr. Phillips, and shall, therefore, select from his poems and pamphlets a few of those parts which are marked by his peculiar manner, and which we are well assured he considers as the most admirable specimens of his genius.

We shall begin with the following panegyric upon a certain King of Ireland called Brian Borhoime, whose age was as barbarous as his name; and whose story is as obscure as Mr. Phillips's eulogy.

‘Look on Brian’s verdant grave—

Brian—the glory and grace of his age;

Brian—the shield of the emerald isle;

The lion incensed was a lamb to his rage,

The dove was an eagle compared to his smile!

Tribute on enemies, hater of war,

Wide-flaming sword of the warrior throng,

Liberty’s beacon, religion’s bright star,

Soul of the Seneacha, “Light of the Song.”’

I—10, 11.\*

The darkness which envelops the history of old Brian may be pleaded in excuse of the above passage, but what shall be said for

\* To save space, the references are made to the number of the publication in the list prefixed to this Article.

the following apostrophe to the late Bishop Berkley?—the Emerald Isle is, we ought to acquaint our readers, a series of apostrophes to Irish worthies, from Fin Macoul and Brian Borhoime, down to Mr. Curran and the wretched Dermody.

'And Berkely, thou, in vision fair,  
With all the spirits of the air,  
Should'st come to see, *beyond dispute*,  
Thy deathless page thyself refute;  
And, in it, own that thou could'st view  
Matter—and it immortal too.'—I.—33.

The following invocation to Farquhar, on the comedy of the Recruiting Serjeant, which was finished in his last illness, is a fine specimen of the grandiloquence in which Mr. Phillips delights to envelop the *commonest* ideas.

'Swan of the stage! whose dying moan  
Such dulcet numbers poured along,  
That Death grew captive at the tone,  
And stayed his dart to hear *THE SONG!*'—I.—36.

The song! what song? Serjeant Kite's is the only one we recollect in the piece; which, for a 'dying moan,' is comical enough.

Every one remembers Cooke the actor. He was remarkable for playing one or two parts with considerable force and skill, but his general character, even as a player, was certainly not very pre-eminent. He had, however, it seems, the good fortune to be an Irishman, and accordingly hear in what numbers Mr. Phillips lauds him.

'Lord of the soul! magician of the heart!  
Pure child of nature! *fosterchild* of art!  
How all the passions in succession rise,  
Heave in thy soul and lighten in thine eyes!  
Beguiled by thee, old Time, with *aspect blythe*, &c. &c.

I.—39.

and so forth for six lines more, with which we will not afflict our readers. We shall conclude our poetical extracts with the description of a traitor, which will remind our readers of some of the most splendid passages of Lord Nugent's Portugal.

'——— the traitor's impious soul  
Blasphemes at grace and banishes control;  
It loaths all nurture but the fruit of crime;  
It counts, by guilty deeds, the course of time,  
Sees hell itself, but as the idiot's rod,  
*Defies* guilt and *mortgages* its God!'—I.—67.

We shall now give a few instances of the nonsense on stilts, which Mr. Phillips believes in his conscience to be English prose; and however he may differ from us in his opinion of their merits,



we venture to assert that he will not accuse us of having selected the worst passages.

*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*—is a trite proverb, and no very complicated idea; yet this simple sentence is in Mr. Phillips's version bloated out to the following size.

' Truth is omnipotent, and must prevail; it forces its way with the fire and the precision of the morning sun-beam. Vapours may surround, prejudices may impede the infancy of its progress; but the very resistance, that would check, only condenses and concentrates it, until at length it goes forth in the fulness of its meridian, all life, and light, and lustre—the whole amphitheatre of Nature glowing in its smile, and her minutest objects gilt and glittering in the grandeur of its eternity.'—III.—20.

Goldsmith had compared his Parish Priest

' To some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swell from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'

This is one of the most simple and sublime passages in English poetry: Mr. Phillips—who, by the way, is as great a plagiarist as Sir Fretful, and somewhat in his manner—thus adopts it as his own.

' The hand that holds the chalice should be pure, and the priests of the temple of Religion should be spotless as the vestments of her ministry. Rank only *degrades*, wealth only *impoverishes*, and ornaments only *disfigure* her; her sacred porch becomes the more sublime from its simplicity, and should be seated on an eminence, inaccessible to human passions—even like the summit of some *Alpine wonder*, for ever crowned with the *sunshine* of the *firmament*, which the vain and feverish tempest of human infirmities breaks through harmless and unheeded.'—III.—34.

In this same style of travestie, Mr. Phillips renders either unintelligible or ridiculous every thing he touches. He censures Mr. Grattan 'because,' as he elegantly expresses it, 'an Irish *native* has lost its *raciness* in an English atmosphere.'—II.—15. When he alludes to Monseignor Quarantotti's letter, he will not condescend to mention it but as 'the rescript of Italian *audacity*.' When the Duke of Wellington invades France, we are told that an *Irish hero strikes the harp* to victory upon the summit of the Pyrenees.'—p. 35. And when he would say that Mr. Grattan is an ornament to his country, it is expressed 'that he poured over the ruins of his country the elixir of his immortality'!—III.—35.

When some judicious persons at Liverpool toast the health of this wild ranter, he *modestly* and intelligibly describes the effect which this great event will have in Ireland—

' Oh! yes, I do foresee when she (Ireland) shall hear with what courtesy her *most pretentionless* advocate (Mr. Phillips) has been

treated, how the same wind that wafts her the intelligence, will revive that flame within her, which the blood of ages has not been able to extinguish. It may be a delusive hope, but I am glad to grasp at any phantom that flits across the solitude of that country's desolation'!!—V.—2.

There is, it seems, a certain Irishman of the name of Casey resident in Liverpool, and, we presume, he was one of the promoters of the before mentioned toast; for Mr. Phillips, after a magnificent description of this worthy gentleman, exclaims, in an agony of patriotism, 'Alas, Ireland has little now to console her except the consciousness of having produced such men'—as Mr. Casey of Liverpool!

We reserve for the last example of Mr. Phillips's style, two passages which, we are informed by Mr. Phillips himself or his editor, (if indeed Mr. Phillips be not his own editor,) were received *with enthusiastic applauses*. The first is meant to be a satire on bigotry, and the other a panegyric on Mr. Grattan—

'But oh! there will *never* be a time with *Bigotry*—she has no head, and cannot think—she has no heart, and cannot feel—when she moves, it is in wrath—when she pauses, it is amid ruin—her prayers are curses—her *God* is a *demon*—her *communion* is *death*—her vengeance is eternity—her *decalogue* is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture-fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation!'—III.—22.

When the screech-owl of intolerance was *yelling*, and the night of bigotry was brooding on the land, he came forth with the heart of a hero! and the tongue of an angel! till, at his bidding, the spectre vanished; *the colour of our fields revived*, and Ireland, poor Ireland,' &c. &c.—III.—14.

Such—to speak *figuratively* of this great *figure-maker*—such are the tumid and empty bladders upon which the reputation of Mr. Phillips is trying to become buoyant. We believe our readers will, by this time, think that we have fully justified our opinion of the *style* of this Dublin Demosthenes.

But we have something more than mere errors of style to object to Mr. Phillips; we shall say little of the want of professional ability which his two pleadings exhibit, because he so little intends them to be considered as legal arguments, that there is but one passage in the statement of two legal cases in which there is the slightest allusion to the law, and that allusion only serves to show the advocate's ignorance of, and contempt for, the more serious parts of the profession he was exercising.

'Do not suppose I am endeavouring to influence you by the power of *DECLAMATION*. I am laying down to you the British law, as liberally expounded and solemnly adjudged. I speak the language of the English

Lord Eldon, a Judge of great experience and greater learning—(Mr. Phillips here cited several cases as decided by Lord Eldon)—Such, Gentlemen, is the language of Lord Eldon. I speak also on the authority of our own Lord Avonmore—a Judge who illuminated the Bench by his genius, endeared it by his *suavity*, and dignified it by his *bold uncompromising probity*!!!—one of those rare men, who hid the thrones of law beneath the brightest flowers of literature, and as it were with the hand of an *enchanter*, changed a wilderness into a garden!—V.—17.

No, *declamation* is not the *weapon* of Mr. Phillips!—one thing, indeed, we learn from all this, that Mr. Phillips's countrymen appreciate his legal talents at their true worth—We may be sure that he has published every frantic speech he ever made; and they are but two, and both on subjects in which the want of legal education and professional acquirement would be least observed; and accordingly we may say—to borrow a happy expression of Louis the XVth's, relative to one of his chaplains who had preached a flowery sermon on all things but religion—that if Mr. Phillips in his pleadings had only said a word or two about law, he would have spoken of every thing.

But we have done with the *advocate*, blessing our stars that lawyers in this country are not of the same breed, and hoping (as indeed we are inclined to believe) that even in Ireland none but the lawyers of the Catholic Board, and one or two adventurers who assume that title as a '*nom de guerre*,' are capable of such a union of ignorance and confidence, of inanity and pretension. We have indeed to observe, for the honour of Ireland, that all these *rodomontades* are printed in England, and we believe that few, if any of them, have been heard of in the place of their supposed nativity.

We now come to Mr. Phillips in the character upon which, of all others, it is evident he piques himself most, namely, that of a PATRIOT.

Mr. Phillips's first political pretension is *honesty*; he is, if you will take his own word for it, a model of *integrity* and *decision*, a pattern for all the young men of the empire who will be warmed into emulation by Mr. Casey's Liverpool dinner. Lest our readers should doubt the modesty of this blushing Hibernian, we shall give *his own words*—a course which is always the safest, and, with so profuse a talker as Mr. Phillips, the most decisive and convincing.

'I hope, however, the benefit of this day will not be confined to the humble individual (Phillips, scilicet) you have so honoured; I hope it will cheer on the young aspirants after virtuous fame in both our countries, by proving to them, that however, for the moment, envy, or ignorance, or corruption, may depreciate them, there is a reward in store for THE MAN (Phillips) WHO THINKS WITH INTEGRITY AND ACTS WITH DECISION.'—V.—16.

Again, he assures his partial friends 'who were crowding around him, that no act of his shall ever raise a blush at the recollection of their early encouragement.'—page 16.

But it is not the easy virtues of profession alone to which Mr. Phillips lays claim—he boasts, in a quotation, solemnly prepared for the occasion, that he is ready even to *suffer* for his country :—

'For thee, fair freedom, welcome all the past,  
For thee, my country, welcome E'EN THE LAST !'

Notwithstanding the present thriving appearance of Mr. Phillips's patriotism, he seems to have now and then had some slight misgivings as to the constancy of his virtue, and to anticipate the possibility of backslidings from this high way of honour, and with the most ingenuous naiveté he communicates his doubts to the Catholic Board.

'May I not be one of the myriads who, in the name of *patriotism*, and for the purposes of plunder, have swindled away your heart, that they might gamble with it afterwards at the political hazard table! May I not pretend a youth of virtue, that I may purchase with its fame an age of rich *apostacy*!—Cast your view around the political horizon—Can you discover no one whose eye once gazed on glory, and whose voice once rung for liberty—no one, who, LIKE ME, once glowed with the energies of an assumed sincerity, and saw, or seemed to see, no God but COUNTRY, now toiling in the drudgeries of oppression, and shrouded in the pall of an *official miscreancy*! Trust no man's professions—ardent as I am—*honest* through every fibre as I feel myself—I repel your confidence, though perhaps unnecessarily, for I am humble, and *below corruption*—I am valueless, and *not worth temptation*—I am poor, and cannot afford to part with *all I have*—MY CHARACTER.—Such are my sensations *now*—what they may be *hereafter*, I pretend not; but should I ever hazard descending into the *sycophant* or slave, I beseech thee, Heaven, that the first hour of crime may be the last of life, and that the worm may batten on the bloom of my youth, before my friends, if I have one, shall have cause to curse the mention of my memory.'—III.—11, 12.

Mr. Phillips's first publication, in the still earlier bloom of his youth, was, as our readers have seen, a poem called the Emerald Isle. It was dedicated, *by permission*, to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, '*Ireland's Hope and England's Ornament*.' The poem did not belie the promise of the dedication; it is a perfect stream of praise, a shower of roses on every person who is named in it, from alpha to omega. This alone was enough to excite some little suspicion of the author's sincerity; but it became conviction on finding that, whenever in any of his succeeding pamphlets written in altered times and different circumstances, he has occasion to

mention any of the idols of his early flattery, he falls into the natural course of censuring and sometimes libelling them.

If his Royal Highness the Prince Regent was, on the 23d April, 1812, the date of Mr. Phillips's dedication—*Ireland's hope and England's ornament*—what has since happened to justify Mr. Phillips's imputations? What are the enormities which this high-minded and independent patriot 'cannot speak of, without danger, because, *thank God*, he cannot think of them without indignation'?

If, in 1812, the Duke of Wellington was 'a *nation-saving hero*' (I.—16.)—if, in 1814, 'the illustrious potentates were met together in the British capital to commemorate the great festival of universal peace and *universal emancipation*' (III.—22)—if 'all the hopes of *England* were gratified and *Europe free*' (p. 21.)—how does it happen that, in 1816, Mr. Phillips can thus describe the war in which those objects were achieved?

'The heart of any reflecting man must burn within him when he thinks that the war, thus sanguinary in its operations, thus confessedly ruinous in its expenditure, was even still more *odious* in its *principle*. It was a war avowedly undertaken for the purpose of forcing France out of her undoubted right of choosing her own monarch; a war which uprooted the very foundations of the *English* constitution; which libelled the most glorious era in our national annals; and declared *tyranny eternal*.'—V.—10.

If, in 1812, Bonaparte was a despot—bloody—impious—polluted (I.—73)—if he was an infidel 'who trod the symbol of Christianity under foot'—who plundered temples and murdered priests—if his legions were locusts, and he himself a vulture, (p. 74,) a tyrant, (p. 77,) and a fiend, (p. 75.)—If, in August, 1813, he was again a 'tyrant,' a 'monster,' an *embroidered butcher*—if he was, in Mr. Phillips's opinion, all this, how comes it, that in 1816, he speaks of him in the following terms:—

'In dethroning Napoleon you have dethroned a monarch, who, with all his *imputed* crimes and vices, shed a splendour around royalty too powerful for the feeble vision of legitimacy even to bear. How *grand* was his march! How *magnificent* his destiny! *Say what we will*, Sir, he will be the *land-mark* of our times in the eye of posterity. The goal of other men's speed was his starting-post—crowns were his playthings—thrones his footstool—he strode from victory to victory—his path was "a plane of continued elevations."—V.—11.

If, in 1812, Mr. Phillips could thus speak of Napoleon and Spain—

'His aid is murder in disguise;  
His triumph, freedom's obsequies;  
His faith, is fraud—his wisdom, guile;  
Creation withers in his smile—'

See Spain, in his embraces, die,  
His ancient friend, his firm ally!—I.—73.

¶ If, in 1814, 'the Catholic allies of England have refuted the foul aspersions on the Catholic faith,' (III.—21,) with what face could he, in 1816, ask the Liverpool meeting,

'What have you done for Europe? what have you achieved for man? Have morals been ameliorated? has liberty been strengthened? You have restored to Spain a wretch of even worse than proverbial princely ingratitude; who filled his dungeons, and fed his rack with the heroic remnant that had braved war, and famine, and massacre beneath his banners; who rewarded patriotism with the prison—fidelity with the torture—heroism with the scaffold—and piety with the inquisition; whose royalty was published by the signature of his death-warrants, and whose religion evaporated in the embroidering of petticoats for the Blessed Virgin?'—V.—11, 12.

If, in 1812, Bonaparte and Portugal could be thus described—

'See hapless Portugal, who thought  
A common creed her safety brought—  
A common creed! alas, his life  
Has been one bloody, impious strife!  
Beneath his torch the altars burn  
And blush on the polluted urn.'—I.—73.

what can Mr. Phillips say for the following description, in 1816, of the very prince who fled from the once 'bloody and impious,' but now 'magnificent' and 'splendid' Napoleon!

'You have restored to Portugal a prince of whom we know nothing, except that when his dominions were invaded, his people distracted, his crown in danger, and all that could interest the highest energies of man at issue, he left his cause to be combated by foreign bayonets, and fled with a dastard precipitation to the shameful security of a distant hemisphere.'—V.—12.

In 1814 'the rocks of Norway are elate with liberty.' (III.—23.) In 1816 Norway is instanced as 'a feeble state partitioned to feed the rapacity of the powerful.' (V.—13.)

In 1812 Mr. Grattan had the misfortune of being the idol of Mr. Phillips's humble adoration—in 1814 Mr. Grattan is still an idol, but an idol, like those of the Tartars, which they chastise; and four pages of one of Mr. Phillips's speeches to the Catholic Board are employed in chastising Mr. Grattan for having given some reasons ('if reasons,' as Mr. Phillips cautiously observes, 'they can be called,') against presenting a catholic petition at that particular time: he shows too that repeated discussions have had the effect of reducing the majority against the catholics. All this is very well: but what shall we say when we find Mr. Phillips in 1816, at Liverpool, expressing his 'hope that the Irish catholics will petition no more a parliament so equivocating?'

In 1812—Mr. Ponsonby is highly celebrated and told that 'his country's heart must be cold ere the 'honour,' the 'worth,' the 'wisdom,' the 'zeal,' the hand to act and heart to feel of *Mr. Ponsonby*' be forgotten. But in the Liverpool speech we find all the merits of the leader of the Whigs forgotten, and his character treated with high indignity:—

'Shall a borough-mongering faction convert what is misnamed the national representation, into a mere instrument for raising the supplies which are to gorge its own venality? Shall the *mock dignataries of Whiggism* and Toryism, lead their hungry retainers to contest the profits of an alternate ascendancy over the prostrate interests of a too generous people? These are questions which I blush to ask.'—V.—15.

In 1812—England and Englishmen were the great objects of Mr. Phillips's horror; he found amongst us 'a *prejudice* against his native land *predominant* above every other feeling, *inveterate* as *ignorance* could generate, as *monstrous* as *credulity* could feed.'—I.—6.—And (for he assails us in prose and verse) he invokes Ireland

'To remember the glory and pride of her name,  
Ere the cold *blooded Sassanach* tainted her fame.'

Again—in their mutual communications Mr. Phillips assigns to the Irish 'the ardour of patriots and pride of freemen,' but to the unlucky English, 'atrocious provocation and *perfidious* arrogance.

In the Liverpool speech, however, he has quite changed his note; the cold-blooded Sassanach is now 'the *high-minded* people of England,' (V.—4.) and even a provincial English town is 'the emporium of liberality and public spirit—the birth-place of talent—the residence of integrity'—the asylum of 'freedom,' 'patriotism,' and 'genius.'—V.—1.—In 1812, King William was a Draco—'a gloomy murderer,' and Mr. Phillips very magnanimously 'tramples on the *impious* ashes of that *Vandal tyrant*,'—I.—109—but in 1811, a new light breaks upon him; he applauds the Revolution, vindicates 'the reformers of 1688,' and calls that period 'the most glorious of our national annals.'—V.—10.

These changes, monstrous as they are, have taken place in the last two or three years; but we have Mr. Phillips's own assurance that he began his backsliding earlier than the date of any of his pamphlets, and that young as, he tells us, he is in years, he is old in apostacy. In his first speech, August, 1813, he makes the following candid avowal.

'I am not ashamed to confess to you, that there was a day when I was as bigoted as the blackest;—but I thank that Being, who gifted me with a mind not quite impervious to conviction, and I thank you, who afforded such dawning testimonies of my error. No wonder, then, that

I seized my prejudices, and with a blush burned them on the altar of my country !'—III.—33.

Our readers will not fail to observe, that all this wavering is not the mere versatility of a young and ardent mind. Mr. Phillips is indeed inconstant, but it is 'certâ ratione modoque;' his changes may be *calculated*, like those of the moon, and his bright face will always be found towards the rising sun.

He dedicated to the Prince Regent in expectation, and abused him in disappointment; he flattered Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby when they were popular, and sneers at them when he sees a more promising patron. He lent his labours and his lungs to the cause of Catholic emancipation, and preached up the doctrine of *eternal petitions*, while they afforded any prospect of *celebrity* or profit; finding that scent grow cold, he is now against petitioning; and reform in Parliament being the cry of the disaffected in England, he imports his 'parcel of' talent and *celebrity* into Liverpool, consigned to Mr. Casey—exhibits his wares at the dinner before mentioned—sings a palinode to Napoleon Bonaparte—and hardily enlists himself under the banners of radical reform. We have no doubt that, by the same arts which have forced him into what he and his colleagues modestly call *celebrity*, he will make a very acceptable addition to the society of Major Cartwright and Mr. Gale Jones, until some new turn in the wheel of state, or in the popular feeling, shall again convert him; when we may have him once more bespattering Messrs. Grattan and Ponsonby with his praises, and *dedicating* to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, but, as we anticipate, without the *permission* of which he was formerly so vain.

We have not noticed the particulars of the political tenets which Mr. Phillips has professed, or now professes; bad as they may be, they can do no harm till his style shall become more intelligible and his character less ambiguous.

3

ART. III. *A Treatise on the Records of the Creation, and on the Moral Attributes of the Creator, with particular Reference to the Jewish History, and to the Consistency of the Principle of Population with the Wisdom and Goodness of the Deity.* By John Bird Sumner, M. A. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1816.

JOHN Burnett, Esq. of Dens, in Aberdeenshire, was one of those among our northern brethren to whom their southern neighbours are apt to impute the habit of sleeping with one eye



open. We should be glad that they, whose waking eyes glance *evil* at such a character, would have the goodness to recollect that the important difference between the natives of the several parts of the United Kingdom lies not in the peculiarities of their national characters, but in the degree in which each has taken advantage of the substantial freedom, and pure religion within his reach : in the use, in short, which his conscience and knowledge have led him to make of the talents intrusted to his care.

In these respects Mr. Burnett was eminently worthy of imitation. If the gratuitous payment of a father's debts ;—if extensive charities to the poor ;—punctuality in all his dealings ;—gratuities to those of his correspondents with whom he had driven bargains, when those bargains brought him in more profit than he thought he could conscientiously retain ;—if an ardent thirst for the religious and moral improvement of mankind, and a singular modesty and aversion from all *display* in the good he was desirous to promote :—if this combination of excellence may be admitted to counter-balance a few striking singularities of conduct and opinion, Mr. Burnett was certainly an honour to his country : nor should it be forgotten that it was his assiduous application and cautious conduct in business that enabled him thus effectually to direct his efforts to the best and noblest objects. The contemplation of such a character is exceedingly interesting in a double point of view ; first, in the proof it exhibits that the heart may be kept upright towards its Maker, and expand itself in unbounded benevolence to men, even amidst close and minute attention to pecuniary interests, —and secondly, in the contrast which the unaffected endeavour to conceal the hand that bestowed the gift, affords to the showy, advertising, electioneering qualities of some of our modern charities. Among the many charitable bequests of this respectable individual, was a sum set apart till it should accumulate to 1600*l.*, which was then to be given, in the following proportions, to the authors of the two best Essays on the subject stated below ;\* viz. 1200*l.* to the first in merit, and 400*l.* to the second. The Essay before us is that to which the judges appointed by the executors to determine the merits of the contending Essays (and who were, it seems, three Professors of the University of Aberdeen) were pleased unanimously to assign the second prize. The first was awarded with equal unanimity to ' Dr. W. L. Brown, Principal of Marischal College and University of Aberdeen,' &c.

\* ' The evidence that there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists, and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and the goodness of the Deity ; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written Revelation ; and in the second place, from the Revelation of the Lord Jesus ; and from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for, and useful to, mankind.'

Upon the whole, Mr. Burnett appears to have been endowed with a just, and, in many respects, an amiable character, but strongly marked with eccentricity. But we have no inclination to inquire into, and, if possible, still less *right* to indulge in sarcasms against singularities which have, perhaps, been instrumental in producing the effects now before us. We may nevertheless be permitted to regret that it never occurred to Mr. Burnett's mind, that by directing the accumulation of his bequest to extend to 2000*l.*, instead of 1600*l.*, he might have founded a professorship of 100*l.* per annum in one of the universities of his country, where lectures upon the subjects which he had so much at heart might have been permanently given. The lectures now read in some of the Scottish Universities, for the edification of youth in the most important branches of instruction, must be contemplated with other minds than ours before a reasonable conviction can be entertained that a provision *properly secured*, to the purpose of frequently setting forth '*The wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in the Revelation of the Lord Jesus, with the inferences most necessary for, and useful to mankind,*' would be by any means a superfluous institution. We are far, however, from intending, by the wish just expressed, to undervalue the results of Mr. Burnett's liberality, as he has been pleased (in the plenitude of his power over his own property) to display it for the benefit of mankind.

Of the general talents and industry exhibited in the Essay immediately under review, we certainly entertain a favourable opinion: and we are the more disposed to extend our observations upon it to some length, because where we have the misfortune to differ from the ingenious author, it is upon points wherein discussion can scarcely fail to produce effects highly serviceable to the best interests of mankind. In truth we cannot help anticipating important benefits from the salutary association of religious, moral, and political science, pervading many of the publications which have lately issued from the press.

Mr. Sumner has given in his preface a summary of the process by which he proposes, first, to prove the existence of an all-powerful, wise, and good Being, by whom every thing exists; and, secondly, to remove the objections to his wisdom and goodness by arguments derived from reason and revelation. He states, that the acquaintance which we derive *from reason*, with the Creator and his attributes, and the conformity of the appearance of the universe, with the conclusions at which reason arrives, have been so fully illustrated by the successive labours of Stillingfleet, Clarke, Butler, Warburton, and Paley, that it is hopeless to look out for a vacant spot in a district so fully occupied. He has, therefore, chosen to

rest his principal evidence of the *existence of the Creator* upon the *credibility of the Mosaic Records of the Creation*. He justly adds, that to descend from the height to which, upon the fundamental point of the existence of God, we have been gradually raised by Revelation, and to argue still upon the level of unassisted reason, would be equally impossible and unprofitable:—impossible, because the rays of revealed knowledge *will* imperceptibly penetrate:—unprofitable, because, although philosophy may silence atheism, it will never command practical obedience, nor inspire practical devotion.

It appears to us that Mr. Burnett, by the terms of his proposal, left the competitors for his prize at perfect liberty as to the ground upon which they might choose to establish the *being of a God*; and that it is only with respect to his *wisdom* and *goodness* that they were bound to establish the proof, both from reason and Revelation. Mr. Sumner was, therefore, at liberty to exercise full discretion on the first point; and whether by selecting the question concerning the *credibility of the Mosaic Records*, he has fixed upon the most interesting track, even though Dr. Graves and the present Dean of Westminster had not published their able and learned works when the plan of the Essay before us was arranged, we will not presume to determine. But after all which Warburton, the Abbé Fleury, Lardner, the two Lowths, Chandler, and others, have written, either professedly or incidentally, upon the Mosaic History, we think it indisputable that a moiety of the Essay is rather too large a portion to devote to this single point. We are the more disposed to lament the disproportionate space thus occupied, as it has necessarily contracted that which the author has been enabled to allot to other parts of the subject, in the discussion of which many modern writers have succeeded in exciting a lively interest among men of reflection and benevolence, and have thrown over their subjects a sufficient portion of new light to excite eager curiosity, but by no means enough to settle the opinions of candid inquirers. These subjects are the existence of moral and physical evil, or, in the more modern phrase, of 'vice and misery,' and their alleged necessary increase as society proceeds towards those advanced stages to which it is now tending in all the most civilized and enlightened nations of the earth. These are points of discussion of momentous import, including questions to the illustration of which the lights of reason and Revelation equally converge, and affording practical inferences for the regulation of man in the sublimest, as well as in the lowest, department of human conduct. We sincerely regret, therefore, that scarcely more than one half of the Essay is devoted to these discussions, even in their abstract prin-

ciples, since they are necessarily developed in a manner more scanty and unsatisfactory than their extreme importance demands; and we are still more disappointed to find that scarcely any space is left for the practical inferences justly deducible 'from the whole,' where we expected to find, in the application of the argument to the hearts and lives of men, the most eloquent and useful portion of the work. We confess, therefore, that our own taste would have been more fully gratified had Mr. Sumner contented himself with giving, in a few pages, the abstract, which he is so well capable of producing, of the arguments to be found in ancient and modern authors concerning the *existence of a God*, which after all is a *fact* scarcely any where denied in the present day; and had devoted, at least, four-fifths of the Essay to the more interesting and original matters to which we have just adverted, and which, in truth, appear to have been mainly in the view of Mr. Burnett when he proposed the subject for his prizes. The political uses of such an argument would have embraced all the most interesting topics among those which may be called fundamental in the constitution of society, objects which lie at the root of all public prosperity, because upon them mainly depend the contentment of the people, the security of governments, and consequently the offensive and defensive power of nations. The moral uses would have been yet more interesting; for, as we have lately seen it expressed, there requires but little reflection upon the history of the past, and little experience of the actual condition of society, to perceive the utter insufficiency of mere political, or philosophical, or economical systems, for affording any permanence to the amelioration which they all profess to bestow upon the condition of mankind. System after system has been adopted with eager hope, and rejected in its turn, with utter despair, in favour of another which has ultimately followed the destiny of its predecessor; and mankind, instead of reaping the expected harvest, have too often found their condition deteriorated, and their minds disappointed and irritated. If ever there were a time in which these truths were more palpable than at another, it appears to be the present. From all the magnificent systems, which, independently of pure morals, promised so much benefit to society, it has come out demoralized, degraded, impoverished, unsettled, insecure; and politicians have at length been compelled to acknowledge, (without, however, practically enforcing the consequence,) that all hope for the future is to be sought in a general *moral* amelioration. The opportunity, therefore, is surely favourable for endeavouring to demonstrate with effect the necessary connexion of moral conduct, public and private, with political wealth and prosperity,—that the former is, in fact, the centre round which the latter must revolve.

With the modifications contained in the preceding paragraphs, we venture to pronounce our opinion, that the Essay before us is a sketch by the hand of a master, although, as we have before intimated, a wide difference exists between some of the author's statements and conclusions, and those which we should be disposed to make from the same premises.

The first two chapters of the first book contain a brief exposition and refutation of the opinion of the metaphysicians, the materialists, and disciples of the atomical philosophy, concerning the eternal existence and fortuitous formation of the world. Upon these we have only to remark that they present a specimen of the style of argument abridged from the writings of the most approved authors, to which we wish that Mr. Sumner had confined the first book of his Essay on the '*Existence of the Creator*. Not that we are disposed to dispute his position, 'that the subject is by no means exhausted;' but we certainly do think that the point is superabundantly established for all the practical purposes of the theologian, the moralist, and the politician; and that any sane man, who, after due inquiry, should still entertain doubts upon it, must possess, to use the words of the poet, 'a most uncommon skull.'

But to proceed:—since the world neither had an independent, eternal existence, nor was produced by the fortuitous concurrence of atoms, it follows that it must have been created, and from the innumerable instances of design and benevolence which every where press upon our observation, that it was formed by an all wise, good, and powerful Creator. But as the world, and almost every thing in it, are capable of being abused by man, whose corrupt propensities are continually leading him to poison the sources of his own happiness, it seems to follow that *such a world*, created for the use of *such a being*, implies the necessity that some communication should have been made to him by the Creator of the terms upon which the tenure was bestowed, of the laws under which it is to be enjoyed, and of the mode in which *the possession*, 'which is the general property of all mankind,' was originally created. This has always appeared to us to be the fundamental point (although too frequently overlooked) from which every just argument on the origin and progress of civil society must diverge, and which should be studiously kept in mind during the whole course. Man in a *state of nature* represents to our minds the idea of a being known by his Maker to be weak and liable to yield to temptation, surrounded nevertheless by objects continually soliciting him to sin, but amply gifted with the means and the power of resistance, if he do not wilfully set himself in opposition to those means. Man in a state of nature, then, is man in a state of probation:—a rational and

intelligent creature placed by his Creator under circumstances of trial, with the means of rising triumphantly above them. It is needless to contrast this statement with the degrading view which almost every writer on the origin of civil society has given of what they have been pleased to term 'the state of nature' as it refers to man. But we have the greatest pleasure in laying before our readers the following extract from Mr. Sumner's third chapter 'on the Historical Evidence of the Creation of the World.'

'Suppose it granted, for the present, that a Creator exists; only two suppositions can be entertained; either man was turned naked and ignorant into the world, with less power to provide for his comfort and subsistence than the lowest savage whom modern discoveries have brought to our acquaintance; or he was instructed, through the agency of his Creator, in the means of supplying his immediate wants, and of performing the various purposes of his being.

'If we embrace the first of these suppositions, we must believe that this world, and all it contains, was created without any definite or assignable object; that its intelligent inhabitants were summoned into life, and then immediately abandoned by their Maker, retaining no connexion with him, either during the short period of their earthly existence, or after it. If we reject this idea, as inconsistent with all reasoning as to the probable operations of Divine intelligence; then it is natural to conclude that the Creator would leave some memorial of himself in a world, which, as forming a part in the comprehensive scheme of his providence, he beholds with regard and interest. It is evident, however, that as mankind alone, of all the inhabitants of the earth, are gifted with intelligence, mankind alone can hold any connexion with an intelligent Creator. To them, therefore, we must look as the chief objects of creation, and as the depositaries with whom the records of it, supposing such an event to have taken place, would be left, to be handed down by them from age to age.'—pp. 29, 30.

In conformity with this expectation we find that a history *does* exist, giving an authentic account of the dealings of God with man from the creation of the world, transmitting the records of that creation from generation to generation; and perpetuating 'the important truth, that its Author, seen only by his works, is to be worshipped without material or visible representation as the Creator and Governor of the World.' It further appears, that this sublime object was effected through the instrumentality of a peculiar and singular race of people, set apart by God for this especial purpose, and persevering in a course of conduct calculated to attain the end proposed, although surrounded by a host of opposing elements. Superstitious polytheism persecuted, licentious rites tempted, idolatrous splendour dazzled, and many individuals were overpowered, and fell. But the ways of God endured to the end. He made the courage which he inspired to triumph over

persecution,—the purity which he imparted from his own essence to resist the allurements of desire,—and the simplicity which emanated from him rested on the men of *ancient times*, and gave them power to count the idolatrous splendour of the Gentile world a *very little thing*. Thus was his purpose effected, and the knowledge of the true God preserved by a perpetual succession of miracles and judgments. Nor was this all. The holy men of old did not only preserve the purest tradition of the true religion, and of the nature of the divine government; but they employed themselves in meditating upon the MORAL LAW of God, praying to him both for themselves and others, and enuring themselves to the practice of every virtue. They instructed their disciples, explained to them the spirit and meaning of *the Law*, and opened to them the sublime mysteries relating to the state of the Church on earth and in heaven, which were hidden under allegories. They instructed the people concerning the Sabbath;—they reproved them for their vices, and exhorted them to repent, upon pain of God's judgments, which they foretold as visitations for impenitence. In short, what they knew and what they taught distinctly was this:— That there is but one God:\* that He governs all things by his Providence;† that there is no trust in any but him, nor good to be expected from any one else;‡ that He sees every thing, even the secrets of the heart;§ that He influences the will by his inward operation, and turns it as He pleases;|| that all men are born in sin, and naturally inclined to evil;¶ that nevertheless they may do good, but only by divine assistance;\*\* that *they are free*, and have the choice of good or evil;†† that God is strictly just, and punishes or rewards men according to their works;‡‡ that He is full of mercy and compassion for those who sincerely repent of their sins;§§ that He judges the actions of all men after their death;||| therefore, that the soul is immortal, and that there is another life.¶¶

They knew besides, and taught, that God, out of his mere loving kindness, had chosen them from among all mankind, to be his faithful people;\*\*\* that from them, of the tribe of Judah and family of David, should be born a Saviour,††† who should deliver them from all their hardships, and bring all nations to the know-

\* Deut. iv. 39. vi. 4.

† Psalm civ. cxiv.

‡ Ps. lxi. Is. xxxvi. vii. Jer. 5—8.

§ Ps. cxxxix.

|| Prov. xxi. 1.

¶ Ps. li. 5. Gen. vi. 5. \*\* Deut. xxx 8. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 27.

†† Deut. xxx. 19, 20.

‡‡ Ps. xvii. 1. 6.—xc. 1. et passim.

§§ Deut. xxxii. 1, 2. Exod. xxxiv. 7.

Numb. xiv. 18.

||| Eccles. viii. 11. ix. 2. xii. 14.

¶¶ See Abbé Fleury upon the Manners of the Israelites.

\*\*\* Deut. vii. 6. ix. 5, 6.

††† Gen. xlix. 10. Isa. xi. 1. 10.

ledge of the true God. All this they knew very clearly, and it was the most usual subject of their prayers and meditations. This was that exalted wisdom which distinguished them from all the people of the earth. For whereas in other nations, none but the wise men knew some of these great truths, and that but imperfectly, and were entirely ignorant of others, every Israelite was instructed in them all, and they scarcely varied the least in their notions about any of them.\*

Although this summary is due to the industry of another writer, rather than that of Mr. Sumner, we do not think it necessary to enter more at large into the object and peculiarity of design of the Hebrew polity;—into the peculiar sanctions of their law, into their religious opinions, national worship, the principles of their morality, or the causes to which the superiority of the Mosaic theology may be referred.

They constitute the titles of several sections in the volume now before us; but for reasons which will be obvious to those who have accompanied us through the preceding pages of this article, we decline entering into them upon the present occasion. We desire, however, to be understood, as wishing to convey a strong recommendation of these 'sections' to the attention of students in divinity and of general readers, and to admit the learning, ingenuity and industry, which Mr. Sumner has displayed in the composition of them, as well as of the two which follow upon the questions, 'Whether Moses *could have* invented the doctrines which he taught concerning the Creation,' and 'Whether he *could have* derived the knowledge of it from the learning of the Egyptians, or from the popular belief of the Israelites.' Mr. Sumner has brought to bear upon these discussions a considerable portion of ancient and modern learning, and has displayed a very creditable degree of acuteness and originality in the illustrations and comparisons which he has drawn from his own sources. Upon a fair consideration of the argument, we cannot hesitate to admit, that this portion of Essay constitutes a valuable addition to that department of theological science of which it professes to treat.

We now proceed to what appears to us to be by far the most attractive portions of Mr. Sumner's Essay, viz. the second and third parts, in which the attributes of God, and especially his wisdom and goodness, are followed in detail into their influence over the moral and political condition of mankind.

Mr. Sumner begins the second part of his Essay, which treats of

\* See Abbé Fleury, *ut supra*. The heresy of the Sadducees, concerning a future state, is the strongest exception to this last assertion.



the *Wisdom of God*, as it is to be discovered by the observation of a reasonable mind upon the structure of the world and of human society, with these remarks :

'The Creator, as being the author of all things, must possess a complete and actual acquaintance not only with the things which exist, or have existed at any definite point of time, but with whatever can possibly arise as consequences from things so existing, or be contingent upon them. Neither can He, upon whose original will it depended that certain powers should produce certain effects, be possibly ignorant of the means which best conduce to any design, or of the end which may result from any particular means. And this perfect knowledge of all that is past, and all that is present, and all that is dependent upon the past and present, is *omniscience* or *infinite wisdom*.'

But irrefragable as this argument appears to be, man, who is ever prone to justify his own departure from the ways of God as the *necessary* effect of surrounding circumstances, rather than of his own wilful perverseness, requires to be continually reminded by a recurrence to visible and sensible objects, or to the results of reasonings derived from them, that God knows our several cases and circumstances much better than we are able to describe them ; and that he mercifully gives whatever is needful to promote our real welfare, though we, through our ignorance, may depreciate or despise the gift.

From the thousand ways in which this truth may be illustrated; it was evidently necessary to make a selection, and we think it is made in the essay before us with great judgment. Mr. Sumner undertakes to show 'by a few particular instances, that both in the constitution of the universe, and in the laws which peculiarly respect the human race, the Deity has shown the most comprehensive and prospective wisdom.' And these instances he has selected in such a manner as to avail himself of the latest discoveries in physics and politics.

On the constitution of the universe he justly observes, that the highest aim of philosophical theory is to account for the phenomena it treats of by the fewest possible principles ; and the great ambition of human art is to attain the end proposed by the least complicated means. Examine by this test the effects of the principle of gravitation which 'at once determines the planets in their orbits and the descent of the most trifling body to the ground.' Contemplate the single body which forms the centre of the system :—it not only gives support and stability to the whole, but furnishes it, to the remotest point, with the essential requisites of light and heat.

'In descending from the contemplation of the whole system to the examination of the globe to which we ourselves belong, we are attended by the same comprehensive wisdom. The air of our atmosphere, which is necessary to the existence of the animal and vegetable world, is com-

posed of two elastic fluids, united in a definite and exact proportion; a proportion so precisely suited to those for whose respiration it was intended, that any difference in the quantity of either ingredient would prove, according to its degree, injurious or destructive. The same air which supplies life and health to the human race is equally and alone salubrious to every other animal. It might be expected that the portion of this air which animals return in the alternate motion of the lungs, having performed its service, would prove of no further utility: but it has been otherwise contrived. This part of the atmosphere, though insalubrious to man, affords the most grateful nourishment to the plants by which he is surrounded; according to which provision nothing is lost, and the constant purity of the air we breathe is preserved.

'The same air which in its compound state supports the life of the animal creation, administers also to the comfort and necessities of man in the shape of fire. Combustion is the decomposition of the atmosphere, a process which, under certain circumstances of temperature, most of the products of the earth have in a greater or less degree the power of effecting; and which is regularly accompanied by the disengagement of the light and heat for which we have such frequent occasion, when the assistance of the solar rays is either wanting, or inapplicable. The same elastic fluids which perform these important purposes, in another state of composition become the chief constituents of water also. And the result is, that the principal wants of the animal and vegetable world are supplied by three elastic fluids, the peculiar union of which furnishes us with water, fire, and vital air. Neither do these fluids require the interposition of the Creator to supply their constant expenditure. The original mandate of Eternal Wisdom provided, as far as we can learn from physical researches, for a world of which we cannot foresee the termination. The simple gases, disengaged by various natural processes, from the combustibles, vegetables, and different substances which absorb them, are so contrived as to form a natural reunion, and preserve a constant equilibrium.'—vol. ii. p. 8—11.

But the case by no means terminates here. From the rapid progress which modern chemists have made in the discoveries arising from what may be termed the *electro-chemical science*, many bodies hitherto considered as elementary have been decomposed;—the number of elements or simple substances is diminished by almost every elaborate experiment.

The philosopher to whom we owe many of these discoveries, and who is equally distinguished by the brilliancy and importance of the facts which he has disclosed, by the humane and useful purposes to which he has adapted them, and by the singular candour and modesty of his deportment as a man of science and a gentleman, has declared his opinion\* that 'we are probably not yet acquainted with any of the true elements of matter.' And yet so far

\* See Davy's *Agricultural Chemistry*, 4to.—p. 88.

have the successful efforts of science in reducing compounded substances already extended, that the same philosopher has in another place thought himself, upon good grounds, entitled to state, 'that a few undecomposed bodies, which may perhaps ultimately be resolved into still fewer elements, or which may be different forms of the same material, constitute the whole of our tangible universe of things.'\*

It must, we think, be acknowledged, that a more beautiful display of exalted wisdom, of grandeur and simplicity in contrivance, of minuteness and delicacy in operation, of what is 'wonderful in counsel and excellent in working,' cannot even be faintly conceived by the imagination of man. But we turn with pleasure even from these engaging speculations to others yet more interesting to the moralist, who after all is the true philosopher, at least if the importance of the science is to be estimated by the value of the subjects about which it is conversant. We turn to the contemplation, with that 'lively sympathy with the fortunes of the human race, and that warm zeal for the interests of truth and justice, without the guidance of which,' it has been well observed, 'the highest mental endowments, when applied to moral or to political researches, are in perpetual danger of mistaking their way.' To this higher department of the inquiry,—to MAN as a member of civil society, and as a moral and accountable being, the remainder of the Essay exclusively relates.

As we have already hinted, there is no reasoning justly upon the Creator's provisions respecting man, without some understanding of the design of God in bringing him into existence, which involves the question, what man is in *his state of nature*, or as he is placed by Providence in connexion with the scheme of earthly things. Now all reflection upon the moral and intellectual powers of man, compared with the circumstances calling for their exercise with which he is surrounded, tend uniformly to the conviction that he was placed here 'in order to exercise, according to his opportunities in his progress through the world, the various powers of reason and virtue with which he is endowed.' The state of nature then, when applied to man, is a state of *progressive improvement*; and we are convinced that it is equally true of communities as of individuals, that if they do not *wisely* or *through ignorance* place themselves in a state *contrary to nature*, that is, inconsistent with the rules which God has given them for their government, they might proceed, through the whole period of their existence, in a growing course of moral and political welfare. But we must not anticipate.

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\* Davy's Elements of Chem. Phil.—p. 503; as quoted by Mr. Sumner.

Mr. Sumner very satisfactorily refutes the arguments of those philosophers, who, by exhibiting what they are pleased to call the *chain of existence*, virtually deny the gradual improvement of man to be the design of the Creator; and this he does by showing the *elastic and extendible* nature of those *links in the moral chain* which are made up of human beings. M. Bonnet and a Mr. White are great advocates of this *catenarian* system of philosophy; and because they have observed that there is less difference between the highest brute and the lowest savage than between the savage and the most improved man, have thought themselves justified in concluding that man forms part of a regular gradation of beings, and is himself instinctively the object of similar gradations; that the Ouranoutang, for example, is the first link which connects man with quadrupeds, and that the Negro is the connecting tie between the white man and the ape. Upon these principles we see no sound objection to ranging Messrs. Bonnet and White as severally the intermediate links between the philosopher and the madman; for it is to be understood that individual or national character is always to continue precisely at that point where it may have been observed at any particular period to have stood;—or that there is a mental and moral circle drawn round each variety of human character, of the nature of an impassable barrier; (which is evidently the case with animals regulated by instinct;—) then we must allow that the Bonnet and White links in the series must be permanently kept up, or the ways of Providence interrupted. But if the human mind in those individuals is of an expansive and improveable nature, although their moral faculties have been deadened or their intellectual powers perverted by abuse, then it will become us to use our best exertions in devising the means whereby more sober and enlightened philosophers than Messrs. Bonnet and White may be provided for the use of future generations. In short, man is placed in the world with moral powers and faculties, dormant indeed till called into exertion by the circumstances which surrounded him, but capable of being improved and exalted in the highest degree by a *right application* of them to those circumstances. He is commanded so to apply them, and instructed in the method of obeying that command. He is placed in a state of moral and mental trial, whereas brutes are placed in a condition of mere instructive obedience to their animal propensities.

Man then being placed in a state of moral discipline through the media of surrounding circumstances operating upon his moral faculties, and of the reaction of those faculties modifying the principles upon which the affairs of the world are regulated, it behoves us, in estimating the wisdom and goodness of those principles as originally ordained by the Creator, always to keep in mind their

main object, which appears to be to preserve the moral faculties in a state of perpetual exercise and improvement, in order to fit them for a superior state of existence.

This is nearly the view which Mr. Sumner has taken of the design of the Creator with respect to this world, and to the Being into whose hands He has delivered it over as a possession; and the conclusions which he draws from the premises are expressed in the following words :

‘It is evident that, if the present state is not final, if its object is discipline, what might appear to us the happiest, or easiest, or best condition for the human race in an immediate view, would not be the most suitable to the ultimate intention of the Creator. The object which would be present to the divine mind, in determining the circumstances in which it were expedient to place mankind, would be, to assign them that state of being which was best suited to render this world the stage of discipline it was designed to prove: one that should most effectually and inevitably work out the powers, exercise the virtues, and display the character of man. And it might be expected, from what we see in other instances of the Creator’s wisdom, that he would place mankind in circumstances through which the order of things best calculated to further this design should naturally establish itself, without any such immediate interference as might disturb the spontaneity of human actions.

‘I think it may be rendered evident that He has done so; and the proof of wisdom I shall endeavour to illustrate, is this; that the order of things, in which the human race arrives at the highest degree of improvement, and has the widest scope for moral and intellectual perfection, is inevitably, and with some trifling exceptions, universally established, by the operation of a SINGLE PRINCIPLE, and the instinctive force of a single natural desire.’—vol. ii. p. 26, 27.

The SINGLE PRINCIPLE here alluded to, is the PRINCIPLE OF POPULATION—concerning which so much has been said and written since the publication of Mr. Malthus’s original and elaborate Essay upon that subject.

Differing, as we do, most widely from the statements and conclusions of that ingenious writer, we are nevertheless disposed to agree as to the effects ascribed by Mr. Sumner to the principle itself when rightly stated; and we derive no common degree of satisfaction from the proof afforded by the Essay before us, that although Mr. Sumner has brought himself to admit the truth of Mr. Malthus’s principles, he can yet have derived from them the same conclusions respecting the wisdom and goodness of God which we have ourselves derived from what we conceive to be a refutation of those principles. We are disposed to welcome this remarkable coincidence of conclusions from opposite premises, in the case of the party which has taken the wrong premises, as a signal instance,

of the power of a well regulated mind over an acute understanding. When we come to the discussion of this subject, we shall show, that had Mr. Sumner embraced all the parts of Mr. Malthus's Essay, he would have found, (as that author himself has too frequently found,) that the principles extended much too far to warrant the conclusions which he attempts to deduce from them, as merely sufficient to urge men to exertion and self-denial, and to reward them in proportion to their obedience. He must, we think, have discovered that, notwithstanding any practicable degree of general virtue and self-denial, the progress of society from the lower to the higher stages (which we have already shown to be the design of Providence) must, upon Mr. Malthus's statement, inevitably bring with it large accessions of vice and misery to man, instead of concentrating the greatest possible proportion of happiness in a given space of territory.\* He would surely therefore have concluded that the principles themselves could not be true, and would have bent the powers of his mind to the discovery and statement of those points where paralogisms might be detected, before he ventured to argue upon the principles themselves as the great fundamental proof of the wisdom of God in the construction of human society. We should then have had the third and fourth chapters which are now occupied with a discussion concerning the effects of the equality or the inequality of ranks and fortunes, devoted to a new and corrected statement of the principle of population. We may add too, that many conclusions in the fourth chapter, in which we cordially agree, would have followed with greater force and effect as the natural consequences of a right statement of the principle of population. Mr. Sumner, however, having chosen to take another course, we feel bound to follow him through his preliminary matter.

The advocates for political equality are, consistently enough, the advocates for the superior comforts and happiness of the savage state of society :—for political equality can only be practically enjoyed, and that very imperfectly, in such a condition of mankind. On the silliness of Rousseau, Condorcet, Godwin, the *Père du Tertre*, and a crowd of imitators on this subject, it is at this time of day, thank God ! useless to expatiate. But we think the general conclusion is stated by Mr. Sumner in the following passage, with candour and impartiality.

‘A partial survey of civilized life, represents, it is true, each individual neglectful of the general good, and struggling merely for the advancement of his own ; flourishing by the discomfiture of competitors, and elevated by the depression of his brethren. But the other side of the picture shows individual advantage terminating in public benefits, and the desire of aggrandizement which is stimulated by ambition or do-

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\* See Paley's *Mor. Phil.*

ment, partialities, contributing towards the welfare of the community at large. Man, in all situations, has both opportunity and inclination for vice, though all vices do not flourish equally in all situations. But ferocity, intemperance, and revenge, if they are not worse, certainly are not better than avarice, rapacity, or luxury; whilst the savage vices have no compensation of delicate taste, refined manners, improved understanding, or exalted virtues. A contest for riches or power does not more disturb the harmony of life, than the disputed possession of a palm-tree or a cabin: but the latter produces no other fruit than private rancour or revengeful malice: the former enriches the state by the addition of two active and useful citizens.'—vol. ii. p. 32.

It is obvious, and has been frequently shown in detail, that the division and accumulation of property, the division of labour, and the consequent inequality of ranks and conditions, which follow the first steps in the progress of society, introduce the necessity of active exertion of some kind or other throughout all classes of the community.—It is no less obvious that this general necessity for exertion and activity is the condition most suitable to the development and improvement of the faculties of a being, in whom the principle of indolence is more strongly rooted than the principle of philanthropy,—or the abstract love of his fellow creatures. We find indeed that this last mentioned plant is the growth of civilization, and of a religion whose general influence implies a considerable advance beyond the savage state of equality. It is the glory indeed of that religion, that it introduces the *only practicable system of equality*—that of a *moral kind*, whereby mankind are placed upon a perfect level in the eye of God and man, as to all which respects their eternal interests, and which by its operation on individual minds often reverses the view invidiously taken of society by the advocates of political equality, by lifting the lowest in the scale of temporal condition, to the highest point of temporal happiness. But the *aristocracy of contentment and humility* is no less an eye-sore to the levelling atheist, than the aristocracy of rank and fortune, or even than that of talent and industry:—and it is incontestible that the mere intellectual improvement which upon their system is to counteract the principle of indolence inherent in the equal condition of mankind, cannot be brought to bear except in a state of society which pre-supposes an equality of condition to be altogether impracticable. We may then fairly admit the truth of Mr. Sumner's conclusion of the third chapter of this volume: 'It is not presumptuous to conclude that the situation best calculated to improve by exercise the faculties of man is civil society, consisting as it does of unequal fortunes, ranks and conditions.'

In the fourth chapter we approach nearer to the discussion of the principle of population. The subject on which it professes to

treat is, 'whether equality or inequality of ranks and fortunes is the condition best suited to the exercise of virtue.' Now it seems undeniable that if the object of the Creator with respect to man be to discipline an imperfect creature, rather than to place a perfect character in a state of enjoyment suited to its faculties, the varieties of human condition, and the practical duties arising out of them, enlarge the sphere of action, and afford opportunities for the display of those virtues and charities which distinguish the renovated from the abandoned character. The theories which profess to remove all temptation to coveting, violence, and injustice, by giving every man an equal share of temporal advantages, and affording thereby to no one a *just cause* of complaint, seem to overlook the obvious truth that man is very apt to complain, to covet, and to defraud, *without just cause*, and even without any *real want* of the objects which tempt him to those crimes. The evil is in the *heart*, not in the *outward circumstances*; and unless those circumstances are so framed as to discipline the heart, no arbitrary arrangement will prevent its inward corruption from breaking out into overt acts. The history of all those tribes of mankind, where an apparent equality of condition is thought to exist, is conclusive upon this point; and the theory is obnoxious to the same reproach of absurdity with that to which we lately alluded, since it supposes a state of virtue, only to be acquired through the discipline and trial of a condition of inequality, to be compatible with one of perfect equality. A moment's reflection will convince any reasonable mind that this world is not the theatre upon which such a scene can be displayed.

The various duties and relations of the higher, the middle, and the labouring classes of society towards each other, with their effects in producing the respective evidences of virtue and obedience which the Creator requires from them, are described by Mr. Sumner with eloquence and feeling in several passages of this chapter, which we regret that we cannot afford space to extract. The reader of them should bear constantly in mind, that the author by the terms of his contract was confined in this part of his work to the light of reason and of nature, and that the arguments to be derived from 'the Revelation of the Lord Jesus' were especially reserved to a subsequent portion of the Essay. With this remark we lay before our readers the conclusions drawn by Mr. Sumner from the arguments of this chapter.

'On the whole, we may be allowed to conclude, that if it had been possible, according to the established system of the universe, for mankind to have continued equal in their fortunes and conditions, the same equality would have extended to their minds. The consequence would have been a general inferiority of the rational faculties. The existence



of high practical rules raises the general standard of morality; because, even if few attain the summit, all are tending, more or less, towards it. But those lights of the world, which have occasionally appeared, and have established, from collected observations, the most useful rules of conduct and the sublimest morality, would have been extinct. Extinguish then these lights, annihilate these general rules, diminish at the same time the temptations to vice and the opportunities of virtue, the advantage is doubtful, the evil certain. Experience does not acquaint us that even the vices would be less gross or numerous; but it is undeniable that the approved virtues would be both of a lower standard, and of rarer occurrence. Variety of condition enlarges the sphere of active duty; and every circumstance that enlarges the sphere of duty, contributes towards the perfection of a being, whose distinguishing faculty is obedience to reason, and whose most valuable quality is a power of moral and intellectual improvement commensurate with his individual situation.' —vol. ii. pp. 98, &c.

Having thus shown that a state of society consisting of various ranks and conditions is best suited to excite the industry, and to discipline and promote the virtues of mankind, Mr. Sumner proceeds to the consideration of the SINGLE PRINCIPLE which he had previously announced as inevitably tending to bring the human race, generally speaking, 'into such a situation.' We have already stated that we agree with Mr. Sumner in believing that the principle of population, *when rightly stated*, will be found to be one of those means which Providence has ordained for the purpose of keeping the human faculties in a continual state of exertion, with a view to escape the difficulties which press upon individual comfort and happiness, in consequence of those changes which never fail to effect them in some way or other during the progress of society from the lower to the higher stages. But in order to show that this argument is practically sound, we hold it essential to prove that the exertions when made will be sufficient to relieve those who make them from the pressure under which they previously laboured. And here we think that Mr. Sumner has altogether failed, and by admitting in their full extent the truth of Mr. Malthus's propositions, has involved himself in many difficulties and inconsistencies. If it be true, as Mr. Sumner states from Mr. Malthus, that, even in countries greatly civilized, population is known to double itself in twenty-five years, provided a sufficient portion of unoccupied land remain to raise subsistence for it, we apprehend that the prospect held out to reward even the most active exertions, which men are capable of making in such countries to procure food, would be so disheartening, that far from leading to exertion, it would lead only to despair of any possibility of relief. It is well known to all who have inquired into the subject, that the power of bringing fresh land into cultivation in civilized

countries, or in those advanced beyond the purely agricultural state of society, is attended with numerous difficulties increasing with every step in the progress of advancement. If then the power of multiplication in the human species continued the same, the evident impossibility of meeting the demand for food would be so apparent, that a rational man, instead of exercising prospective industry for the production of that which he would have very little chance of enjoying when produced, would feel exceedingly disposed to join in a scramble for the food already in existence. The operations necessary to carry on the government in a free country would be altogether impossible; and no resource would be left to keep mankind under sufficient control, or to secure to the actual possessors the enjoyment of their property, but a tyranny sufficiently grinding either to repress the natural tendency to increase by generally prohibiting marriage among the lower orders; or to reduce them to the necessity of starving in quiet, without endangering the government; or, lastly, to encourage them, as in China, to have recourse to infanticide.

But the principal question, after all, resolves itself into this: Does the population in civilized countries still possessing large portions of uncultivated land, when unchecked by want or misery, *actually* increase, or rather is it *physically possible* that it should increase as fast as in purely agricultural countries, i. e. can it double itself, when *unchecked*, in twenty-five years? We really apprehend that no rational man would ever have answered this question in the affirmative, if he had duly considered the terms of the proposition, and reflected for a moment on the effects which great towns, extensive manufactures, liberal professions, and the thousand avocations incident to increasing civilization, produce upon the numbers of mankind, independently of any necessary recurrence to an increase of vice, misery, or such a modification of moral restraint as includes an *involuntary* abstinence from marriage. Let us look to England, in which there is certainly enough of uncultivated or ill-cultivated land to support, under improvement, double its present population; yet such has been the result of the spontaneous arrangements and distribution of the people, that notwithstanding the forcing principle of the poor laws, the population has not doubled itself in two centuries; and yet there is less of vice and misery, and, perhaps, of involuntary abstinence from marriage on the part of the lower orders, than in any country in the world; and there is no commercial or manufacturing country where the facilities of bringing fresh land into cultivation, or of improving that already cultivated, are so great. If then population has a physical inability to increase with equal rapidity in civilized and manufacturing, as in rude and agricultural countries, the prin-

principal limb of Mr. Malthus's fundamental proposition is evidently paralyzed, and we may with some degree of comfort consider ourselves relieved from the necessity of considering God as either directly or indirectly the author of moral evil; or of believing the *necessary* existence of *moral evil* in order to counteract the *natural* evil of a population inevitably increasing *beyond* any possibility of providing for it the means of subsistence.

Still, however, another question remains to be resolved in order to apply the argument to the case now under consideration. If the natural or spontaneous tendency of population to increase is not such as it is stated by Mr. Malthus, to what extent does it *actually reach* in the several states of society in which mankind are found to exist?

To enter into a full discussion of this most interesting subject would evidently exceed the limits to which we are necessarily confined on the present occasion. We are aware, however, of the importance of a full discussion of the principles of population and production in the present conflicting state of the public opinion on that great practical question; and we shall hope to undertake something of the kind at no distant period. Without entering minutely at present into the arguments, we think ourselves authorized to assert with some confidence, that every step which a country takes in the progress of society, and consequently towards the end of its resources in cultivation, is accompanied by a corresponding abatement in the progress of population arising out of natural circumstances of constant and universal operation, and unalterable by any laws within the power of man to control. Different degrees of morals and of civil liberty will, of course, advance or retard a community in its progress towards the higher stages of society; but whatever tends to its advancement in that progress will equally tend to abate the rapidity with which population might be supposed to proceed in the earlier stages of society. Whatever tends to retard a community in its advancement to the higher stages will equally tend, not indeed to the actual increase of population, but to that miserable condition in which a scanty number of people are found half-starved, as in Spain and other countries, in the midst of fertile territory soliciting the efforts of their industry, and prepared to make an ample return of subsistence. Be it observed also, that there is an extreme point in the progress of civilization towards its highest stage, in which the population of a country *cannot naturally increase its numbers any further*; and that this will occur from the same causes which produce the civilization itself, before the land of the country is cultivated up to its fullest capacity of production. Thus are we brought to the glorious conclusion that a free, a civilized, and a tolerably moral community will, under any circum-

stances, always flourish and support itself in comfort ; whereas an oppressed, a degraded, and an eminently immoral community, must decay and be overwhelmed with misery. Under the guidance of these general principles, we are certainly disposed to admit that population (up to a certain point in the highest stage of civilization) has a tendency (gradually decreasing, however, with every step in the progress of society) to overtake the supply of food *actually existing* in any given country. And in this tendency we hail and venerate the ordinance by which Providence has secured the perpetual exercise of the human faculties by rendering the industry and activity of man necessary to his *comfortable subsistence*. But in the increased retardation which affects the progress of population at every successive step in this career, so as to prevent the numbers of the people from ever exceeding the supply of food which, with due industry, *may yet be procured from the soil*, we are led to the grateful contemplation of another ordinance, which secures to human industry and activity its due and *certain reward*. So that a rational man is provided with every possible motive for exertion, which the pressure of necessity on the one hand, and the certainty of its effectual removal by the appointed means on the other, can possibly hold out. And he may set himself in good earnest to the improvement of the productive powers of his country *in all its departments*, and according to the talents with which he is gifted, without any check from the servile fear that he is thereby accumulating the burden of vice and misery upon the innocent heads of his remote posterity.

It is no slight corroboration of the truth of this statement—first, that the countries most verging towards a full state of population and production, *even though their soil and climate be ungrateful*, are uniformly observed to be those which suffer least from an excess of numbers ; because the very causes which lead to such a condition of society do also introduce among the people spontaneous habits and arrangements naturally inconsistent with that tendency to a rapid increase of population which is found in the earlier stages of society. And, secondly, that no record exists of any extensive country fully peopled and cultivated up to its utmost capacity, or even approaching to such a state. It is incontestible then that some principles necessarily inhere in the higher stages of society, distinct from a want of means to produce further food, which naturally prevent the population from extending itself beyond the powers of the soil to afford a comfortable subsistence. Should any one be disposed to adduce China as an instance of a country fully peopled and cultivated up to its utmost capacity, we think that a perusal of the latest authentic accounts of that empire will correct the erroneous impression.

We consider this account of the ways of Providence with respect to the principle of population to be as agreeable to experience and right reason, as it is consistent with the wisdom and goodness of God. And we proceed briefly to show its congruity, when thus stated, with those arguments which Mr. Sumner has attempted to derive from what appear to us to be the overstrained and paralogical conclusions of Mr. Malthus.

The first effect of the principle is stated by Mr. Sumner to be the *Division of Property*. In this deduction we must confess that there appears to us to be something forced and fanciful; and a little confusion and incorrectness seem to pervade the terms in which the argument is proposed.

We cannot, for example, bring ourselves to believe that the first division of property arose from any reflection on the part of the bachelors of a tribe living on a common stock, that they were contributing more than their due share of labour towards the maintenance of the married with families; or that any requisition was ever made by these bachelors to have allotted to them the *small portion* sufficient for their wants, while the married, or those with families, should take to themselves a *much larger portion*. Neither do we believe that the general pressure of population against subsistence in the primary cause of the *division of property*, because that division is usually made long before such a pressure arises. But, if we mistake not, Mr. Sumner has himself, in another part of his work, ascribed the division of property to its true cause, viz. the different powers and faculties of different individuals—that the best warrior, the most active and intelligent shepherd, the most skillful and laborious hunter, will necessarily accumulate to himself the larger portion, and will leave the inferior individuals to shift as they can.

Mr. Sumner appears evidently, in this part of the Essay, to have confounded the division of property with the passage of a community from the lower to the agricultural stages of society. He seems to consider the division of property as synonymous with the cultivation of the land, or, at least, that it does not take place previous to the agricultural state. This we conceive to be a mistake. Still, however, we are convinced that the passage from the pastoral to the agricultural states of society, is made by a community from a conviction of the inconveniences which they suffer in the former from a scanty supply of food; that it arises out of the principle of population, and is the specific effect which it was intended to produce upon pastoral nations. But we are compelled again to differ from Mr. Sumner in his statement that this passage once effected does not set the community at ease with respect to its subsistence for many generations. We cannot believe that in all ages and

countries 'it is an acknowledged truth that the supply of food can only be increased at a much slower rate than an unchecked population will multiply ;' because we have only to cast our eyes upon countries in the purely agricultural state of society, and we behold a population completely unchecked by any want of food, and therefore advancing as fast as it is physically capable of increasing, yet continuing in possession of an immense surplus produce so long as the purely agricultural state of society subsists amongst them. Mr. Sumner's conclusion appears, from a note on this passage, to be one of those mistakes into which he has been led, first by adopting Mr. Malthus's principle of *calculation*, viz. 'setting the *possible* population of any given country against the *possible* domestic supply'—and, secondly, by adopting, against all experience, Mr. Malthus's *result*, that the former must necessarily exceed the latter. We are prepared, on the contrary, for the reasons just stated, to abide by the conclusion, that a community is pushed from the lower to the higher stage of improvement by the pressure of necessity ; but that it is rewarded for the exertion by a long course of comfort and happiness : and we think this conclusion most consistent with Mr. Sumner's own reflection immediately preceding the passage upon which we have been commenting—that 'human nature, if we judge from experience, requires that the individual should be satisfied that the effects of his personal exertion should contribute to his personal comfort.'—(vol. ii. p. 114.)

Observations of nearly a similar nature occur with regard to the second effect ascribed by Mr. Sumner to the principle of population, viz. the division of ranks ; except, indeed, that this seems even still more palpably than the last to arise from the moral differences of individual character, and to be scarcely in any remote degree concerned with the principle of population. We have read with some attention Mr. Sumner's reasoning in support of his proposition, and have not been able to discover wherein the principle of population enters into the argument. He seems to us to trace the division of ranks entirely from moral and political causes, which would equally operate whether a thousand acres were peopled by a hundred or a thousand individuals. It is certainly true that the multiplication of mankind is a necessary *ingredient* in the inequality of ranks ; because if there were but one couple, there could be but two ranks : and the gradations will increase in some proportion to the numbers. But it seems clear that in both cases the inequality arises from the moral difference between the parties, and not from any physical necessity arising out of their numbers.

These are the observations which have occurred to us on the first of Mr. Sumner's chapters upon the principle of population ; and although we do not very distinctly perceive the process by

which he has arrived at his conclusion upon his own data, we have the most cordial pleasure in giving our full assent to it as the natural consequence of those we have ventured to propose.

'If, then, the wisdom is to be estimated by the fitness of the design to its purpose, and the habitual exercise of the energies of mankind is allowed to be that purpose, enough has been said to confirm the original proposition. The Deity has provided, that, by the operation of an instinctive principle in our nature, the human race should be uniformly brought into a state in which they are forced to exert and improve their powers: the lowest rank, to obtain support; the one next in order, to escape from the difficulties immediately beneath it; and all the classes upward, either to keep their level, while they are pressed on each side by rival industry, or to raise themselves above the standard of their birth by useful exertions of their activity, or by successful cultivation of their natural powers. If, indeed, it were possible that the stimulus arising from this principle should be suddenly removed, it is not easy to determine what life would be except a dreary blank, or the world except an uncultivated waste. Every exertion to which civilization can be traced, proceeds directly or indirectly from its effects; either from the actual desire of having a family, or the pressing obligation of providing for one, or from the necessity of rivalling the efforts produced by the operation of these motives in others.

'I cannot suppose it will be disputed, that the law, ordaining the multiplication, of which the effects are thus extensive, is a law of design. Among brute animals, we find the quality of fecundity subjected to intelligible regulations, and proportioned to the utility or peculiar circumstances of the species: since it is denied to strength and rapacity, and bestowed as a compensation for a short term of existence. Of the latter case, the hare and rabbit, and the insect tribes, afford familiar examples: whereas the kite lays but two eggs, the eagle but one, and the elephant produces only a single calf. In another department of nature, it is observed that cod-fish lays many million eggs, whilst a whale brings usually one cub, and never more than two. It would have been incomprehensible if the multiplication of animals had not fallen under the regulation of Providence, and had been subject to assigned laws: and these, with a thousand other instances that might be as readily adduced, manifestly prove that it has been directed by design. And as it would be contrary to all just analogy to believe, that brute animals received an attention denied to the human race, it is impossible to suppose, that the ratio of increase among men, and its consequences, were not present to the contemplation of the Creator. In point of fact, we know that even the casualties to which one sex is more exposed than the other, are provided for by the excess of male over female births, a foresight which can only be attributed to the original mandate of Providence.'

As all fact in political arithmetic are of value, we wish to observe on a passage in the foregoing extract, that although male births exceed the female in a small ratio, yet there is good reason

to think that the premature deaths among male infants exceed those among females in a similar proportion; so that the sexes are reduced to an equality of number at a very early age.

The second Chapter, 'On the Collateral Effects of the Principle of Population,' is employed chiefly in following up the results of the first by a more minute detail of the manner in which the pressure of necessity establishes universal industry, and secures the quick and wide diffusion of the beneficial effects of that industry. After what has been already advanced, we do not perceive that it is necessary for us to enter at large into those details. The same references are frequently made to the *incontrovertible* fact of the geometrical and arithmetical progress of population and subsistence respectively;—and the same weakness and difficulties appear to us to be thereby introduced into the argument. We should have been glad also to perceive moral amelioration made a little more prominent, as a necessary ingredient in the successful career of temporal prosperity, especially as we cannot ourselves contrive to separate it from our idea of any sound theory respecting the principle of population. Reading the Chapter with a view of fundamental principles so different from that in which the author wrote it, it is not to be expected that we should often admit the justness of the reasoning by which the *argument* is maintained. But we are anxious to declare our opinion, that there are to be found in it many just views of human nature, and numerous passages of considerable eloquence, descriptive of the blessings derived to mankind from the progress of civilization, the facilities of social and commercial intercourse, and the effects of colonization upon the spread of morals and religion over the face of the earth.

Having ventured to express so wide a difference from Mr. Sumner upon this interesting and difficult question, we think ourselves the more strictly bound in conclusion to give, in his own words, the result at which his active and intelligent mind has arrived from the contemplation of it. Our readers will find no difficulty in at once perceiving the modifications under which we should be disposed to admit the truth of the concluding observations.

'Such is the view of the Omniscience and comprehensive Wisdom of the Creator, deducible from the facts respecting population, and its tendency to a quicker increase than the supply of food can keep pace with, which have been first explained to the present generation, and added to the stock of physical truths unfolded by modern inquiry. The particular effects of the multiplication of the species, which the object Mr. Malthus had in view obliged him to illustrate and enlarge upon, are so unprepossessing, that many persons have forcibly shut their eyes against the completeness of the induction, and the extent of the evidence by which the force of the principle is indisputably proved. Others, unable to withstand conviction, have been inclined to class this



among the "boisterous doubts and sturdy objections, wherewith in philosophy, as well as in divinity, the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquaints us."\* They have considered it as an anomaly in the system of divine administration: a provision for entailing upon mankind much laborious poverty, and some painful indigence. The antidote, however, is commonly found to grow within reach of the poison. The instinctive principle by which every country in the world is replenished with inhabitants as fast as its fertility allows, when more generally understood, and more fully reflected upon, will be appealed to as a proof that, as our knowledge and researches extend, they discover to us, in the moral as well as in the natural world, new proofs of most comprehensive wisdom in the Creator. It is, in fact, the mighty engine which, operating constantly and uniformly, keeps our world in that state which is most agreeable to the design of the creation, and renders mankind the spontaneous instruments of their Maker, in filling and civilizing the habitable globe. We may not, perhaps, be able to discover all the bearings, or follow all the consequences, of a principle which is undoubtedly the primary, though secret agent, in producing all the boundless varieties of the human condition. It ought, however, to satisfy us, if, as our inquiries penetrate farther into the general laws of the animate and inanimate creation, we clearly discover a wonderful subserviency of appointed means to the accomplishment of some uniform design; affording, even where the design is but partially understood, such testimony of wisdom in the means, as obliges us to rely in humble acquiescence upon the Supreme Disposer of both.—vol. ii. pp. 173—175.

The title of the **THIRD PART** of the Essay is 'On the Goodness of the Creator;'—a subject essentially involved in most of the discussions contained in the preceding parts. It is obvious that the permission of moral evil in a world from which it *might have been excluded*, can only be reconciled with the goodness of God upon the supposition that it was intended as a place of moral trial for its inhabitants, where, by struggling against evil, and exercising their faculties in discovering the means whereby they may rise superior to it, they may be fitted for a state of happiness in another and a better world. This approaches so nearly to some of the arguments in the preceding chapters, that we cannot be surprised at meeting with a few instances of repetition. In this part of the work, however, the author, in conformity with the terms of his contract, proceeds to fortify his moral reasoning with the authority of Scripture, and we have an observation or two to make upon the nature and terms of the argument used respecting the trials to which the holy men of the Old Testament were ex-

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\*Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*. 'More of these,' continues the excellent author, 'no man has known than myself; which I confess I conquered, not in a martial posture, but on my knees.'

posed. The faith of Abraham, for example, was tried in various ways. 'His first call,' says Mr. Sumner, 'was attended with a command "to leave his country, and his kindred, and his father's house." This call he immediately obeyed; and it is remarked, as a proof of his merit, that when he was summoned into a country which he should afterwards receive as his inheritance, he went out not knowing whither.' Now we are aware that we are here treading a delicate ground; but we apprehend that it would be to desert every principle of right faith, to suppose that Abraham, or any other man, could by an act proceeding from his faith or belief, which is *the gift of God*, establish any *merit* in the sight of God. He was pleased to ordain, for purposes not very difficult to be understood, that Abraham and every sound believer should give evidence of the reality of his faith by action: but that this should have any *meritorious value* in His sight, is certainly inconsistent with Scripture, and, as we believe, with the settled opinions of Mr. Sumner himself. Nor can we bring ourselves to think that Mr. Sumner intends to convey to his readers that God favoured Abraham *because* he displayed the *outward act* of preparing to sacrifice his son, but rather because his heart was in such a state as to prevent him from hesitating an instant to give a simple and implicit obedience to the commands of God against his natural reason and inclinations.

We have ventured upon these observations in the hope that Mr. Sumner may be induced, in a subsequent edition, to omit entirely, or very much to qualify, these and a few other expressions of similar import, which might give rise to misconceptions such as we have reason to think him the last man who would wish to encourage. For the rest, we think it has been sufficiently proved in the former parts of the Essay that this world is constituted as a place of moral discipline for the hearts and conduct of men:—and that all the natural evils, and those of civil life which man is heir to, the loss of friends, the sufferings of pain, &c. are, when converted to their proper uses, so many benevolent provisions for withdrawing the heart and affections from the world, and for fixing them upon the Creator—which is the *first effectual step* in the way to heaven.

Of the assistance afforded to us by 'the revelation of the Lord Jesus' in the pursuit of this exalted object, and of the 'Goodness of God displayed in the Christian Dispensation,' we are almost glad to perceive that we have not space to treat upon the present occasion. Mr. Sumner's observations upon them are confined to about twenty pages; and the statement appears to us to be neither so full, so distinct, nor so satisfactory as we are persuaded he would be disposed to make it in a subsequent edition. We abstain,

therefore, the more readily from any remarks upon this chapter of the work, as we feel it absolutely necessary still to trespass upon our readers' patience by a brief investigation of the two which follow, upon the Evils and Advantages of Civilized and Uncivilized Life.

There is no one point which the advocate for the Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator is bound more clearly to make out, than that the progress of society brings no *necessary* addition of vice and misery to any rank of the community :—and truly there is no circumstance under which we contemplate the advocates for Mr. Malthus's principles with more pity, than when they undertake to make out this proposition with respect to the lower orders of society. It is not very difficult to show *under almost any system*, that a principle of fair compensation pervades all the changes that are wrought in the habits, manners, and arrangements of the higher and middle classes ;—that the freedom from restraint, the rude plenty, the early marriages incident to the earlier stages, for example, are fully compensated to those classes by the regular industry, the growing comfort and accommodation, and the increased facilities of improving their condition, which commerce, manufactures, and civilization bring in their train. But we have always observed a sad perplexity about those who are bound to deprecate the early marriages of the labouring classes, and the exercise of all those charities towards them which have a tendency directly or indirectly to prolong or enlarge ' the stream of human life,' already, it is said, in danger of overflowing ;—we have always, we say, observed these reasoners sadly perplexed when they have thought themselves bound to make out, consistently with this theory and its consequences, that Providence brings no necessary increase of moral and political evil upon the lower classes as society advances. We firmly believe, indeed, that such is the fact ; but as we cannot altogether agree that a few free schools constitute a sufficient compensation, moral or political, to the mass of the people for the privation of the social endearments and moral security arising out of the marriage contract, and for the relief flowing from active and extensive charity,—we should certainly be disposed to conclude *a priori*, if we were not already satisfied by inquiry into the principle itself, that Providence has so adapted the progress of population to that of society, as still to leave to the lower orders nearly the same option of early marriage, which they possessed in the less advanced stages of society ; and that any little difference which may be found in this respect may fairly be said to be compensated by the liberal exercise of those increased means of charity which civilization and commerce place in the hands of the higher ranks. In arguing these points, Mr. Sumner does not appear to have been able to preserve

his consistency any more than the other advocates of Mr. Malthus's system.—Indeed his practical and benevolent turn of mind, and the compendious manner in which he seems to have adopted the system without mature inquiry, have made him vastly more inconsistent than most of his predecessors. His good sense and the intelligent observation of what he saw around him have most unceremoniously brought him to the right conclusions on both the fundamental points abovementioned, with a most disloyal contempt of the authority of those principles to the sovereignty of which, in an evil hour, his judgment had somewhat too hastily sworn allegiance.

With respect to the exercise of charity, he fairly gives up the point as far as practice is concerned, and does not pretend to defend the abstract argument by any such subterfuge as we have some where seen, '*that general principles should not be pushed too far; and that cases may occur where the good resulting may more than overbalance the evil to be apprehended.*' It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the question in debate is not as to cases of particular exception, but as to the general principles upon which the conduct of states and individuals should be regulated. There are in this part of the Essay many judicious remarks upon the effects of charity upon the lower orders, in which we cordially agree, and which we believe to be quite consistent with the view which we have taken of the principle of population.

With respect to the marriage of the lower orders, the following passage occurs, which we should feel disposed to call a *pattern plan* for the moral welfare and temporal happiness of the labouring poor in that respect. We are only surprised how an advocate of Mr. Malthus's system could ever have thought of suggesting it as sufficient to ensure their permanent comfort.

'The wages of husbandry, including the additions of harvest-time, may be averaged at 12s. per week, from the age of eighteen. Half that sum is amply sufficient for the support of a single man. This would leave an overplus of 6s. per week for seven years: but, to avoid any appearance of overstating the fact, and to allow for lost time, we will only take 4s. or 10l. per annum, which if regularly laid up, would, with interest, made 80l. by the age of twenty-five. Allow the mechanic to work for himself at twenty-one, his higher rate of wages will enable him to save 10s. weekly, or 21l. per annum. The careful application of this surplus will also make him worth the same sum at twenty-five.\*

'Allow this to be the period of marriage, which is much earlier than

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\* The exertions which the lower classes make, when they see the benefit clearly before them, would surprise the mere calculator of the money which passes through their hands. See Mr. Whitbread's speech on the Poor Laws, and the case of Joseph Smith, (Reports on the Poor, vol. iii.), with many others which occur in that collection.

the average period of those who are brought up to the learned professions. It is probable, that by similar habits the wife may contribute such a share of capital as will supply the cottage with its humble furniture. At all events, they live without difficulty, even if without further saving, for four or five years; the interest of former savings paying the rent, and thus removing the necessity of those extraordinary exertions, which in the way of task-work sometimes undermine the constitutions of the industrious poor. If the family increases after this time, difficulties will increase. This is the period of a labourer's life which it is hardest to encounter, from his thirtieth to his fortieth year: it is the inclement season, which ought to be expected and looked forward to. Before that period, he has only occasion to be frugal; after it, his children will begin to support themselves; but at present, an infant family will prevent the wife from contributing much towards the weekly outgoings; and the children themselves can gain nothing towards them. Former savings, therefore, the harvest of the productive season, must now be drawn upon: but they were laid up for this very purpose, and we can afford it. Let 5s. a week be taken from the four dead months of the year; those who are conversant with the labourer's cottage, will know that 5s. in addition to his usual wages will place him in comparative opulence; and suppose this draft to be continued during ten years, the capital has only lost 40l. From that time the children contribute their share; the family ceases to be a growing burden; and there remains a stock towards setting forward the children in life, or to supply some of the numerous wants of increasing years.—(pp. 314—317.)

Now if we do not mistake, there is no period of life at which a healthy couple could come together with greater prospect of rearing a numerous family, than at the age of twenty-five. Suppose then that Mr. Sumner's suggestions were generally carried into effect, we should, according to Mr. Malthus's principles, have in one generation only such overflowing numbers, that it is evident they must either starve, or the period of marriage in the next generation must be deferred to the age of thirty, forty, or fifty years, to that period of life, in short, which may be assumed upon the same theory to be not more than sufficient to replace the number of the parents. According to our principles, however, the suggestion would be as salutary and permanent in operation as it is wise and benevolent in conception; for the healthy progeny which it would be calculated to produce, would be drawn off spontaneously to supply the deficiencies of those places where the effects of commerce, civilization, and manufactures had either occasioned in other parts of the community a defalcation of numbers, or required an additional supply of hands to take advantage of resources newly opened to the industry of the people.—And let it be observed, the price paid in the remuneration of labour, which is always an index of the extent of these demands, would necessarily regulate in a great

degree the means which the parents would possess of rearing the supply. Upon these principles, then, we adopt without reserve the suggestion of Mr. Sumner, and again congratulate ourselves upon arriving at the same point, although by routes so very different.

Upon the supreme dominion which should always be preserved by sound morals and religion over these departments of political inquiry, the sentiments of Mr. Sumner are extremely creditable to him as a divine and as a philosopher. A Christian philanthropist is seldom more exposed to the temptation of losing his patience, than at beholding profligate men attacking political institutions, because they are experimentally found incapable of conferring happiness upon an idle and immoral people. The wickedness of such conduct is as abandoned as its folly is contemptible. God himself, we perceive, has not framed even his own ordinances to save mankind the trouble of exertion in their moral and political progress, but to force them to make exertion. If they wilfully refuse, he ordains that the result to them shall be misery, temporal and eternal. Can there be greater folly then, than to expect that human institutions shall be capable of reversing this decree?—that men are to abandon their duty to themselves and to society, and yet presume to look up to their government for the rewards and comforts which it is impossible to bestow except upon moral and political rectitude? And if this expectation is contrary to common sense, can there be more abandoned profligacy, than to attack the political institutions of their country for a consequence of which the complainants themselves are the only cause? Let them then remount to the cause, let them apply the remedy *there*, and the consequence will quickly disappear. Let each take one individual in hand, viz. *himself*; and he will be quite astonished at the effect which the very institutions complained of will immediately produce upon his own virtue and happiness. In short, if the history of the world, and especially of modern times, has established any truths more firmly than others, we think they are these:—that institutions projected with a view to make prosperity consist with immorality, have an immediate tendency to overturn the foundations of national and individual happiness—and that institutions projected with the opposite view can only endure so long as the spirit of the people is congenial with that of the institutions; that is, so long as the moral agents will agree to act upon those principles, upon which their convictions have led them to consent to be governed.

These have long been the settled convictions of our judgment; and it is needless to express the pleasures we derived from perusing the following delineation of the practical inferences which naturally flow from them.

'It is very soothing to our indolence and self satisfaction, to charge upon the constitution of the world, that is, upon the ordipance of the

Deity, the various evils of poverty and ignorance which confront us on every side. But it would be more reasonable, as well as more decorous, to inquire in the first place, how far such evils arise necessarily from the law of nature, and how far, on the other hand, they admit of easy mitigation, and only need that care and attention which the Christian religion enjoins every man to bestow upon his neighbour. When a South American Indian is seized with an infectious disorder, he is shut up in a solitary hovel, and abandoned to his fate. In our improved state of society, the sufferer under a similar calamity experiences the benefits of skill and care, and is probably recovered. But we must not be Europeans in our treatment of bodily maladies, and Americans as to the minds and morals of our fellow creatures. The Author of our existence, when he did not exempt us from the civil or physical disorders of an imperfect state, ordained also that each should have their alleviations; without which mankind would live miserably or perish prematurely. Those alleviations, indeed, are not definitely pointed out or prescribed. Neither was it possible they should be; inasmuch as they depend on circumstances varying at every point of civilization, varying in every climate and country, and even in the same country according to its progress towards opulence. The human race, whose faculties are infinitely improved by a state of advanced civilization, is bound to employ them in discovering and applying the remedies of those evils which peculiarly belong to each condition of society.

‘It is a part of the system by which the Deity acts universally, to render man a free and spontaneous, but not a necessary instrument of his own welfare.

—Pater ipse colendi

Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque perartem  
Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda;  
Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.

This is as true of the natural as of the moral world. Neither soil can dispense with cultivation. But both are so constituted as to be capable of excellent produce. Let that only be undertaken, which in our advanced stage of civilization is within the reach of practicable accomplishment, and the general state of society, like the country it cultivates, would on every side be full of “beauty to the eye and music to the ear.”—(pp. 290—292.)

Having already, we fear, more than exhausted the patience of our readers, we shall only observe of the *evils* and *advantages* of uncivilized life, that its evils seem evidently intended by Providence to excite the sufferers to those exertions which are to advance them in the progress of society; and that we cannot agree with Mr. Sumner in classing what he calls its *advantages* under the head of *compensations* for those enjoyments which might be acquired by fulfilling the purposes of Providence. Such a statement confounds all our ideas of the scheme of moral government displayed in the previous chapters of the Essay, and appears to us to involve the absurdity of supposing that the Creator has infused into

his own plan ingredients of a nature to counteract the salutary influences which he expects from its application. This chapter, however, like all the rest, contains many ingenious remarks and illustrations; and though it requires to be read with caution, will afford subjects of useful and agreeable reflection to a contemplative mind.

The practical inferences 'most necessary for and useful to mankind,' which by the terms of the contract were to be deduced 'from the whole,' are confined by Mr. Sumner within a space of twenty pages; and even the greater part of these is devoted to the removal of sceptical objections against the Divine goodness and justice, founded upon the absence of the frequent and visible interference of the Almighty in the affairs of men; a discussion evidently forming part of the main argument. At this scanty notice of so important a branch of the inquiry proposed, we cannot help expressing some surprise and regret. We should have thought that a more attractive subject could scarcely have been offered to a Christian divine and philosopher, than the inferences justly deducible from the dealings of God with man in the ways of providence and grace. Where He has done so much for us, that we should be ready to sacrifice all for him, is a position, which even insulated from every other, involves all the modifications of self-denial and of humility, introduced by the various relations of ranks, and of individuals to themselves and others, but which every individual of every rank is so averse from investigating, and from practising even to the extent of his knowledge. We admit that a full detail of the duties would have been inconsistent with the limits of the Essay, and perhaps unnecessary from the facility with which access may be had to the knowledge of them in the works of other writers. But a concise and eloquent summary, enlarging occasionally upon those points which are at least obvious, most difficult of attainment, and most imperative in the times and nation in which we live, would have been both within the powers of Mr. Sumner, and consistent with the limits to which he was confined. We shall be glad to follow him through such a summary upon some future occasion, and if he will now undertake it, we shall be very far from regretting that its execution was delayed.

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ART. IV. *A Voyage round the World, from 1806 to 1812; in which Japan, Kamschatka, the Aleutian Islands, and the Sandwich Islands, were visited, &c.* By Archibald Campbell. Edinburgh. 1816.

IN one of the steam-boats that ply on the river Clyde, the appearance of a poor young sailor, who was playing on the violin for the amusement of the passengers, attracted the notice of Mr. Smith,



the editor of the present volume. He had lost both feet; and, from the unskilful manner in which the amputation of them had been performed, the wounds were still unhealed. The answers which this poor man gave to some questions put to him, excited so much curiosity, that Mr. Smith took him home, with the intention of making a few memoranda of his story, for his own information. The modest and intelligent manner in which he told it, and the curious information which it contained, created a strong interest on behalf of the narrator; 'and the hope that an account of his voyage might be of service to an unfortunate and deserving man, and not unacceptable to those who take pleasure in contemplating the progress of mankind in the arts of civilization, gave rise to the present publication.'

Archibald Campbell was born at Wyndford near Glasgow, in the year 1787. On the death of his father, who was a soldier, his mother removed to Paisley, when he was about four years of age; here he received the common rudiments of education, and at the age of ten was bound apprentice to a weaver; but, before he had completed his time, a strong desire to see foreign countries induced him to go to sea: and in the year 1800 he entered as an apprentice on board the *Isabella* of Port Glasgow, in which he made three voyages to the West Indies; after this he sailed in a coaster, and then again for the West Indies. At Madeira he was pressed into the *Diana* frigate; ran from her at Portsmouth in 1806, and entered on board the *Thames* Indiaman, Captain Riches, bound for China. At Canton, the Captain of the American ship *Arthur*, bound to Rhode Island, endeavoured to seduce him from the *Thames*, by an offer of high wages and a bounty of twenty dollars; but he resisted his proposal. Being afterwards in company with a comrade of the name of Allen, they were met by another American captain, who also tried to seduce them by offering still higher wages: they, however, held out; till learning that the ship was bound to the South Seas, and the north-west coast of America, the temptation became irresistible; and they were concealed in the American factory till the ship should be ready to proceed on her voyage. This was the *Eclipse*, of Boston, commanded by Captain Joseph O'Kean, and chartered by the Russian American Company for their settlement at Kamschatka, and the north-west coast of America, with a cargo of nankeens, tea, silks, sugar, &c.; the crew amounting to twenty-eight, four or five of which were seduced from the Indiaman. Here we cannot help observing, that the base and dishonourable practice of inveigling seamen to break their engagements, and desert the flag under which they may be serving, is exclusively American: and that there is not a nation in Europe, from the White Sea to the Dardanelles, that would not disdain to resort to it;—nor a government that would permit its *factors* to abuse the privileges

of their situation, and secrete the kidnapped seaman till he can be safely smuggled on board;—but this, though disgraceful enough, is not all—the temptation to a breach of faith being almost universally succeeded by defrauding the deluded seaman of his wages. The civil treatment which he experiences at first is exchanged towards the end of the voyage for the most brutal usage; should he venture to remonstrate, he is either turned adrift on the first land made, or threatened to be sent on board a king's ship; and if this should fail to make him quit the vessel, he is actually so sent, under the character of a deserter; and thus got rid of at any rate. In the present instance, as usual, Campbell, by O'Kean's desire, changed his name, and was entered on the ship's books by that of Macbride.

On the 6th June they entered the bay of Nangasaki, under Russian colours, and were towed to the anchorage by an immense number of boats. A Dutchman came on board and advised them to haul down the colours, as the Japanese were much displeased with Russia; and it was thought prudent to keep the Russian supercargo out of sight. The American produced his trading articles, but the Japanese told him they wanted nothing from him; and desired to know what had brought him there? He replied, want of water and fresh provisions; and to prove that this was the case, he ordered several butts to be started, and brought empty on deck! The next day a plentiful supply arrived of fish, hogs, and vegetables, and boats filled with water in large tubs, which the captain emptied on deck, 'stopping the scuppers, and allowing it to run off at night.' For these supplies, thus fraudulently obtained, and wantonly wasted, he knew the Japanese would ask no payment. On the third day, when O'Kean found that nothing was to be gained in the way of trade, he got under way; the ship was towed out of the bay by nearly a hundred boats; and, on parting, the Japanese cheered them, waving their hats and hands—but, as they stood along the coast, the inhabitants made signs as if to invite them to land:—the editor thinks, and we agree with him, that Campbell is here mistaken, and that these indications were meant to repel them, as Captain Laris was, with 'Core core cocori ware,'—  
 'Get along, you false-hearted fellows!'

From hence they sail for Kamschatka, and in the beginning of August proceed on their voyage to the north-west coast of America. In the night of the 10th September, the vessel struck on a rock; the sea ran high, the rudder was unshipped, and the sternpost forced through the poop. In this condition she was lifted over the first reef, and soon drifted upon another, on which she beat with greater violence than before; and it was expected that, every moment, she would go in pieces. In a few minutes a tremendous sea laid her

on her beam-ends, and precipitated the whole crew into the water : about fifteen of them clung to the mast, in the most hopeless situation, it being quite dark and stormy, with a heavy sea running, and no land within several leagues. They were forced, while on the mast, across several reefs, and the passage of each put an end to the misery of some of them. Campbell was once so nearly washed away, that he only felt the spar with the tips of his fingers ; and, in this situation, he heard the mate, who was next to him, say, ' Damn you, are you going to leave us, too ? '—but another sea threw him back, and he regained his hold. When day broke, six only of the crew were left ; but as the morning advanced, they perceived the bowsprit with eight others upon it. Before they reached the shore, three of their companions on the mast, overcome with cold and fatigue, were forced to quit their hold ; but this, he says, gave the survivors little concern, as they expected every moment to share the same fate ; however, the captain, the mate, and himself, reached the shore ; and shortly after the bowsprit took the ground, with four men upon it, two of whom were so exhausted as to be unable to walk.

The land on which they were thrown had a most dreary appearance ; there was not a tree or a bush to be seen, and the ground was covered only with heath and moss ; no trace of human habitation appeared. They gathered some large muscles, and carried a few to the two seamen who were not able to walk ; but one of them was just expiring, and the other died about half an hour after his companion. Having eaten some raw muscles and passed an uncomfortable night, they collected the next morning a number of chests and other articles that had been driven on shore from the wreck ; and procured twelve or thirteen pieces of beef and pork which some large birds, like ravens, had picked up, and dropped, from the casks which were staved among the rocks. In a small bay they discovered the long boat, and a barrel of fine biscuit, which, though soaked with sea-water, was a most acceptable addition to their store. Several bodies were found, and buried in the sand ; some of the seamen's chests also, and among them his own, drifted on shore.

' It contained,' says Campbell, ' only one shirt and my bible, which I had put into one of those squares common in sailors' chests for holding case-bottles, and in which it was firmly fixed, in consequence of having swelled with the water. I was at great pains in drying it, in the sun, and succeeded so well that I could read any part of it. It was afterwards saved from a second wreck ; and in my future hardships and sufferings, the perusal of it formed my greatest consolation. It is still in my possession, being the only article I brought with me when I returned to my native country.'

Well do we remember that affecting passage where poor Knox first

meets with an English Bible in the midst of his affliction and deep distress, when a prisoner in the deserts of Kandy! He, too, was a British seaman; and were these two the only instances on record in which this first and best of books has afforded consolation to the seaman in distress, we should say that the regulation, which is now acted upon, of distributing a Bible to every mess on board His Majesty's ships, cannot be in vain.

The survivors employed themselves eighteen days in recovering all they could from the wreck; when, for the first time, they were visited by a party of natives, who had traced them from the fragments of wreck along the shore; these people came in three skin-canoes, each carrying one person; one of them, who was decorated with a gold medal, spoke the Russian language, and, having learned their situation, despatched one of his companions for assistance to a village on the north of the island, and the other to the commandant of Oonalaska. He shared among them a bladder of train-oil and a basket of berries preserved in seal-oil; and caught them some fish with his hooks and lines; he then kindled a fire and broiled the fish, which afforded them the first comfortable meal they had enjoyed since their shipwreck; the fire was kindled by laying a piece of soft wood upon the ground, and taking another between the teeth; then putting a third piece of harder quality between these two, and twirling it rapidly round with a thong of a hide, as a drill, the dry grass placed round it burst into a flame.

The next day a number of Indians came to them, bringing berries, oil-blubber, and dried salmon, which they shared among the unfortunate sufferers with the utmost liberality. In the course of a week Mr. Bander, the Russian commandant of Oonalaska, arrived with twenty or thirty Indians, and took possession of the ship's cargo. Campbell, with some others, was despatched in the long boat to Kodiack, the chief Russian settlement, distant from Sunnack or Halibut island, on which they had been wrecked, about 500 miles. On their arrival at Alexandria, in the Fox islands, the governor ordered a brig, then lying in the harbour, to be fitted for Sunnack, and sent back the long boat to give Mr. Bander notice of his approach. Immediately after their departure bad weather came on, and they were obliged to make for the land, which they reached in safety, but by some mismanagement let the boat drive on the rocks, where she went to pieces. The nearest settlement, Karlinski, was at a considerable distance to the west; to cross the mountains to it was deemed impracticable on account of the snow, and they determined to creep along shore at low water. In wading over a reef, Campbell's boots filled with water: the cold was intense, and the motion of walking did not prevent it from freezing; a point of a hill running into the sea was necessary to be crossed;

in attempting this, he fell down, and had nearly been smothered in the snow. He says,

'My feet by this time were frozen never to recover; and I was so ill able to ascend, that I was frequently blown over by the wind, and sometimes driven a considerable way down the hill. Exhausted by these fruitless trials to keep up with the rest, I became totally unable to proceed, and was left to my fate. I laid myself down on the snow in a state of despair. Having recovered a little, I resolved to make another attempt to follow the track of my companions, but had not proceeded far when I met them coming down the hill which had proved to be impassable.'

The rising tide prevented their return; and there was no resource but to pass the night where they were; it blew hard, and the night was piercingly cold. In re-crossing the reef, where he had got wet, Campbell proved so feeble, and his feet so powerless, that a wave washed him into deep water, and another threw him back on the shore. After this it was necessary to scramble over a rock covered with ice; his feet being useless, he was obliged to drag himself up by his hands, in doing which they were also frozen. On gaining the top, as he thought, he tried to lay hold of a projecting part of the rock, but his fingers refused to perform their office, and he fell to the ground; but, by piling a few stones, he succeeded at length in getting over it. In this enfeebled state it was dusk before he could reach the hut from whence they had set out. 'I never again,' he says, 'walked on my feet; but, by the blessing of God, recovered the use of my hands, with the loss of only two fingers.' The Russians, his companions, treated him with great humanity, cut off his boots, wrapped his hands and feet in flannel, and laid him on a bed of dried grass, where he remained three days, subsisting on a little rusk and blubber. On the 4th, five canoes arrived and took them to Karlinski, a settlement consisting of a few Russians and about thirty Indian families; here Campbell was treated with great attention, conveyed to the cazerne, and laid upon a bed of skins; 'but as the place afforded no medical assistance, my feet and hands (he says) began to mortify, and my health was otherwise so much impaired that I was frequently in a state of delirium.'

From this time, the 28th January, to the 9th of March, poor Campbell was without the least medical aid, when he was landed from a baidarai, or skin-canoe, at Alexandria, and immediately carried to the hospital. The next day the surgeon took off one of his fingers and the joint of another, and told him that to save his life he must submit to lose both his feet. Accordingly one was amputated on the 15th March, and the other on the 17th April following; they were taken off below the ankle joint, and never healed; but by the

month of August, he says, 'I could creep about on my hands and knees.'

Being a little recovered, he was employed to instruct a few Indian children in the English language, to enable them to act as interpreters to the American ships which frequently touch at these islands: just at this time the *Neva* arrived from Sitcha, on her way to the Sandwich islands, and Campbell being desirous of returning to Europe, which, if once there, he was sure to have frequent opportunities of doing, was allowed a passage in that ship. On anchoring in the harbour of Hanaroora, on the south side of the island of Wahoo, a number of natives crowded round the vessel, and among them Tamaahmaah, the king, in a double canoe; the captain received him at the gangway, and shook hands with him when he came upon deck; he was dressed as an European, in a blue coat and gray pantaloons. In another canoe came Tamina, one of his queens, whose notice was attracted and compassion excited by the appearance of our traveller; she invited him to live in her house, and sent him ashore in her own canoe; at the same time the captain recommended him to the notice of the king, by informing him that he could not only make and repair the sails of his vessels, but also weave the cloth of which they were made: the king assured him that he should be treated with the utmost kindness.

On landing he was conducted to the house occupied by the two queens: he was invited to join them at their meals; but the king's brother-in-law, having informed him that if he did so, he would not be allowed afterwards to eat with men, he declined the honour. At the departure of the *Neva* the king invited him to take his meals in his own eating-house, and a young American of the name of Moxely was to eat with him, and act as his interpreter.

His first employment was overhauling the sails of the king's vessels, and repairing such as were out of order; he was then desired to weave some canvass. To enable him to do this he asked one Boyd, a carpenter, to make him a loom, which he declined, from an illiberal notion held by many of the white people there, 'that the natives should be taught nothing that would render them independent of strangers.' Campbell, however, contrived to patch up a loom; the women spun him thread from the fibres of one of the plants, which they use for fishing lines, and he produced some canvass, of which the king was so proud that he showed it to every captain that arrived as a specimen of the manufacture of his country.

'In the month of November the king was pleased to grant me about sixty acres of land, situated upon the Wymannoo or Pearl-water, an inlet of the sea about twelve miles to the west of Hanaroora. I immediately removed thither; and it being Macacheit time, during which

canoes are tabooed, I was carried on men's shoulders. We passed by foot-paths winding through an extensive and fertile plain, the whole of which is in the highest state of cultivation. Every stream was carefully embanked, to supply water for the Taro beds. Where there was no water the land was under crops of yams and sweet potatoes. The roads and numerous houses are shaded by cocoa-nut trees, and the sides of the mountains covered with wood to a great height. We halted two or three times, and were treated by the natives with the utmost hospitality. My farm, called Wymannoo, was upon the east side of the river, four or five miles from its mouth. Fifteen people with their families resided upon it, who cultivated the ground as my servants. There were three houses upon the property, but I found it most agreeable to live with one of my neighbours, and get what I wanted from my own land. This person's name was William Stevenson, a native of Borrowstouness. He had been a convict and escaped from New South Wales; but was, notwithstanding, an industrious man, and conducted himself, in general, with great propriety. He had married a native, and had a family of several children. He was the first who introduced into the island the mode of distilling a spirit from the *tee-root*, of which, however, he became so fond, that the king was obliged to deprive him of his still.'—pp. 145, 146.

A South Sea whaler bound for England, put into the bay shortly after; and the wish to see his native country became so strong with our author, and the state of his feet, which had never healed, gave him such uneasiness, that he could not resist the opportunity now offered. On asking the king's permission, he inquired if he had any cause of complaint; he told him he had none, that he was sensible of his kindness, and that he was much better there than he could hope to be elsewhere, but that he was desirous to see his friends once more. The king said, 'If *his belly* told him to go he would do it; and that if mine told me so I was at liberty.'

'He then desired me to give his compliments to King George. I told him that, though born in his dominions, I had never seen King George; and that even in the city where he lived, there were thousands who had never seen him. He expressed much surprise at this, and asked if he did not go about amongst his people, to learn their wants, as he did; I answered that he did not do it himself; but that he had men who did it for him. Tamaashmaah shook his head at this, and said that other people would never do it so well as he could himself.'—p. 149.

Campbell left the island, on which he had resided thirteen months, in March, 1810, with the deepest regret. While there, he says, 'I had experienced nothing but kindness and friendship from all ranks—from my much honoured master the king, down to the lowest native.' They doubled Cape Horn, in May, without the smallest difficulty, as indeed all now do in the frailest barks, with the exception of David Porter, Esq. late commander of the *Ameri-*

can frigate *Essex*. Towards the end of the same month they entered the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, where our traveller, apprehensive of a mortification in his legs, got admitted into the Portuguese hospital *De la Misericordia*. Here he remained six weeks, and was discharged uncured. Mr. Hill, the American Consul, gave him a jar of essence of spruce, which he brewed, and, with other trifling articles, sold to ships in the harbour: in this manner he saved as much money as enabled him to open a boarding-house for sailors. This, however, not succeeding, he set up a butcher's stall, and supplied the ships with fresh meat: a concern which promised better, when his house was broken into, his whole property in money and clothes stolen, and he again reduced to poverty. By the friendly aid, however, of a gentleman from Edinburgh, of the name of Lawrie, he was enabled to resume his business; but his health failing, and the sores of his legs remaining unhealed, he determined to return home; and, with this view, left Riode Janeiro, after a stay of twenty-two months, in the brig *Hazard*, Captain Anderson, and arrived in the Clyde on the 21st April, 1812, after an absence of nearly six years. In Edinburgh the father of Mr. Lawrie presented him with a barrel organ, and he contrived to earn a miserable pittance by crawling about the streets of Edinburgh and Leith grinding music, and selling a metrical history of his adventures. In process of time he learned to play on the violin, and found the sedentary employment of amusing the passengers of the Clyde steam-boat more suitable to his lamentable state, where, as before narrated, he was fortunately observed by the humane editor of the volume before us.

We have been thus prolix in detailing the adventures and sufferings of this poor sailor from a double motive; first, to endeavour to raise an interest in behalf of this unfortunate man, who is not only sensible of, but truly penitent for his offence of desertion from his Majesty's service, and breach of engagement with his employers; and secondly, to hold up, as an example\* to our brave, but too frequently thoughtless tars, the hardships to which they expose themselves, by yielding to the fallacious offers made to induce them to break their engagements, and following the wild and irregular schemes of the unprincipled masters of American vessels, who seem to feel a malignant pleasure in seizing every opportunity first to ill-treat and then to defraud British seamen.

Campbell's book, however, is by no means confined to a narrative of his personal sufferings and adventures; there is much curi-

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\* Could example teach, Campbell will not have lived in vain. His good conduct on board the *Thames* had already procured him the situation of sail-masters's mate; and there can be no doubt, that if he had not deserted, he would now be in a state of permanent ease and comfort, instead of being condemned to hopeless years of suffering and distress.



ous information respecting that particular island of the Sandwich group, called Wahoo, on which he resided, and more especially concerning the king, Tamaahmaah.—This person, though endowed by nature with more feeling, more energy, and more steadiness of conduct, than savages in general possess, has not made that progress in civilization which would entitle him to be ranked, as Mr. Smith is inclined to rank him, among ‘those remarkable characters, who, like Alfred or Peter the Great, seem destined to hasten the progress of civilization.’ He certainly bears a stronger resemblance, on a small scale, to Peter than to Alfred,—but the ‘parallel,’ after all, is not much in the manner of Plutarch; for he has done little, if any thing, that we can find, to ameliorate the condition of his people. He has indeed kept them in better order, especially in their conduct towards strangers; and thus prevented the recurrence of those horrid murders which, till his reign, were so frequent as almost to deter navigators from communicating with those islands; but it is to be apprehended that the practice has been discontinued more from personal fear, than from any new feeling or principle of justice or humanity which he has awakened in their minds. Indeed we consider it as utterly vain to expect much moral improvement in any state of society, so long as the female part of it shall continue to be despised and degraded; and it does not appear that the women of the Sandwich islands have gained a single step in the estimation of the men or lost any part of their grossness of behaviour, since they were first visited by Captain Cook. We find no abatement of that ‘offensively conspicuous wantonness’ which Captain Vancouver so feelingly deplores, and to which, he says, ‘in the whole of the South Sea Islands visited by him, no indecency on the part of the women was to be compared. While Campbell was on the island of Wahoo, the king’s brother died, on which occasion, as part of the general mourning, a public prostitution of the women took place. On the captain of a ship in the harbour remonstrating with the king on such disgraceful scenes, he observed, that such was their custom, and that he could not prevent it.

No great hopes of advancement in civilization are to be expected, while society remains in this state. The earliest and perhaps the deepest impressions are made on a child’s mind while under the immediate protection of its mother; and the mother of a Sandwich islander is in no condition to communicate one amiable or virtuous feeling to her offspring. We are told by Campbell, that the favourite queen, Tamina, generally availed herself of her husband’s performing his religious duties in the Morai, to get drunk, and that two Aleutian women, who had been left on the island, were her chosen companions on these occasions. The women, however, are not doomed to that degree of drudgery which it is their lot to undergo in most savage states: they are fond of finery like most of the sex.

fond of singing, dancing, and amusement; and if less agreeable and insinuating than the Otaheitans, by no means yield to them in personal charms; their features are equally good, their skin, though somewhat darker, is clean, clear and healthy, and their shape is superior—they are good humoured, but, as it would seem, not very brilliant.

An Englishman, of the name of James Beattie, a quondam hero of the sock and buskin, but now his Majesty's block-maker, fitted up a theatre, and got up Oscar and Malvina, which, Campbell observes, was originally a pantomime, but Beattie 'had words written for it.' The part of Malvina was performed by the wife of Isaac Davies, another Englishman. As her knowledge of the English language extended not beyond the affirmative and negative monosyllables, her speeches were confined to *yes* and *no*; but she acted her part to admiration, and gained great applause. The audience, he says, did not seem to understand the play well; but were highly delighted with the after-piece, which represented a naval engagement—the scene was a forest, which unluckily caught fire in the heat of the action, and nearly consumed the theatre.

It is much to be lamented that the white people dwelling among them, and who at one time amounted, by Campbell's account, to nearly sixty, should not be of a better description: ten or twelve of them were convicts from New South Wales, rescued from the punishment due to their crimes by the American traders, out of mere wantonness; others were English, who complained of having been landed and left there by the same people, in order to defraud them of their wages; and the remainder Americans, left behind by accident or design. Some of them, Campbell says, were sober and industrious, but the greater part idle and dissolute, getting drunk whenever an opportunity offered. A convict from New South Wales, as before observed, first introduced distillation into the islands, and the ill consequences both to the natives and the whites are incalculable; and yet if, as Campbell says, *ava* or *kava* is giving way to the use of ardent spirits, pernicious as are the effects of the latter, they are by no means so destructive to the health as the former. This liquor, the juice of a root of the pepper tribe (*piper methysticum*), chewed and spit into a large bowl, and then diluted with water, was the exclusive beverage of the king and the chiefs. Its baneful effects were most apparent—the bodies of those who swallowed it being covered with a white scurf, their eyes red and inflamed, their limbs emaciated, and their whole frame trembling and paralytic. Almost every chief has now his still, which consists of an iron pot surmounted by a number of calabashes, with the bottoms sawn off and the joints luted. The plant employed, the

root of which varies from the size of a carrot to that of a man's thigh, Campbell calls the *Tee-root*, perhaps the *arum macrorhizon*. By remaining in a close pit covered with water twenty-four hours, it becomes as sweet as molasses; it is then bruised and left to ferment for five or six days, when it is ready for distillation, and yields a kind of rum.

We naturally expect to find savages more superstitious than the enlightened part of mankind; but that singular practice by which the priests, under the name of *tabboo*, have contrived to render sacred and inviolable whatever they choose to appropriate to their own use, seems peculiar to the islanders of the Pacific. It is one of the most extraordinary means ever devised to rob a people of their property, with their own approbation. When their houses are tabboed, they dare not enter them; when their *turro* or their hogs are tabboed, they surrender them without a murmur: but in return, they think themselves fully at liberty to appropriate to themselves whatever is *not* tabboed. Captain Black, of the *Reccoon*, suffered hundreds of them to go into his cabin after he had declared it to be placed under tabboo, and not an article was touched; without this precaution, it is more than probable that not an article would have been left. To break tabboo is a capital crime; and the only legal execution seen by Campbell, during his stay among them, was that of a man who had violated the sanctity of the *Morai* by getting drunk and quitting it during tabboo time. He was carried back to the *Morai*, where his eyes were put out: after he had remained in this state two days, he was strangled, and his body exposed before the image of *Etooh*, their principal deity, who, they believe, created the world, and afterwards destroyed it by an inundation that covered the whole earth except *Mowna Roa*, on the top of which one single pair saved themselves, who were the parents of the present race. Campbell neither saw nor heard of human sacrifices, (except on going to war,) but very frequently offerings of hogs were made to the idols in the *Morai*, in which the priests and the chiefs, after certain ceremonies, sat down and feasted.

The people, it would seem, are chiefly kept in order by the influence of superstition. If a robbery has been committed, the aggrieved party has only to apply to a priest, presenting him with a pig, and the criminal is almost certain of being detected. The priest sets about performing a long ridiculous ceremony, during which the thief generally makes his appearance, restores the property or its equivalent, and adds a handsome present, by way of penalty or expiation, to the priest. If, however, the unfortunate man should not appear during the ceremony, his fate is inevitable;

public proclamation is made through the island that the guilty person has been *prayed to death*; and such is the power of superstition, that the culprit pines away and is soon discovered.

It is much to be regretted that a people, for whom nature has done so much, should have done so little for themselves. By all accounts they are capable of being moulded into any shape; and if Tamaahmaah would take as much pains to break the fetters of superstition, as he has done to increase his naval force, which is perfectly useless—to set the example in his own person, of treating the female part of society with more respect, and to convince his subjects of the immoral and disgusting practice of encouraging the prostitution of their women to strangers—he would then deserve the praise which we think has rather prematurely been given to him. For the regular habits of his life and his abstemiousness we are ready to allow him all due credit; but we see no merit in monopolizing the trade of the island, in hoarding up dollars, or in taking them by force from his subjects. We must not forget, however, that he was born among savages, and has had few opportunities of gaining instruction. The white people about him are of a description not well calculated to improve his morals or enlighten his understanding—besides, they have all that mean and selfish cunning inseparable from their condition. When Campbell made his loom, Davis advised him not to let any of the natives see him, because ‘if they could weave cloth and supply themselves, ships would have no encouragement to call at the islands.’ He also advised him not to teach a brother of the queen, who very much wished it, to read, observing, ‘they will soon know more than ourselves.’

Little as we are disposed to attach value to the missionary labours, in general, for their progress in converting savages to the Christian religion, and least of all to those of the Evangelical or Methodist missionaries,—whose ignorance and absurd conduct and conversation make them, in fact, a laughing-stock even to the savages—we are fully persuaded that a sober-minded sensible clergyman of the Established Church, accompanied by his family, would be of infinite service to those interesting islanders—for so they are with all their vices: and we really cannot discover why the church of England should refrain from sending out its missionaries for the propagation of the Gospel, instead of contenting itself with looking on the feeble and, we fear, useless attempt to spread Christianity by a mere distribution of the Bible. Surely there might be found a few among the many hundred clergymen, of whose distresses we so frequently hear, who, independent of a sense of duty, or zeal for the propagation of the Gospel, would be most ready to transport themselves and their families into a country, which Providence has blessed with one of the finest climates under the sun, and with a

fertile soil, abounding in all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. Till something of this kind be done, the Sandwich islanders will, we suspect, advance but little in the arts and virtues of civilization: it may be feared indeed that, if left to themselves, they will relapse, on the death of their present sovereign, into their former state of intestine warfare and massacre.

If Christianity had no other advantage than that of placing women on a level with the other sex, the dissemination of it is well worth our best exertions. That alone, 'makes man mild and sociable to man.' Among those extensive and populous nations of the East, deprived of the light of its benevolent maxims, we look in vain for any kindness of nature, any sympathy or fellow feeling for the sufferings of others; we find only masses of insulated beings, unconnected by any social tie, and actuated by motives purely selfish. The Chinese, who vaunt themselves as the most wise and virtuous of mankind, and whose government and institutions are founded on maxims of filial piety and brotherly love, are totally destitute of all social feeling; and the same is the case with the whole Mahomedan and Hindoo world. It would seem, indeed, that the light of the Gospel only can restore women to their true place in society, of which all other religions and superstitions have so unjustly and inhumanly deprived them. We have a beautiful illustration of the good effects which even the faintest glimmering of the Gospel truths produce, in the interesting case of good old Adams, and his innocent and amiable young savages on Pitcairn's Island; among them we find no murders, no pilfering, no quarrelling, except now and then some trifling 'quarrels of the mouth,' which are immediately adjusted by a reference to the patriarch; with them their daily prayer of 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,' is not an empty jargon of words; as they pray, so they act.\*

The whole group of the Sandwich Islands consists of five principal and three small ones; of these, Owyhee contains about 6000

\* We have repeatedly been asked whether any thing has been done for this infant society? The answer rests not with us:—but convinced as we are of the difficulty and the delicacy of interfering, we cannot help repeating that the want of a few simple utensils for husbandry and household use under which they laboured might be supplied, in such a manner, as not to disturb their present state of innocence. Their comforts too might be increased by the introduction of such domestic animals, fruits, grain and culinary vegetables, as would afford them a palatable food; and of hemp, flax, or cotton, for their clothing. To preserve the happiness of this little society, and to guard them against intruders, we are not sure that the sending among them a Moravian missionary with his wife would not be the most effectual means; the instruction and example of a good man might tend much to consolidate and perpetuate their happy state, and one of this description would unquestionably be the most useful kind of pastor that could be given to them. If something of this kind be not done, we greatly fear that the loss of Adams, who in the common course of humanity cannot survive many years, may be fatal to their innocence, and consequently to their happiness.

square miles ; Mowee, 600 ; Morotoi, 300 ; Woahoo, 1800, Atooi, 1000 ; making, with the small islands, about 10,000 square miles ; possessing, according to a calculation of Captain King, made however from insufficient data, a population of 400,000 souls, of which Owyhee contains about 150,000. From their position in the midst of the northern Pacific, they may truly be termed, (what, indeed, the editor of Marchand's voyage has called them,) the Grand Caravanserai for all vessels which traverse that sea, between the ports of Asia and America, to the northward of the Equator ; and it is this which will one day make them a bone of contention among the great maritime and commercial powers. To us they belong of right by a double title, a voluntary and solemn cession to the King of Great Britain from the sovereign, by and with the consent of all the chiefs and priests convoked for the occasion ; and by priority of discovery ; the latter of which, however, we hold to be a very slender title to authorize the strong to dispossess the weak. Slender as it is, however, M. Fleurieu has thought fit, in his dull and ponderous narrative of Marchand's voyage, to dispute it, and, out of pure hatred to England, to assign the credit of the first discovery to Mendana, because this able navigator, on his return voyage in 1568, passed at no great distance from Owyhee ; and because he finds the island of *Mesa* laid down in the 19th parallel on the obscure and unauthenticated chart of Galion de Manille.

The English, however, with all their claim to the legitimate possession of the Sandwich islands, are the least likely to profit by them. Campbell says, but we think he is mistaken, that preparations were made by the Russians at Kodiak, to form a settlement on them ; that the *Neva* had a house in frame on board for that purpose ; and that intimation was given to this effect in order to raise volunteers, but that none entered. Again, he says, on sailing along the shore of Owyhee, one Joseph Wynn, who called himself an American, but whose real name was Angus Mac-callum, a Scotchman, came off in a canoe, to whom he told the circumstance ; but that on this reaching the Russian captain's ears, he received from him a severe reprimand, and was ordered to say no more on the subject in future. As the Russians have nearly exhausted the Aleutian islands of the most valuable furs, and are spreading themselves down the north-west coast of America as far as Nootka, it may easily be conceived that the possession of the Sandwich islands would ultimately prove a most valuable acquisition to them ; but we do not believe that they formed any part of the object of Captain Krusenstern's expedition, or that the time is yet arrived to make a forcible possession of them either necessary or politic.

The Americans are the people who have hitherto derived the greatest benefit from the Sandwich islands, and we may add the

least deserving of it. These adventurers set out on the voyage with a few trinkets of very little value; in the southern Pacific they pick up some seal skins, and perhaps a few butts of oil; at the Gallipagos they lay in turtle, of which they preserve the shells; at Valparaiso they raise a few dollars in exchange for European articles; at Nootka and other parts of the north-west coast, they traffic with the natives for furs, which, when winter commences, they carry to the Sandwich islands to dry and preserve from vermin; here they leave their own people to take care of them, and in the spring embark in lieu the natives of the islands to assist in navigating to the north-west coast in search of more skins. The remainder of the cargo is then made up of sandal, which grows abundantly in the woods of Atooi and Owyhee, of tortoise shell, shark fins, and pearls of an inferior kind, all of which are acceptable in the China market, and with these and their dollars they purchase cargoes of tea, silks and nankeens, and thus complete their voyage in the course of two or three years. It seems, however, that with all this intercourse, they have gained but little ground in the good opinion of Tamaah-maah and his chieftains; for when His Majesty's ship the Raccoon made the island in the year 1813, under American colours, the king would not trust himself on board till he had ascertained what she was, when he immediately set off with his three wives; and declared to the captain, as he did a month afterwards to the captain of the Cherub, that he and his people were subjects of the King of Great Britain. He lamented very much that the Americans were the only people who came to trade with them, as from constant communication his subjects were apt to consider them as friends, notwithstanding the tricks which they played them—such as selling them muskets and pistols that burst at the first firing, mixing charcoal in the gunpowder, &c. The king added, that one of these American traders had defrauded him of 15,000 dollars, which he owed him for sandal wood.

We are not of opinion, however, that we should altogether lose sight of these islands. They completely command the navigation of the northern Pacific, and all ships passing from India, or China, to the western coast of America, or the contrary, must be at the mercy of the cruisers from the Sandwich islands. They have excellent hogs; yams of the finest kind; bread-fruit, plantains and cocoa-nuts in the greatest plenty; sweet potatoes of the best kind, and tarroo root (*arum esculentum*) which may be considered as the staple of the islands, affording an excellent farinaceous food. The Cherub and Raccoon, two sloops of war, with each a complement of 120 men, were completely furnished at a moment's notice, with a three week's supply of fresh provisions; for which the king would receive no payment, but hoped (he said) that his master George III.

would send him a small vessel to sail about in, and collect his revenues from the several islands: such a vessel, we understand, has been directed to be sent from New South Wales. This circumstance makes us doubt the accounts received of the vast increase of his naval power, which in fact consists of forty or fifty small sloops, schooners, and decked boats, few of them exceeding fifty tons burden, and all laid up in a state of useless inactivity; in which they will probably be suffered to remain till the dry-rot consumes them.

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ART. V. *Shakspeare's Himself Again! or the Language of the Poet asserted; being a full and dispassionate Examen of the Readings and Interpretations of the several Editors. Comprised in a series of Notes, Sixteen Hundred in number, illustrative of the most difficult Passages in his Plays—to the various editions of which the present Volumes form a complete and necessary Supplement.* By Andrew Becket. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 730. 1816.

**I**F the dead could be supposed to take any interest in the integrity of their literary reputation, with what complacency might we not imagine our great poet to contemplate the labours of the present writer! Two centuries have passed away since his death—the mind almost sinks under the reflection that he has been all that while exhibited to us so ‘transmographied’ by the joint ignorance and malice of printers, critics, &c. as to be wholly unlike himself. But—*post nubila, Phæbus!* Mr. Andrew Becket has at length risen upon the world, and Shakspeare is about to shine forth in genuine and unclouded glory!

What we have at present is a mere scantling of the great work in *procinctu*—*παρασκευῇ*—sixteen hundred ‘restorations,’ and no more! But if these shall be favourably received, a complete edition of the poet will speedily follow. Mr. Becket has taken him to develope; and it is truly surprising to behold how beautiful he comes forth as the editor proceeds in unrolling those unseemly and unnatural rags in which he has hitherto been so disgracefully wrapped:

Tandem aperit vultum, et tectoria prima reponit,—  
Incipit agnoscere!—

Mr. Becket has favoured us, in the Preface, with a comparative estimate of the merits of his predecessors. He does not, as may easily be conjectured, rate any of them very highly; but he places Warburton at the top of the scale, and Steevens at the bottom: this, indeed, was to be expected. ‘Warburton,’ he says, ‘is the best, and Steevens the worst of Shakspeare’s commentators;’



(p. xvii.) and he ascribes it solely to his forbearance that the latter is not absolutely crushed: it not being in his nature, as he magnanimously insinuates, 'to break a butterfly upon a wheel!' Dr. Johnson is shoved aside with very little ceremony; Mr. Malone fares somewhat better; and the rest are dismissed with the gentle valediction of Pandarus to the Trojans—'asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran! porridge after meat! With respect to our author himself, it is but simple justice to declare, that he comes to the great work of 'restoring Shakspeare'—not only with more negative advantages than the unfortunate tribe of critics so cavalierly dismissed, but than all who have aspired to illumine the page of a defunct writer since the days of Aristarchus. As far as we are enabled to judge, Mr. Becket never examined an old play in his life:—he does not seem to have the slightest knowledge of any writer, or any subject, or any language that ever occupied the attention of his contemporaries; and he possesses a mind as innocent of all requisite information as if he had dropped, with the last thunderstone, from the moon.

'Addison has well observed, that "in works of criticism it is absolutely necessary to have a *clear and logical head*." (p. v.) In this position, Mr. Becket cheerfully agrees with him; and, indeed, it is sufficiently manifest, that without the internal conviction of enjoying that indispensable advantage, he would not have favoured the public with those matchless 'restorations;' a few specimens of which we now proceed to lay before them. Where all are alike admirable, there is no call for selection; we shall therefore open the volumes at random, and trust to fortune.

"*Hamlet*. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time?"

'This reading,' Mr. Becket says, 'he cannot admit;' and he says well: since it appears that Shakspeare wrote—

"For who would bear the *scores* of *weapon'd* time?"

'using *scores* in the sense of stripes.' 'Formerly,' i. e. when Mr. Becket was in his *sallad* days, he augured, he says, that the true reading was—

———— 'the *scores* of *whip-hand* time.'

'Time having always the *whip-hand*, the advantage;' but he now reverts to the other emendation; 'though,' as he modestly hints, 'the epithet *whip-hand*' (which he still regards with parental fondness) 'will perhaps be thought to have much of the manner of Shakspeare.'—vol. i. p. 43.

"*Horatio*. ——— While they, distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him!"

We had been accustomed to find no great difficulty here: the words seemed, to us, at least, to express the usual effect of inordinate terror—but we gladly acknowledge our mistake. 'The passage is not to be understood.' How should it, when both the

pointing and the language are corrupt? Read, as Shakspeare gave it—

———— ‘While they *bestill'd*

Almost to *gêlée* with the act. Of fear

Stand dumb,’ &c.—‘that is, petrified’ (or rather iced) p. 13.

“*Lear*. And my poor fool is hang’d!”

With these homely words, which burst from the poor old king on reverting to the fate of his loved Cordelia, whom he then holds in his arms, we have been always deeply affected, and therefore set them down as one of the thousand proofs of the poet’s intimate knowledge of the human heart. But Mr. Becket has made us ashamed of our simplicity and our tears. Shakspeare had no such ‘lenten’ language in his thoughts; he wrote, as Mr. Becket tells us,

‘And my *pure soot* is hang’d!’

‘Poor,’ he adds, ‘might be easily mistaken for *pure*; while the *s* in *soot* (sweet) was scarcely discernible from the *f*, or the *t* from the *l*.’—p. 176.

We are happy to find that so much can be offered in favour of the old printers. And yet—were it not that the genuine text is always to be preferred—we could almost wish that the critic had left their blunder as it stood.

“*Wolsey*. ——— that his bones

May have a tomb of orphans’ tears wept on them.

“A tomb of tears” is ridiculous. I read—a *coomb* of tears—a *coomb* is a liquid measure containing forty gallons. Thus the expression, which was before absurd, becomes forcible and just.—vol. ii. p. 134. It does indeed!

“*Sir Andrew*. I sent thee six-pence for thy *lemman* (mistress): had’st it?” Read as Shakspeare wrote: “I sent thee six-pence for thy *lemma*”—*lemma* is properly an *argument* or *proposition assumed*, and is used by Sir Andrew Aguecheek for a story.—p. 335.

“*Viole*. She pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy”—Correct it thus:

‘She pined in thought,

And with *agrein* and *hollow* melancholy’—p. 339.

“*Iago*. I have rubb’d this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry”—

that is, or rather *was*, according to our homely apprehension, I have rubb’d this pimple (Roderigo) almost to bleeding:—but no; Mr. Becket has furnished us not only with the genuine words, but the meaning of Shakspeare—

‘I have *fubb’d* this young *quat*—*Quat*, or *cat*, appears to be a contraction of *cater-cousin*—and this reading will be greatly strengthened when it is remembered that Roderigo was really the intimate of *Iago*.’—p. 204.

In a subsequent passage, ‘I am as melancholy as a gibb’d cat’—we are told that *cat* is not the domestic animal of that name, but a

contraction of *catin*, a woman of the town. But, indeed, Mr. Becket possesses a most wonderful faculty for detecting these latent contractions and filling them up. Thus,

"*Parolles*. Sir, he will steal an egg out of a cloister." Read, (as Shakspeare wrote,) 'Sir, he will steal an *Ag* (i. e. an *Agnes*) out of a cloister. *Agnes* is the name of a woman, and may easily stand for chastity.'—p. 325. No doubt.

"*Carter*. Prithee, Tom, put a few flocks in Cut's saddle; the poor beast is wrung in the withers out of all cess."

Out of all cess, we used to think meant, in vulgar phraseology, out of all measure, very much, &c.—but see how foolishly!

'*Cess* is a mere contraction of *cessibility*, which signifies the *quality of receding*, and may very well stand for *yielding*, as spoken of a tumour.'—p. 5.

"*Hamlet*. A cry of players."

This we once thought merely a sportive expression for a *company* of players, but Mr. Becket has undeceived us—'*Cry* (he tells us) is contracted from *cryptic*, and *cryptic* is precisely of the same import as *mystery*.'—p. 53. How delightful it is when learning and judgment walk thus hand in hand! But enough—

————— 'the sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness'—

and we would not willingly cloy our readers. Sufficient has been produced to encourage them—not perhaps to contend for the possession of the present volumes, though Mr. Becket conscientiously affirms, in his title-page, that 'they form a complete and *necessary* supplement to every former edition'—but, with us, to look anxiously forward to the great work in preparation.

Meanwhile we have gathered some little consolation from what is already in our hands. Very often, on comparing the dramas of the present day (not even excepting Mr. Tobin's) with those of Elizabeth's age, we have been tempted to think that we were born too late, and to exclaim with the poet—

Infelix ego, non illo qui tempore natus,  
Quò facilis natura fuit; sors O mea læva  
Nascendi, miserumque genus! &c.

but we now see that unless Mr. Andrew Becket had also been produced at that early period, we should have derived no extraordinary degree of satisfaction from witnessing the first appearance of Shakspeare's plays, since it is quite clear that we could not have understood them.

One difficulty yet remains. We scarcely think that the managers will have the confidence, in future, to play Shakspeare as they have been accustomed to do; and yet, to present him, as now so happily 'restored,' would, for some time at least, render him

*caviars to the general.* We know that Livius Andronicus, when grown hoarse with repeated declamation, was allowed a second-rate actor, who stood at his back and spoke while he gesticulated, or gesticulated while he spoke. A hint may be borrowed from this fact. We therefore propose that Mr. Andrew Becket be forthwith taken into the pay of the two theatres, and divided between them. He may then be instructed to follow the *dramatis personæ* of our great poet's plays on the stage, and after each of them has made his speech in the present corrupt reading, to pronounce aloud the words as 'restored' by himself. This may have an awkward effect at first; but a season or two will reconcile the town to it; Shakespeare may then be presented in his genuine language, or, as our author better expresses it, be HIMSELF AGAIN.

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- ART. VI. 1. *An Essay on the Nature and Advantages of Parish-Banks for the Savings of the Industrious, &c. with Remarks on the propriety of uniting these Institutions with Friendly Societies; together with an Appendix, containing the Rules of the Dumfries Parish Bank, &c. &c.* By the Rev. Henry Duncan, Minister of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire. First Edition. 1815. Second Edition, Edinburgh: Oliphant, Waugh and Innes. 1816. pp. 88.
2. *A short Account of the Edinburgh Savings Bank.* Edinburgh: 1815. pp. 20.
3. *Report of the Committee of the Highland Society, on the Nature of Savings Banks.* Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Longman and Co. 1815. pp. 14.
4. *A Summary Account of the London Savings Bank.* By Charles Taylor. London: C. Taylor; Sherwood, Neely, and Jones; and J. Hatchard. pp. 60.
5. *Third Report of the Edinburgh Society for the Suppression of Beggars, for the Relief of occasional Distress, and for the Encouragement of Industry among the Poor, &c. to 1st November, 1815.*
6. *First Year's Report of the Bath Provident Institution, established January, 1815.* Bath: 1816.
7. *Observations on Banks for Savings.* By the Right Hon. George Rose. London: Cadell and Davies. 1816. pp. 57.
8. *A Bill for the Protection and Encouragement of Provident Institutions, or Banks for Savings, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 15th May, 1816.*

**THE** beneficent spirit of the present age is in nothing more remarkably displayed, than in the combined energy with which many individuals of the highest ranks of society are labouring to pro-

mote the welfare of the lower orders. Among the various establishments to which this laudable zeal has given rise, it would be inexcusable not to give a pre-eminent place to the 'Society for bettering the condition and increasing the comforts of the Poor,' which was instituted near the close of the year 1796. His Majesty declared himself the patron of this institution, and it comprehended in the list of its members, names of the first distinction for rank, wealth, talents, and public spirit. Yet notwithstanding its attractive title, the cheapness of its reports, and the pains taken to give them circulation;—its existence, we fear, is at this day scarcely known in various parts of the kingdom; hence even those of its suggestions which are the most easy, useful, and important, have obtained only a local and very limited establishment. The chief cities of Great Britain and Ireland have indeed adopted some of its plans, and are reaping the fruits of its labours; but few of them have been diffused generally among the people. The discouraging reflections, however, to which the facts connected with this Society might have given rise, are checked by the contemplation of the extraordinary success attending that plan of benevolence which forms the subject of the publications now before us; and while this success is a happy exception to common experience, it gives us great confidence in the favourable opinion which we, in common with men of all descriptions, entertain of the principle on which Banks of Savings are founded; and affords, at the same time, a most promising symptom of the intellectual and moral improvement of the age. It must, however, be acknowledged, that though this system derived its origin from an enlightened desire to promote the welfare of society, necessity, the nurse of many a useful invention, has materially promoted its success. The progressive increase of pauperism among the people of England, by diminishing the fund from which relief was to be given, in an inverse ratio to the demand, especially for the last two or three years, has opened the eyes of the affluent and reflecting part of the nation to the failure with which we are threatened; and the same circumstance combined with the rapid improvement of the lower classes in mental cultivation, has roused in many of them a love of independence, which leads them to embrace with eagerness the means which Provident Institutions afford of a secure and profitable depository for their small savings. Yet we must add, that the zeal which policy and benevolence have directed to the establishment and support of these societies among the wealthy, has hitherto been greater than the desire which has existed of taking advantage of them among the industrious poor, for whose benefit they are instituted. The multitude still require to be enlightened, and are happily better fitted than at any former period to receive instruction. Let it be given to them in the most popular

forms directly and indirectly, and chiefly through the easy medium of the cheap Tract Societies, in the shape both of argument and amusement.

Although we enter on the consideration of this subject with peculiar satisfaction, we are sensible that it is not without its difficulties:—The facts are so numerous, and the speculations which naturally arise from the examination of them so various, that we might appear tedious should we go fully into the detail, and obscure were we to limit ourselves to mere general statement; we shall try, therefore, to pursue a middle course, and be sufficiently gratified if our remarks tend, in any degree, to make the subject better understood and more widely popular.

In order to convey to our readers an impression of the imperious necessity of Saving Institutions for the industrious poor, we shall begin by quoting a striking passage from ‘Sir Thomas Bernard’s introductory letter to the third volume of the Reports of the Society for bettering the condition of the Poor.’ The well-tryed benevolence by which that gentleman has been long distinguished raises him far above the suspicion of being actuated by interested motives in what he says against poor-rates, while his experience gives great weight to his opinion.

‘The Poor Laws of England have held out a false and deceitful encouragement to population. They promise that unqualified support, that unrestricted maintenance to the cottager’s family, which it is not possible for them to supply; thereby inducing the young labourer to marry before he has made any provision for the married state; and, in consequence, extinguishing all prospective prudence, and all consideration for the future. To the poor-rates, which have been for some years rapidly increasing, no determinate boundary can be put upon our present system. Twenty shillings in the pound may be levied, throughout the kingdom, (and more than that is now raised in some manufacturing parishes\*) without the object being attained, of providing a comfortable and hopeless maintenance for a forlorn and distressed body of poor.’

Mr. Rose, in his ‘Observations on the Poor Laws,’ first published in 1804, states that the management of the poor had been acknowledged by the ablest politicians to be one of the most difficult problems of government; and that though the system of parochial relief,—which had its commencement early in the reign of Elizabeth,—was improved under the administration of some of the wisest men who ever filled offices of public trust, till the laws on the subject were consolidated in the forty-third year of her reign, yet poverty had been constantly on the increase, and the pressure upon those on whom the duty of supporting the indigent was thrown,

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\* This was written in January, 1801.

had become at length so great and alarming, as to require the utmost effort of legislative wisdom to counteract or diminish it.

In the pamphlet now before us, Mr. Rose observes, that his attention has long been given to the situation of the poor in this country, from a persuasion that it was capable of improvement, and that he had been an anxious coadjutor of Mr. Pitt in his measure for improving the whole system of the poor laws; but that in the pursuit of that object, by attempting too much, the minister had failed altogether.

‘These evils both to the poor and to the higher classes were generally complained of, without the extent of them being known. I thought it of importance, therefore, to obtain Parliamentary Returns, by a Bill I brought in for that purpose\* in the year preceding the publication above alluded to: and, I believe, considerable surprise was excited by the information then given, no less respecting the immense proportion of the population of the country reduced to subsist by money raised for their relief, than by the enormous amount of the sum so raised. I hoped that such an authentic exposure of a charge upon the property and tenantry of the country, equal to nearly one half of the revenue of it in 1788, without a proportionate benefit to the poor,—the number of whom was rapidly increasing, many of them in a comfortless state,—would incite endeavours to find remedies where they were so urgently required.’ (pp. 2—3.)

These remarks, proceeding as they do from a statesman who has always been friendly to the principle of legal provision for the poor, and who, in his first pamphlet, strenuously resisted the proposal of Mr. Malthus for the gradual repeal of the poor laws, must be considered as decisive of the fact, that there is, in the system of these laws, something wrong, which loudly calls for a remedy. We are not indeed of the number of those who see nothing but *unmingled* evil in this system, which naturally arose out of the condition of society at the time of its establishment, and which, by giving a legal claim for relief to the indigent and the wretched, has for more than two hundred years prevented or mitigated an incalculable quantity of distress. While, therefore, we regard with feelings of decided aversion, the barbarous policy of those who would cut the knot which they cannot untie, and by abolishing the system at once, consign to neglect and hopeless misery, myriads of their fellow-creatures, we rejoice in every plan which is gradual and preventive rather than positive in its operation; and which arises from the impulse of private benevolence and the energy of private zeal, rather than from the selfish calculations of legislators.

The establishment of Corporation Boxes, and of Male friendly Societies, the former of which are of great antiquity, and the latter nearly a century old, has to a certain extent counteracted the pres-

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\* 43 Geo. III. c. 144.

sure of poor-rates, and the growth of those baneful habits of dependence, which it cannot be denied that poor rates are calculated to produce. By the Act for the encouragement of Friendly Societies, which Mr. Rose introduced, and which was passed in the year 1793, much good has been done. In it no attempt was made to alter the popular frame of these associations, far less to render the entrance into them compulsory. 'How valuable this protection has been,' says Mr. Rose, 'may be easily judged of by the rapid growth of these societies, the members of which have increased from somewhere about 50,000 (I speak from recollection) to more than 704,000, according to the numbers under the Act for the returns of the poor between 1793 and 1805.'—p. 29.

The advantages which have arisen, both to the individual contributors and to the public, from these Societies, have been great, and we are happy to observe that in various parts of the United Kingdom, *Female* Friendly Societies have lately been formed. This is indeed a simple and obvious, but a truly valuable extension of the plan. When we consider the influence of women in a civilized country on the manners of society; when we reflect that by the very constitution of, their nature, they are more helpless and dependent than men, and that from their domestic occupations and retired habits, they are freed from many of those temptations which often prove too powerful for the virtue of the other sex, we cannot doubt that they are likely to avail themselves of the means offered to them of providing against the peculiar hardships of their own lot, that they will endeavour to recommend a corresponding foresight to their husbands, sons, and neighbours.

Much has been said of the dangerous purposes to which these associations may be turned. Mr. Rose, certainly not a partial judge in such a case, intimates that he believes such apprehensions to be chimerical, and expressly declares, that, 'though he has sought anxiously for information on that head, he has not been able to discover a single instance where those consequences have followed in the case of a society, whose rules were registered according to law.' To detect the commencement and to prevent the progress of such evil consequences, an easy expedient occurs. Let the wealthy and intelligent members of the community become honorary or ordinary members of the Friendly Societies in their neighbourhood: they will thus be entitled to vote at the election of officers, to give their opinion in cases of importance, and to awe into silence those turbulent spirits who may wish to propagate mischief. We can assure the higher ranks that their aid not only in contributing to the funds, but in making the proper arrangements, is much wanted, and will be gladly and gratefully received: indeed they can scarcely purchase so much popularity at



so trifling an expense. Their donations and contributions would be doubly acceptable, as they would be given without the prospect of a return, and this feeling, we well know, has a powerful influence in adding to the respect which poverty and ignorance are disposed to pay to intelligence and wealth. We deeply lament the disasters which, on account of the erroneous principles of their constitution, and the ignorance, neglect, or selfishness of managers, have already befallen many of these institutions, and seem to be impending over the greater part of the rest; and we cannot but join with Mr. Duncan in earnestly urging the higher ranks to turn their benevolent exertions in this direction; that by affording to them the benefit of their patronage and support, they may avert the disappointment and misery with which their ruin would be attended.

Friendly Societies partake of the nature of insurances on life and property, by promising certain advantages in the event of certain casualties of contingencies. They are preferable, however, to common insurance offices, inasmuch as the members ensure each other, and retain all the profits in their own hands for the general advantage. There is also a benevolent principle intimately blended with Friendly Societies, which leads those who form them to be concerned for each other's welfare, and to consult for each other's good. Admirable, however, as this principle is, and excellent as are the institutions with which it is connected, the benefits to be derived from them by the individual members are often distant, and in their very nature uncertain. We have known industrious persons who have regularly contributed to Friendly Societies for forty or fifty years without receiving a shilling from the funds. Something more, therefore, seemed to be wanting in order to complete the system of encouragement to saving, which the legislative support of Friendly Societies had begun, and the desideratum has been happily supplied by the institution of Banks for Savings. On this subject we quote the following apposite statement from the Introduction to the Rules of the Kelso Friendly Bank Society, which was one of the earliest establishments of this kind in Scotland.

‘ It was long a matter of deep regret, that no plan had been devised for securing to the labouring classes a place of safe deposit for the fruits of their industry, so as to encourage them to save, in the years of active exertion, such a portion of their gains, as they might be able to spare from their present necessities, as a resource in the season of misfortune, or the decline of life. The public banks cannot be expected to descend to the trifling details in which they would be involved, were they to receive or pay out such small sums as a shilling or two at a time; and it is their practice in this part of the kingdom (Scotland) not to receive a smaller deposit than ten pounds. Now the want of a place of safety for small profits prevents many from attempting to preserve them. Fear of being robbed, deters some; others have the virtue to begin who want

the resolution to persevere; while not a few, dissident of their own care, are tempted to commit their savings to the hands of persons of doubtful character and desperate fortune, who, grasping at whatever they can obtain from the unwary, promise them good interest, and employ the money of the industrious and frugal in their own hazardous and dishonest speculations. By the failure of such persons, the poorer inhabitants of a whole district are sometimes reduced, in a single hour, to a state of absolute indigence and dependence.

‘If any method then could be devised, for giving to the honest and successful labourer or artisan, a place of security, free of expense, for that part of his gains which the immediate wants of his family do not require, with the power to reclaim all or any part of it at pleasure, it would be a most desirable thing, *even though no interest should be received.*

‘But if in addition to such an advantage, the possessors of small savings were enabled to receive regular interest, on a scale advancing, to a certain extent, in proportion to the amount and continuance of their deposits, the benefits of the scheme would be sufficiently great to secure its popularity and permanence.

‘A plan, combining these advantages, occurred to the Rev. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire. Having maturely reflected on the best mode of reducing it to practice, and explained its probable benefits to his neighbours, he succeeded in establishing in his own parish the first institution of the kind, about Midsummer, 1810. The name which he gave to it was, “The Parish Bank Friendly Society of Ruthwell.”—Though the Society began without any patronage from rank or wealth, its intrinsic merits, and the founder’s diligence and zeal in superintending its progress, ensured to it a degree of encouragement which he could not have anticipated.—We consider it indeed as an astonishing fact, that in the Bank Society of that retired parish, inhabited chiefly by cottagers, there has been a progressive accumulation of capital, amounting, at the close of 1814, to upwards of eleven hundred and sixty pounds; the greater part of it belonging to individuals who, in all probability, but for the facility which the scheme afforded, would not have saved a single shilling.—This has taken place too, under circumstances in which the depositors have had it always in their power to withdraw any part or the whole.’

These remarks are well illustrated in the following anecdote which was lately related to us, with perfect simplicity, by a poor Scotch woman. Her father, she said, had contrived to scrape together thirty-two pounds, the savings of a life of labour. He deposited country bank notes to that amount in the locker of his chest, from his ignorance of any better method of disposing of them, and there they remained safe but unproductive. ‘But at last, the notes *went out of fashion*, and nobody would give a shilling for them, so the money was all lost.’ To avoid a similar disaster, she placed 12*l.* of her own in the hands of a respectable tradesman, and received interest once a year. On drawing her interest she used, she said, to be vain of her superior sagacity. But alas! the

person in whom she confided became, like the country bank, insolvent, and her little treasure was swallowed up in the general ruin.

With the observations contained in the foregoing quotation on the obvious necessity and high importance of Provident Institutions, or Saving Banks, we entirely coincide. The statement, however, which it contains, respecting their origin and progress, will require some correction; and while the honourable emulation which exists as to the merit of the discovery renders it necessary to weigh with impartiality the pretensions of different claimants,—the change, which it requires no prophetic wisdom to anticipate from the plan, both on the comfort and character of the great mass of the people, will prevent such an inquiry from being deemed frivolous or uninteresting.

Our limits will not permit us to notice the abortive bills brought before Parliament by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Whitbread, for the improvement of the condition of the lower orders and the diminution of the burden of the poor-rates. But we cannot pass in silence the Speech of Mr. Curwen on the 28th of May last, which introduced his motion 'for a Select Committee to take into consideration the State of the Poor-laws.' On that occasion Mr. Curwen declared that the reform which he had in view respected a question which involved the expenditure of the enormous annual sum of eight millions, applied not to the ease and comfort of the poor, but calculated to render them dependent, indolent, and unhappy. He could not expect, he said, to cut down the system at once, but his object was gradually to undermine it, and he entertained a sanguine hope, that by means of public instruction, and the establishment of secure depositories for the savings of industry, they might be speedily diminished and eventually rendered unnecessary. In Ireland, he observed, where there are no poor-rates, the benevolence of the affluent affords a decent support to the deserving poor; and in Scotland, where the moral character of the people is so respectable, and where regular poor-rates exist only in a few districts, and are scarcely felt, the wants of the indigent are well supplied. Mr. Curwen then stated, that his plan to relieve the poor, independently of the existing statutes, would be similar to one, which he could recommend as sanctioned by his own experience for the long period of thirty years. During that time all the workmen employed by him had contributed individually sixpence per week to a common fund. The money so subscribed had now increased to the sum of thirty thousand pounds; and at the present time the depositors enjoyed from it—relief in sickness, occasional weekly allowances, and many other comforts. He intended, therefore to propose that the House should call on all classes of the people to subscribe to a *National Bank* on a similar principle.

The contribution, he observed, ought never to exceed one-thirtieth of a man's weekly income. Supposing a person to earn ten shillings a week, four-pence taken from that sum would produce upon a general scale 4,800,000*l.* Taking something from the higher classes which, compared with their incomes, would be a mere trifle, the annual amount of the bank stock would be 8,800,000*l.* The advantage of such a fund for the relief of the lower classes would, he said, be incalculable. It would convey comfort to every poor man, without the degradation inflicted on him by the law as it now stands.

As we are ignorant of the details of this plan we can give no opinion of its merits. We fear that, like Mr. Acland's plan of 1786, it is intended to be compulsory on the poor, as well as the rich; and, if so, it has our unqualified disapprobation. Such a scheme would act as an oppressive and ruinous impost, and would be nothing less, than relieving the wealthy from the burden of the poor laws, by placing that burden on the back of the indigent themselves. If the poor laws, as they now stand, be the chastisement of whips, this would be the chastisement of scorpions—But we cannot at present enter on a subject which, from its magnitude and importance, demands the most patient and minute investigation. The chief purpose for which we have noticed Mr. Curwen's speech was to bring forward the remarkable fact of the long existence of a voluntary association which has been and continues to be supported by the contributions of the industrious poor, and which has actually a floating capital of 30,000*l.*

Although the project of encouraging industry and independence among the lower classes, by thus securing to them the fruits of their labours, appears so simple, when proposed, as to resemble a self-evident truth, with which we have always been familiar, yet, the first institution of the nature of a Saving Bank, which we have hitherto been able to discover in this kingdom, is one of which an account is given in No. 84 of the 'Reports of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor.' It appears from that Report that a Female Benefit Club was established on the 23d of October, 1798, at Tottenham, under the patronage of a number of ladies. Combined with the main design of this institution were two other objects, viz. a fund for loans, to prevent the use of pawn-brokers' shops, and a *Bank for the earnings of poor Children.*

'Children of either sex,' says Mrs. Wakefield, the writer of the account, 'or whatever age, whether belonging to a member or not, are permitted to bring any sum above one penny, to the monthly meeting of the stewardesses, to be laid up in the funds of the society; where their small earnings may accumulate in security, until wanted for an apprentice fee, clothing on going to service, or some other important purpose.'

—‘ Though the children (it is added) receive no addition to the pittance they deposit in the fund, yet it answers several purposes ; it stimulates them to earn and to save that which would probably be idly spent, as of too small importance for care ; it often encourages their parents to lay by a little store for them, which they would not have thought of doing, had they not been invited by this opportunity of placing it in safety. It habituates the children to industry, frugality, and foresight ; and by introducing them to notice, it teaches them the value of character, and of the esteem of those who, by the dispensations of Providence, are placed above them ; and in many instances it may supply a resource when it is essentially requisite. The success has already exceeded expectation ; above sixty children bring their little treasure monthly.’

About the same time Mr. Malthus published his *Essay on population*. The following passage is quoted from the quarto edition of 1803, as we have not access to the first edition ; but we are inclined to think that it will also be found in it.

‘ To facilitate the saving of small sums of money for this purpose,’ (he is speaking of the purchase of a cow,) ‘ and encourage young labourers to economize their earnings with a view to a provision for marriage, it might be extremely useful to have Country Banks, where the smallest sums would be received, and a fair interest granted for them. At present the few labourers who have a little money are often greatly at a loss to know what to do with it ; and under such circumstances we cannot be surprised that it should sometimes be ill employed, and last but a short time. It would probably be essential to the success of any plan of this kind, that the labourer should be able to draw out his money whenever he wanted it, and have the most perfect liberty of disposing of it in every respect as he pleased. Though we may lament that money hardly earned should sometimes be spent to little purpose ; yet it seems to be a case in which we have no right to interfere, nor if we had, would it, in a general view, be advantageous ; because the knowledge of possessing this liberty would be of more use in encouraging the practice of saving, than any restriction of it in preventing the misuse of money so saved. ’

In No. 59, of ‘ *The Society’s Reports*,’ we have an interesting account of a benevolent Institution formed by the Rev. Joseph Smith, Wendover, in 1799, and supported by him and two of his parishioners. In order to induce their industrious neighbours to save some part of their earnings, these worthy persons circulated proposals, offering to receive indiscriminately from the men, women, and children of the parish, any sum from two-pence upwards, every Sunday evening during the summer months ; to keep an exact account of the sums deposited ; and to repay to each individual at Christmas the amount of his deposits, with the addition of one-third on the whole, as a bounty for his economy. It was expressly and wisely stipulated, that the depositors might receive back the sums respectively due to them at any time before

Christmas, on demand; and that the fruits of their economy should not preclude them from parish relief, in case of sickness, or want of employment. A comfortable addition at home to the family Christmas dinner was to finish the year's account. These curious proposals are ushered in by a text which, though not applied to its original purpose, is, as a motto, sufficiently appropriate—'Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.' The peasantry of the parish readily embraced the offer held out to them, and during the first season sixty subscribers brought their weekly savings with great regularity; none deposited less than sixpence, and the greater number one shilling each. We regret much that our attempts to obtain further information respecting this liberal and simple, but rather expensive, institution, have not proved successful; but we are told that the founders design to establish it on a permanent footing and on an improved plan.

The next Institution of this kind, and one much more nearly resembling the present Saving Banks than any hitherto mentioned, was called the Charitable Bank, and was founded at Tottenham. It is worthy of remark, (as showing how frequently one good design generates another,) that the success of the little bank for children, formed in the same place in 1798, gave rise to this more extensive plan in 1804. It was begun for the express purpose of providing a safe and profitable place of deposit for the savings of labourers, servants, &c.; and opened once a month for receipts and payments. The books were at first kept by a lady; six wealthy individuals were appointed to act as Trustees, each of whom agreed to receive an equal part of the sums deposited, and each to be responsible, to the amount of one hundred pounds, for the re-payment of the principal with interest. Any sum above one shilling was to be received, and, to encourage perseverance, interest at the rate of *five per cent.* was to be allowed for every twenty shillings, which would remain a year with the trustees. Though the number of trustees at first was limited, it was agreed that for every additional hundred pounds, a new trustee should be chosen; so that the loss to the trustees in fulfilling their engagement must have been inconsiderable. The benefits of this Institution were to be confined exclusively to the labouring classes; but there was no restriction as to the residence of the depositors. One great advantage of this plan is, that it holds out to the lower classes fixed advantages, and preserves their little property from that fluctuation of value to which the public funds are liable.

In 1808, a society was formed at Bath, for the purpose of receiving, and allowing interest at 4 per cent. for the savings of industrious and respectable servants. Eight individuals, of whom

four were ladies, took on themselves the chief management and responsibility. No depositor could lodge more than 50l.; and the maximum of the collective sums was limited to 2000l. A record of character has since that time been regularly kept; and it is stated by the anonymous author of a small volume published at Bath, in 1815, and entitled\* 'Collections relative to the Systematic Relief of the Poor,' that, during the seven years that had elapsed from the commencement of the Fund, there were in this register 212 names of persons who had uniformly conducted themselves with fidelity and propriety as domestic servants.' A more extensively useful society was founded at Bath, in January last year, bearing the name of 'The Provident Institution.' The Marquis of Lansdown is patron. A respectable board of trustees, one of whom is Mr. Rose, presides over it, and the name of Dr. Haygarth, well known for his private worth and public spirit, stands second in the list of managers. It was, we understand, by the suggestion of this gentleman that the capital was vested in the public funds. Each depositor of one pound or upwards is entered in the books of the Institution as proprietor of such a proportion of five per cent. stock as that sum would purchase *at the time*. It is very satisfactory to find from the first Report, 'that within a year from the opening, sums amounting to four thousand pounds and upwards, had been received and invested.'

From this induction of facts, it is plain that though attempts have been made at different times, in the course of the last thirty years to introduce schemes of a nature similar to what are now called Saving Banks, &c., yet, till the year 1810, there had been no plan devised for general use, and no public interest excited in behalf of such institutions. Indeed, it is a belief, founded on no slight investigation, that but for the Scottish clergyman whose Essay stands at the head of our list, there would at this time have been found only a few insulated establishments for the savings of industry, of which the intelligent and wealthy would have had little knowledge, and from which the lower classes in general would have derived no advantage. We shall state as concisely as we can the grounds of this opinion.

Mr. Henry Duncan,† whose Essay is written with great ability,

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\* It is not easy to comprehend what the author had in view by this publication. It is a collection of facts without order, attention to particulars, or any accuracy in dates. The papers are strung together by loose and indefinite remarks that lead to no conclusion. There is no index nor table of contents. We feel somewhat sore on this subject; having procured the book with much difficulty, and read it with little profit.

† This gentleman, delighting in humble usefulness, edited anonymously in 1809 and 1811, a number of tracts for the instruction and moral improvement of the lower orders. The greater part of the work appears to have been the production of his own pen. One series of these tracts, entitled the 'Cottage Fireside, or Parish Schoolmaster,'

and complete knowledge of the subject, informs us, that early in 1810, while he was engaged in some inquiries relative to the condition of the poor, he read a pamphlet proposing a scheme for the gradual abolition of poor-rates in England. To this plan the author, Mr. Bone, gave the whimsical title of 'Tranquillity.' Mr. Duncan, though he considered the scheme too complicated for general use, conceived that one of its subordinate provisions, which proposed the establishment of an economical bank for the savings of the industrious, might be so modified, as to be carried separately into effect with great advantage. He accordingly published a paper giving an account of it, and proposing that the gentlemen of Dumfriesshire should establish banks for savings in the different parishes of the county. His zeal was applauded, but his recommendation was neglected. Steady, however, in the pursuit of his object, and rejoicing in the prospect of the benefit which he anticipated from it, he resolved to bring his plan to the test of experiment, by such an Establishment in his own parish. To this he gave the name of 'The Parish Bank Friendly Society of Ruthwell.' Its capital amounted, at the time of publishing the second edition of his Essay, to a sum exceeding 1,400*l*.!

About the beginning of 1813, a most respectable and useful society was instituted in Edinburgh for the suppression of beggars. It happened that one of the landholders of Ruthwell, who was a member of the Parish Bank of that place, was also a member of the Edinburgh Society. This gentleman, though generally resident in Edinburgh, received occasional information respecting the institution at Ruthwell, which was now making rapid progress, and which he communicated to the Society, together with a printed copy of the Regulations. This, and some other encouraging circumstances, especially the account of the Servants' Fund at Bath, induced the members of the Anti-mendicant Society to add a bank for savings to their plan. Meanwhile the founder of the Ruthwell Bank omitted no opportunity of calling the attention of the public to the institution, and, in order to give it *éclat*, was permitted to introduce the names of several gentlemen of rank and influence into the list of its honorary members. Their names, however, were all that he obtained; a circumstance which excited some ridicule, as the magnificence of the titles accorded ill with the limited influence of the Bank. But this did not deter him from proceeding. He laboured to excite the public attention by

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was afterwards published separately, in a small volume, with Mr. Duncan's name; and we observe with satisfaction, that the third edition of this pleasing narrative is just announced. In point of genuine humour and pathos, we are inclined to think that it fairly merits a place by the side of the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' while the knowledge it displays of Scottish manners and character is more correct and more profound.



annual accounts of the utility and success of his plan in provincial newspapers. He most readily answered the inquiries of gentlemen from various parts of the country, and established a correspondence with many friends of the poor in Great Britain and Ireland. Justice leads us to say that we have seldom heard of a private individual in a retired sphere, with numerous avocations and a narrow income, who has sacrificed so much ease, expense, and time, for an object purely disinterested, as Mr. Duncan has done. We feel it at once a satisfaction and a duty to pay this tribute to his merits, because, though, in the Second Report of the Edinburgh Society, they were not passed over in silence, yet the Ruthwell Bank was slightly mentioned, as a local and unknown institution. Many of the individual members of that Society, however, have expressed their sense of its value as an example; and Dr. Baird, Principal of the University, one of the Directors, has, in the most unequivocal manner, borne testimony to the ability and zeal of its founder.

Mr. Duncan remarks in page 36 of his Essay, that before the existence of Saving Banks, some clergymen had been in the habit of placing the little superfluous earnings of their parishioners in situations of security and profit; and states it as a remarkable coincidence, that in the year 1807, three years before the establishment of the Ruthwell Bank, a similar institution had been formed at West Calder, of which he was entirely ignorant, till near the time of the publication of his second edition. It was founded by Mr. Muckersey, minister of the parish; its management is similar to that of Friendly Societies; and interest at the rate of four per cent. is allowed to depositors, with full liberty to withdraw their money at pleasure: As the rules had not been printed, nor any attempt made to extend the knowledge of its benefits beyond the parish, the advantages derived from it were entirely local.

Mr. Duncan will find in the preceding part of this article some important facts on the subject, in relation to England, of which he cannot have been aware; otherwise from the minute fidelity which he has displayed in doing justice to the claims of others, and the modesty with which he brings forward his own, we are confident he would not have failed to mention them.

We are warranted on the whole to conclude, that though some institutions, similar both in their principles and details, had been formed before the Parish Bank of Ruthwell, yet it was the first of the kind which was regularly and minutely organized and brought before the public: and further, that as that Society gave the impulse which is fast spreading through the kingdom, it is in all fairness entitled to the appellation of the *Parent Society*. If we spoke of the *original* society, we should, from our present knowledge, be disposed to confer that name on the Charitable Bank at Tottenham.

From the time of the publication of the first edition of the Essay on Parish Banks; the second Report of the Edinburgh Society; and the Report of the Provident institution of Bath, Saving Banks have sprung up on every side, and have been increasing with such rapidity, that we can hardly doubt that the benefit of the system will soon be brought within the reach of every town and village in Great Britain and Ireland. Kelso was the first place, in which, under the patronage of his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh, a Friendly Bank was introduced professedly on the plan of the Ruthwell institution. Liverpool, Exeter, Winchester, Hertford, Southampton, Bristol, Glasgow, Greenock, Paisley, Dumfries, Berwick, Dublin, Belfast, &c. are among the places already in possession of these establishments. The zeal of the able and public spirited conductors of the Edinburgh Bank has tended very materially to promote the plan both in Scotland and England, and has given to it a degree of *éclat* among strangers, which it would not have received through a less conspicuous medium. At the same time we cannot help regretting, that it was not made to stand upon its own basis, but was attached to the 'Society for the Suppression of Beggars.' This unfortunate association excited against it a natural and a very strong prejudice in the minds of the people, who could hardly fail to conclude that it proposed something both of a coercive and degrading nature. Accordingly, its progress at first was slow; but by the exertion of the managers, and particularly of Mr. John Forbes, (son of the late Sir William,) whose name is an hereditary pledge of active and intelligent zeal in the cause of humanity, the popular dislike has at length been overcome, and it is now rising into deserved eminence.

Of these establishments, one of the most extensive we have heard of in the principle of its constitution, is that of Glendale Ward, in the northern division of Northumberland, containing a considerable number of parishes, of which Wooler is the central place. Local secretaries are appointed to receive monthly the deposits at the different parishes, by whom they are transferred to the general secretary.

Our readers will wonder perhaps that London has not yet been mentioned in our list, and probably impute the omission to inaccuracy or negligence. But it is a curious fact, that a place which should be, and generally is, among the first to lead in all matters of public interest, has, in the present instance, been among the last to follow, and that no institution of this kind, of any note, was opened in the metropolis till the end of January in the present year, when the 'London Savings Bank' commenced its operation.\* We

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\* After this article was ready for the press, an essay on 'Provident or Parish Banks,

hope to see a general extension of it. For this purpose, handbills expressed in simple and popular language should be distributed; and an office opened in every parish in the city and suburbs, all of them connected with a central Bank, and placed under strict inspection and control. We cannot compliment the treasurer, Mr. Taylor, on his 'Summary Account,' which is desultory, superficial, and flippant. But if he performs his trust with fidelity, some other person better qualified may probably address the public hereafter on behalf of the institution. We should regret that the unexpected length to which this article has already extended, obliges us to shorten the remainder of it, did we not hope from the increasing interest and progress of the plan, and from the development of its effects, to be called on to supply what may now be deficient at some future time. We must, however, endeavour to give a succinct view both of the internal economy of the Banks, and of the legislative measure by which it is proposed to foster them.

For the sake of accurate distinction we shall point out the leading features of Mr. Duncan's plan, as embodied in the Dumfries Regulations, which were drawn up by him, and are published in the second edition of his essay; and, as we proceed, we shall take notice of the chief differences that exist between this scheme, and that of the '*Edinburgh Savings Bank*,' and others formed on its model. First, with regard to the name of these societies, *Savings Banks*, introduced by the Edinburgh institution, we think it a barbarous innovation. Mr. Duncan feels a predilection for the title *Parish Banks*, and he has established so good a right to choose, that we feel some reluctance in demurring to this preference, and some doubt of the accuracy of our judgment on this point. The name *Parish Bank* seems to convey a false idea; for even in the *Ruthwell Bank* itself neither the office-bearers nor the depositors are confined to the parish, nor do we see any good purpose that could be promoted by such a restriction. It is true that the circumstance of a bank being established in a particular parish, and chiefly for the benefit of its inhabitants, may be thought to suggest this name as the most appropriate. But is not the name of the place pre-

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sent into our hands, written by Barber Beaumont, Esq. which contains a detailed account of a *Provident Bank*, recently instituted by himself in the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. This is a work of some research, and we find in it many acute remarks on the *Friendly Bank* schemes of others; but it is easier to pull down than to build, and the provisions by which he proposes in his own establishment to obviate objections, seem themselves to be replete with danger. One part of his plan is, to deposit the funds of the *Provident Bank* in the hands of a number of treasurers, and to divide these funds in such a manner that not more than 300*l.* nor less than 100*l.* shall be in the possession of any one treasurer. We do not hesitate to say, that this is a Utopian scheme, complicated in the machinery, and impracticable in the execution.

fixed equivalent to this? Besides, may not the word *Parish*, which seems superfluous, have a tendency to make the people apprehend something compulsory in the plan, and to place the depositors in a degrading point of view? We are inclined to prefer the name, *Friendly Bank*, with the place prefixed, to any we have hitherto heard, not only because it expresses the agreeable idea of mutual aid and advantage, but also because it calls to recollection those societies which the people have been long accustomed to regard with approbation and favour. While we are on this topic, we must notice an error into which Mr. Rose has inadvertently fallen, and which we know, from his own authority, he anxiously desires to correct.

‘Those who have opened the way,’ he observes, ‘for benefits to their country, almost incalculable, are entitled to the thanks of every person in it. To the gentlemen at Edinburgh and Bath, commendations are pre-eminently due; in other parts of Great Britain, however, the principle has been acted upon in a small scale, especially in Scotland, where the parochial institutions for savings are called *Maneges*; so full an account of which is given by Mr. Duncan, the early promoter of them, as to render it quite unnecessary to enter on any particulars respecting them here. But, however well intended they are, there are strong objections to them. In any event the extended establishments are infinitely more to be desired on account of the preferable management of them.’—*Observations*.

Now there is almost as little similarity between a *Menage* and a *Parish Bank* as between a billiard room and a counting house. The contrivance to which Mr. Rose alludes is a miserable expedient, long resorted to by the lowest of the people for supplying the want of such establishments as *Parish* or *Friendly Banks*. In Scotland it is not called *Manege*, but *Menage*, a French term, signifying frugality, or household economy, and which leads us to suppose that the thing, like the name, is of foreign growth. Any number of persons, say fifty-two, enter into an agreement by which they bind themselves to contribute regularly a certain sum, suppose a shilling, weekly, during as many weeks as there are members. The club assembles sometimes at the house of one of their own number, whom they remunerate for the accommodation; but more frequently at some low tavern, where they club for such cheer as they can afford to pay for. Dice are thrown by the company. He who throws highest gains the pool, that is, the whole of the fifty-two shillings, which we have supposed to be the contributions for the week. The winner is bound by the laws of plebeian honour to pay in one shilling a week during the other fifty-one weeks of the scheme, though he can gain no further advantage. The wheel thus goes round till every one has drawn his prize: the scheme is then closed and a new one perhaps engaged in. *Menages* certainly are

the most harmless species of gambling that can well be imagined, and, when placed under proper management, have sometimes been found useful :\* but no interest is paid, no accumulation is admitted, no provision is made for futurity. Habits of waste and dissipation are often engendered. In all these respects, they are conducted on a different system from Parish Banks; and Mr. Duncan, so far from being the early promoter of them, has, in one of his publications on Parish Banks, warned the public against their dangerous tendency, and pointed out their evil consequences with eloquence and force. His object in mentioning them is to show that they afford a fair opening for leading those who support them to a wiser and more profitable application of their savings, and his desire is to see them materially improved or altogether abolished.

We observe that the words '*Friendly Society*' make a part of the title of the parent institution of Ruthwell, as well as those of Kelso, Dumfries, &c. This was to bring them within the scope of Act 33 George III. for the protection of Friendly Societies, properly so called; and the regulations have accordingly been submitted to, and approved of by the Justices of the Peace of the districts. We applaud Mr. Duncan for his ingenuity in so framing the constitution of his little banks as to obtain for them the benefits which the law affords, and at the same time to place them under the inspection of the civil magistrate. We doubt whether the banks on the Edinburgh models can take advantage of this act, as the managers of them are a body altogether distinct from the depositors for whose benefit these banks are designed. The definition of a '*Friendly Society*' is a *voluntary association of a number of persons for mutual benefit*: and the act expressly recognizes and establishes this principle. Accordingly all the depositors, who have made payments for six months, and have not less than one pound in the bank, are entitled to attend General Meetings; and, therefore, such associations seem to be brought fairly within the spirit and scope of the act. In order, however, to check any abuse which might arise from the affairs of the Society being committed to the care of low and inexperienced persons, it is wisely provided, that though all such depositors as have been described are entitled to attend and vote at General Meetings, the persons to whom the whole detail of management is committed are to be chosen only out of those, whether they be depositors or not, who are *donors*.

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\* Clubs, similar in their principle to Menages, are frequently formed among the industrious poor, in which a certain sum of money is advanced weekly or monthly by the respective members, and each is provided, in the rotation of his fortune, with a watch, clock, chest of drawers, or such other articles as may have been previously agreed upon, and contracted for at a definite price.—Lord Selkirk is, at present, with admirable effect, actually applying this principle to the building of a village, in the neighbourhood of Kirkcudbright.

or *annual benefactors* to the Society. The higher classes are thus enabled to be at the head of the institution, while their contributions give them a claim of gratitude on the whole body.

This appears to be one of the advantages of the popular principle which enters into Mr. Duncan's plan; and there are others calculated to make us consider it, upon the whole, as preferable to the Edinburgh scheme, in which the depositors are excluded from all management. In the commencement of an institution there often exists a degree of zeal which cannot be expected to continue; and it may be apprehended, that if the managers have no interest, and no responsibility, they will, in the course of a few years, leave the whole care of the concern to one or two pensioned officers, who may, from heedlessness or design, bring the institution into disgrace, and blast the hopes of its supporters.

We have heard it alleged by some very acute persons, that the practice of our public banks, which daily transact business with their customers, but never admit them to any share in the administration, is favourable to the principle of excluding the depositors from any share in the management. The circumstances of the two cases, however, we apprehend, are by no means parallel, and, therefore, will not warrant the same conclusion. In the ordinary public banks the managers are proprietors of Bank Stock, and are strictly accountable to the Board of Directors selected from the whole. Hence the powerful and ever wakeful principle of self-interest pervades the whole economy of the establishments, and affords to the public a strong pledge of the prudence and regularity of their proceedings. Here too, as in other things, competition gives additional security. But in these Friendly Banks the stimulus of private interest can be felt only by the industrious depositors, who ought therefore to have some voice in the management. The observations which we formerly made on the influence of the wealthy, and the disposition of the members to avail themselves of their aid in Friendly Societies, will apply in the case of Friendly Banks with still greater force, inasmuch as the details connected with these are necessarily somewhat more difficult, and therefore peculiarly require the aid of men of intelligence. Mr. Duncan, however, though favourable, perhaps in too great a degree, to the popular system of which we have been speaking, very candidly acknowledges, that in large towns the mixed and incongruous mass that forms the chief part of the population, seems to render it expedient to give them the benefits of the institution without hazarding its safety by allowing them a share in conducting it. To this country, where the lower classes, we fear, are less instructed, and certainly less under the control of moral principles than in Scotland, this exception seems particularly applicable; but it must be applied

with great delicacy lest it be defeated by prejudice, or by voluntary associations of the lower classes, from which the higher may be systematically excluded. It happens also that in England the increasing pressure of poor-rates is so generally complained of, that the indirect stimulus of interest will be felt, and will operate more strongly on the higher classes, in inducing them to lend their aid, than in Scotland, where these rates have, indeed, a legal sanction, but where their actual existence is confined to a small district, and to a very moderate amount.

In the Dumfries Parish Bank there are two funds. The first, called the deposit fund, consists of the aggregate of the sums lodged at interest for the benefit of the depositors, and may be withdrawn at pleasure. Any sum not less than one shilling is received, and the annual sum deposited must be less than 30*l*. In the Edinburgh Bank not more than 10*l*. can be received. The reason for this limitation is to simplify, as much as possible, the transactions of the Friendly Bank, and to confine it to the mere supply of the desideratum arising from the circumstance of the public banks receiving no smaller deposits than ten pounds. The rule has been adopted by other Friendly Banks to enable them to avail themselves of the offer of 5 per cent. made by the Public Banks (while 4 per cent. is the ordinary rate of interest they allow,) on condition that the former should adopt this limitation. We regret this necessity, and think it would be better to give up the additional one per cent. than interfere so much with the habit of accumulation which it is the great design of these institutions to promote, and to reward. A simple expedient, however, has been suggested by Mr. Duncan for rendering this transference of cash from the Friendly to the Public Bank as little injurious as possible. Let the Treasurer of the Friendly Bank offer to retain in his own hands the Trading Bank's receipts, and give an acknowledgment *signed by him* to the individuals for whom they are held; or let the sum in the Trading Bank be marked in the depositor's duplicate. This will preserve their connexion with the Friendly Banks; they will be thankful thus to have an additional safeguard for their little treasure, and though at perfect liberty to withdraw it, will be unwilling to do so, except in cases of necessity. In the Friendly Banks, on the Ruthwell plan, though a deposit of one shilling may be made, no interest is allowed on any sum under one pound; and, after a pound has been lodged, none on any additional deposits, till they amount to another pound, and so on. It is also stipulated in some of these banks, that, to simplify the duty of the treasurer, no interest shall be calculated for any fractional parts of a week, or, in other instances, for any period less than a month. Now as the Trading Banks of Scotland allow 5 per cent. on the aggregate sums weekly deposited by the

Friendly Banks, but under the condition above specified, and as the Friendly Banks do not allow 5 per cent. in all cases, it follows that there will be a surplus of interest, accruing to the Saving Banks, which will increase according to the number and regularity of its depositors, and may furnish means for defraying the expenses of management.

As the interest of 12s. 6d. per month at 4 per cent. is exactly one halfpenny, the Edinburgh Bank allows monthly interest for all deposits amounting to this sum, or to its successive multiples, i. e. 12s. 6d., 1l. 5s., 1l. 17s. 6d., 2l. 10s., &c. On either of these plans, with the aid of accurate interest tables, the calculations are a matter of perfect ease. A circumstance common to the Edinburgh and Ruthwell Friendly Banks is, that at the close of every year all the accounts in the ledger are balanced. The interest is added to the capital and placed to the credit of the depositors. New duplicates or bank receipts, are given to them, the former being called in and cancelled. These duplicates, on a half or quarter sheet of paper, are so contrived as to contain columns both for payments and receipts during all the months in the year, and each week of every month. By looking into his duplicate the peasant or mechanic is reminded, by the vacant spaces, of the use even of one or two superfluous shillings, and the expediency of making gradual provision for the future. The surplus interest needs little calculation. It is the natural result of the operation of the deposit account of the Friendly Bank with the trading one, and appears at once in striking the balance, by subtracting the sum total of interest due to the depositors for the past year, from the sum total of interest due for the same period by the Trading, or Public Bank, to the Friendly Bank. The surplus interest, or Bank profit, thus appearing by this simplest of all processes, is carried by the Ruthwell Friendly Bank into a separate account under the distinct head of the Auxiliary Fund. This is raised from the donations or annual subscriptions of the benevolent, with the surplus interest or bank profit arising in the manner described. This fund is designed to defray the expense of articles of stationery, printing, and treasurer's salary. The latter of these is the chief article of expenditure; but the office should on no account be gratuitous.—The treasurer ought to be under strict responsibility and control, as every thing depends on his fidelity; and should unquestionably receive a salary adequate to his trouble. If the annual proceeds of the auxiliary fund be found unequal to the demand, we doubt not that the depositors themselves would contribute to make up the deficiency.

To those who wish to go farther into the detail, we would recommend Mr. Rose's Observations, the Summary account of the



Edinburgh Savings Bank, The Report of the Committee of the Highland Society, but especially Mr. Duncan's Essay, 2d edition. This last gives an account of the principles on which Saving Banks are founded, and contains the forms and details both of his own and other plans. The third part contains many excellent remarks on Friendly Societies, and on the propriety of uniting them with Saving Banks, so that one set of persons might manage both at the same meeting, though the funds of both should be kept separate. We really wish that Mr. Duncan would omit the title of this division of his Essay in future, and throw his remarks on Friendly Societies (in the promotion and improvement of which he has greatly exerted himself) into a separate section. At present we shall only observe, as an obvious objection to his proposal, that, as by his plan, the Managers of the Friendly Bank, and of the Friendly Society, are each to be appointed by, and responsible to, all the members and depositors, such a plan would exclude every one from the management of either society who should not be connected with both. Besides, *simplicity*, which may be called the first, second, and third requisite of this institution, is likely to be destroyed by the proposed union. We give Mr. Duncan great credit for pleading so ably the cause of Friendly Societies in opposition to those who wish to see them superseded by this new plan. He shows the two to be perfectly consistent, and calculated to promote the same important results. From his concluding remarks we shall make two short quotations.

‘Every thing, however, must depend on the activity, the zeal, and the intelligence of those under whose management the system is conducted; and I cannot conclude without earnestly recommending it to the continued and increasing patronage of the public. Much may be done, with this view, in various ways, by persons in all the different stations of life. The rich may support it by benefactions, the poor by their example; the prudent may promote its prosperity by their advice, men of rank by their influence, the active and skilful by their judicious exertions. But, perhaps, it is in the power of no description of persons more essentially to advance the interests of the Institution, than heads of families, and men engaged in trades and manufactures which require them to employ a number of dependents. Were it possible to persuade such persons of the immense importance of the object in view, we might from this circumstance alone indulge the most flattering hopes.’  
—p. 61.

The other is from that part of the pamphlet which answers an objection that has sometimes been made to the moral tendency of Provident Institutions.

‘It has been alleged, that, in guarding against the idleness and profligacy of the lower orders, we are attempting to erect a system calculated to excite and to cherish the opposite vice of selfish nigardliness.’

Were this objection made to an institution, the tendency of which was to increase the parsimony of those who are already blessed with independent fortunes, or even with a competency, no person could be more ready than myself to admit its force ; but it must not be forgotten that the Parish Bank is intended for the benefit of the *lower orders*, in whom industry and frugality are not only themselves moral virtues of the first class, but also the foundation of many kindred virtues. There is something noble and affecting in the struggle which a poor man makes to preserve his independence, and to rise superior to the difficulties and discouragements incidental to his situation. The end he has in view, and the privations he must undergo before he can attain that end, are such as must attract the applause and sympathy of every good man. When, from the scanty pittance which he has earned by his honest industry, and which, though it suffices to supply the common wants of nature, is inadequate to procure the conveniences or comforts of life,—when, from that scanty pittance, he is able, by the exercise of a virtuous self-denial, to lay up a provision for the exigencies of his family, he exhibits a pattern of prudence and manly resolution, which would do honour to the highest station. The sentiments which give rise to this conduct are nearly allied to the best feelings of the human heart, and the man who can, with such a becoming fortitude, deprive himself of present indulgence for the sake of future independence, will not readily stoop to the suppleness of duplicity, or the baseness of fraud.—  
p. 64.

To complete the plan which we proposed, we must make some observations on Mr. Rose's Bill, which was introduced on the 15th of May, but, after passing the House of Commons in an amended form, was, in the House of Lords, postponed for the session. This delay we consider as a circumstance by no means to be regretted. The discussion which it has undergone will render it much more perfect when it shall be passed into a law, and the marked attention which it has already received will in the mean time tend to extend the benefits of the plan to various parts of the kingdom. The few suggestions and amendments which we shall venture to offer are chiefly on the Bill as it was submitted to the House, as we have not yet received the copy sanctioned by the House of Commons, though we shall allude to some of the alterations which have come to our knowledge through the medium of the parliamentary reports.

Mr. Rose's Bill gives permission to any number of individuals to form Banks for the savings of industry, on the principle of mutual benefit, and in this, as well as in its other leading enactments, agrees with Mr. Duncan's plan. The original rules, and every alteration that may be made in them, are to be exhibited to the justices of the peace, at their quarter sessions, and a duplicate, written on parchment, is to be filed by the clerk with the rolls of the sessions, without any fee. This duplicate is to be referred to

in case of need, and is to be binding on all parties till such rules shall be legally altered. The 14th clause, requiring all such sums of money deposited, as may not be called for by the immediate exigencies of the Institution, to be invested in the government funds of the United Kingdom, has met with great and, as we apprehend, well-founded opposition. By several Scottish members it was combated as equally impracticable and impolitic, and it was chiefly, we believe, in consequence of this clause, that the bill was prevented from extending to Scotland. The advantages to be gained by this mode of investing the money deposited with Friendly or Saving Banks, are set forth in the Report of the Bath Provident Institution. These are chiefly two: the first is, that the Funds afford the best possible security.—This is undeniable; but then it is an advantage which may be too dearly purchased. The 3 per cents., which were some time ago considerably below par, have lately proportionably exceeded it, and by purchasing at 65 or 70 there is a probability of an eventual loss upon the capital. If the value of the stock purchased with the money of the depositors is to remain always exactly equal to the purchase, whatever may be the rise or fall in the market, the depositors who may withdraw their money will indeed have reason to be satisfied, should the price of stocks have fallen below their purchase: but should the price have risen above it, when they withdraw, they will be apt to consider themselves as not only deprived of their legitimate profit, but, if they have purchased above par, even robbed of part of their property. We do not observe any regulation as to the point in Mr. Rose's Bill; nor is it a proper subject for legislation. But to prevent as much as possible the feelings of irritation likely to arise in the minds of the lower classes from the fluctuation of the public funds, and the gambling propensity which such a fluctuation sometimes excites, we are inclined to advise, that all the deposits of individuals which may be vested in the stocks, should be entered *at par* in the Friendly Bank's books. In this way there will be no eventual loss to the concern: and any present defalcation may be made good from the subscriptions of the benevolent, and surplus interest.

The other advantage predicted as likely to attend the investment of the money of the Friendly Banks in the Funds, is, that it will create a new bond of union between the government and the people, and render the latter doubly interested in the good order and stability of the state. Hence submission to their share of those public burdens, which are the means of ensuring to them the regular fruits of their savings, may reasonably be anticipated. And in manufacturing districts, where a crowded population and high wages afford the best encouragement for Provident Banks, such a feeling of personal interest would be highly favourable to the public:

peace. All this may be true, and in our Twenty-third Number we stated this as one of the collateral benefits of the plan: but let self-interest, counselled by wisdom and experience, avail itself of this security in its own way and time. Compulsion, we apprehend, will injure the cause, and lead to suspicions that may be fatal to its success. The investment of money belonging to Friendly Banks should be left to the discretion of their members, or to that of the trustees whom they may appoint, and from whom they may require security for its proper application. The intercourse with the Funds, in Scotland especially, is difficult and little understood. But several of the public banks, particularly the Bank of Scotland, which was established in 1697 by Act of Parliament, and which, though in truth a private establishment, is considered as the national bank of that part of the kingdom, have acquired such strength and stability as to be very popular places of deposit, and it would be neither politic nor just to forbid individuals to avail themselves of the benefits which they offer. We must not force men to be patriotic by legislative enactments. We have stated the fluctuation of the Funds to be one great objection to the monopoly which the bill proposes to give to them of the money of Friendly Banks; and we may now add that the delay in the sale of stock may expose these Banks to claims from their creditors which they are not prepared to meet, and may prevent depositors from having that command of their money which is so great a motive to accumulation, and which they might have through the facilities afforded in the ordinary course of business by the public banks.

In the 20th clause of Mr. Rose's Bill, there is an oversight of some importance. It was certainly the design of the right honourable mover to enable the trustees to receive *bequests* as well as donations; yet the latter only are mentioned.

There are several other parts of the Bill which require revision and amendment, and which we doubt not will be attended to when it is again brought forward. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed the parts of it marked 21 and 22. The former of these proposes to enact that the members of Provident Institutions shall not be debarred from parochial relief in case of necessity. The principle on which this clause is founded is at once liberal and politic; and without some such provision in a country like this, where poor-rates have taken deep root, and are contemplated as a certain resource against want, we cannot expect these institutions to extend generally through the lower classes. We are also of opinion with Mr. Rose, that the love and the habit of independence will in many instances prevent those who have saved much from applying for parochial relief. Yet the encouragement, we think, goes much too far; and the firm and able opposition which

this part of the Bill encountered in the House of Commons is just what we expected.—For it is to be observed in the first place, that there is no maximum fixed for the deposits of any individual; and in the second, that though the interest or dividend may in certain cases be applied in whole or in part, by the authority of the justices of the peace, to the support of an applicant for parish aid, ‘yet the principal sum subscribed’ (deposited) ‘by such member shall not be affected or diminished thereby.’ Now a person might have five or six hundred pounds in a Friendly Bank, who from age or accident might be rendered unable to work, or, from having a sickly family, might require considerably more than twenty pounds, (the annual income arising from five hundred pounds, at four per cent.) for their support: Would it not be unjust that a poor tenant, struggling to maintain his credit, and scarcely able to supply his family with the mere necessities of life, should be taxed to make up the deficiency, while he knows that the person thus relieved has an untouched capital which appears in his eyes to be affluence? As the deposits are generally to be made in very small sums, it will not be, perhaps, an easy matter to separate the capital from the interest; but surely it can be no hardship in any case to use the whole interest for the support of the individual and his family, as far as it will go. Here the justices of the peace need not be required to interpose their casuistry.—If they are to have a discretion, let it apply to the capital, and let them have power to protect a part or the whole of it from the overseer’s gripe, according to circumstances, as a reward for past care, and a stimulus to future exertion, should health and opportunity return. That part of the Bill (No. 22,) we consider as peculiarly harsh and inexpedient, which prevents the legal heirs of a depositor who may die intestate from receiving the sum due, otherwise than by letters of administration; except in the case of a wife and children, when the whole amount of principal and interest shall not exceed fifty pounds. Many members of Friendly Banks may have sums at the time of their decease too small to defray the expense of administration, but which would be highly serviceable to their legal representatives. This surely might be in *all plain cases* departed from, when the sum is under fifty pounds, upon a certificate from a clergyman and two church-wardens, and a letter of security against any future claimants from one or two substantial persons. A clause should be inserted to exempt the Friendly Bank money from payment of the legacy duty.

Such are the reflections which a careful consideration of Mr. Rose’s bill has suggested; but we are afraid that it is yet too early to legislate definitively on the subject, and it may be better to proceed with great caution, till, from the collision of different opinions,

time and experience elicit the light of truth. Should an act be passed during the ensuing Sessions, it ought not, in any degree, to be inquisitorial or coercive. Let it not attempt to lop and prune those tender plants which are spontaneously arising in every quarter of the land, but let it stretch forth a fostering hand to protect them from injury. The safest, perhaps, and most acceptable boon that could at present be given, would be simply to extend to those institutions for the savings of industry, whose regulations shall be approved of by the Quarter Sessions, the whole privileges granted to Friendly Societies by the judicious enactment in their favour (33 Geo. III.) In this case we can foresee no objection whatever to the extension of the act to Scotland. *Pas trop gouverner* is a maxim to which every wise legislator will pay due attention, and, in such cases as that before us, ought never to be forgotten.

We are not aware that establishments, similar in principle to our banks for the savings of the industrious, were ever introduced into any part of the continent. At Hamburgh, indeed, and in various parts of Holland, &c. there were institutions calculated to encourage and reward industry in the lower classes; but these partook of the nature of deferred annuities, and may more properly be classed with these benevolent establishments, which served as the model for some of the provisions of Mr. Pitt's bill. The fate of a very flourishing association of this kind in Hamburgh is more a matter of regret than surprise. The man, who lately grasped at the sceptre of the world, and is now paying the forfeit of his crimes on a solitary rock in the ocean, with that indiscriminating rage for plunder which marked his career, and which, perhaps, more than any other part of his conduct, proved his total want of all the moral qualities of a hero, swept away, not only all the public property of this great commercial city, but also the funds raised for charitable purposes; and, amongst the rest, the little pittance of the industrious poor! This was a death-blow to the institution alluded to.

Deeply sensible as we are of the improved condition of the lower classes of our countrymen in civilization and social comfort, we are sometimes disposed almost to regret, on their account, the abolition of those feudal institutions, which if they implied vassalage on the part of the peasantry, and were often made the instruments of oppression, yet were in general attended with feelings of reciprocal kindness and personal affection, between the superior and his dependants, which gave to the latter an irresistible claim on the good offices of the former in the seasons of disease and of declining life. We live in a commercial age, in which all classes of the community are eager in the pursuit of gain, and which the relation of master and servant is too often considered merely as a pecuniary contract, entered into and dissolved, without the slightest

mutual regard. It is painful to reflect how much this remark applies even to the cultivators of the soil, in whom the simplicity of nature and the kindness of affection may be supposed to have taken the deepest root. In proof of this we cannot help referring to the procedure of agricultural associations, who, while they offer a premium of thirty, perhaps, or even forty pounds for the rearing of the best sheep, consider the tenth part of that sum as an ample reward for the fidelity of the servant who has remained longest in the employment of his master! The establishment of Friendly Banks is eminently calculated to supply the desideratum which this unfortunate change in our national character has produced.

We too often see the poor man who has spent the vigour of life in laborious industry, abandoned in age to poverty, or left entirely to the un pitying care of parish overseers. To rescue them from a condition so degrading is an act not more of humanity than of sound policy; and those who teach them how to gather up the fragments, which might otherwise be wasted or lost, are employed in no useless work. Liberality is the easy and delightful duty of the rich; while frugality, with its self-denying restraints, is a lesson which suits the humble condition of the poor.

We have thus fulfilled our plan: and if any of our readers feel disposed to complain that they have had less of speculation than detail, we can assure them that our labour would have been greatly abridged if we had taken an opposite course. We trust, however, that those who feel a real interest in a subject, humble and unpretending as it appears, will duly appreciate the value of this investigation. They, to whom this subject is indifferent, may censure our minuteness; but those who, like us, regard it as marking an era in political economy, and as intimately connected with the external comfort and moral improvement of mankind, will be gratified to trace the rise and progress of one of the simplest and most efficient plans which has ever been devised for effecting these invaluable purposes.

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ART. VII. 1. *Poems, by William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, Esq. in Three Volumes, Vol. III. containing his Posthumous Poetry, and a Sketch of his Life.* By his Kinsman, John Johnson, LL.D. Rector of Faxham with Welborne, Norfolk. 8vo. 1815.

2. *Memoir of the Early life of William Cowper, Esq. Written by Himself, and never before published. With an Appendix, containing some of Cowper's Religious Letters, and other interesting Documents, Illustrative of the Memoir.* 1816.

3. *Memoirs of the most Remarkable and Interesting Parts of the Life of William Cowper, Esq. of the Inner Temple.* Detailing

*particularly the Exercises of his Mind in regard to Religion. Written by Himself, and never before published. To which are appended, an Original and Singular Poem, and a Fragment.*  
1816.

WE consider the present volume of Cowper's Poems as decidedly inferior to its predecessors. Two-thirds of it are composed of translations; and of the original pieces, some were written in the decline of his genius, and others are on unpoetical or unpleasing subjects. Still there is much remaining, in which his characteristic playfulness of humour, his devotion, philanthropy and domestic tenderness, and the justice and manliness of his sentiments, are sufficiently conspicuous; nor, indeed, is there any piece in which his peculiar hand may not be discovered. The biography is not written in a very shining style, but it is an accurate chronicle, and the reflections are just and good.

Much cannot be said for Cowper's Latin poetry. It wants ease and harmony, and classical perfection; nor is the absence of these qualities compensated by any extraordinary force of style or beauty of idea. Indeed, there is a certain degree of artifice requisite in writing modern Latin poetry; and artifice of a kind alien to Cowper's genius. The merit of this sort of composition consists more in choice of expression, embellishment of common thoughts, and well-wrought imitation of three or four standard writers, and less in vivid description or the sublimities of action and passion, than that of English poetry.

The versions of Milton are executed with tolerable success: — but, to speak the truth, we do not think very highly of the originals themselves. The Ode to Rouse, which cost the translator most trouble, has perhaps repaid it least; there is 'much mythologic stuff' in the Latin verses of the great bard, which could by no artifice be rendered palatable. The following lines are from one of the epistles to Diodati. The reader will remember Johnson's citation of the first part of the passage, 'Me tenet urbs refluâ.' After an allusion to the sentence of rustication passed upon him, the poet proceeds thus:

'I would, that, exiled to the Pontic shore,  
Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more.  
He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,  
And Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise.  
For here I woo the Muse, with no control,  
And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.  
Here too I visit, or to smile, or weep,  
The winding theatre's majestic sweep;  
The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits  
My spirits, worn in learning's long pursuits;  
Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,  
Sailor, or soldier, now unarm'd, be there.



Or some coif'd brooder o'er a ten-years' cause  
Thunder the Norman gibb'rish of the laws,' &c.—p. 116.

In the epistle to his tutor, Thomas Young, at Hamburg, there occurs a beautiful little sketch of a Christian pastor's family life : and the following lines, from the same piece, contain sentiments such as Cowper delighted to express.

' But thou take courage ! strive against despair !  
Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care !  
Grim war, indeed, on every side appears,  
And thou art menac'd by a thousand spears ;  
Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend  
Ev'n the defenceless bosom of my friend.  
For thee the ægis of thy God shall hide,  
Jehovah's self shall combat by thy side.  
The same, who vanquish'd under Sion's tow'rs,  
At silent midnight, all Assyria's pow'rs,  
The same, who overthrew in ages past  
Damascus' sons that laid Samaria waste !  
' Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may,)  
Still hope, and triumph, o'er thy evil day !  
Look forth, expecting happier times to come,  
And to enjoy, once more, thy native home !'—pp. 128, 129.

The first verses in the volume, on finding the heel of a Shoe at Bath, are in the manner of the Splendid Shilling, and display at the age of seventeen that exuberant humour which attended our author in after-life. The Epistle to Lloyd is full of liveliness, and that to Lady Austen unites innocent gayety with just and dignified reflection. The dialogue between the Pipe and the Snuff-box is a counterpart to the ' Report of an Adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books : ' the Colubriad is of the same stamp. The following tribute of praise to the memory of Ashley Cowper, Esq. has great merit.

' Farewell ! endued with all that could engage  
All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age !  
In prime of life, for sprightliness enroll'd  
Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old ;  
In life's last stage—O blessings rarely found—  
Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd :  
Through ev'ry period of this changeful state  
Unchang'd thyself—wise, good, affectionate !  
' Marble may flatter ; and lest this should seem  
O'ercharged with praises on so dear a theme,  
Although thy worth be more than half supprest,  
Love *shall* be satisfied, and veil the rest.'—p. 80.

The fragment on the Four Ages might have been the introduction to a second ' Task : ' that on the Yardley Oak is, perhaps, the most characteristic specimen of Cowper ; with his usual alloy of

homeliness, and want of selection, it exhibits a copiousness of thought and expression, worthy of Dryden or Cowley. We close our extracts with the following beautiful sonnet—

‘ To Mrs. UNWIN.

‘ Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,  
Such aid from heav’n as some have feign’d they drew,  
An eloquence scarce giv’n to mortals, new  
And undebas’d by praise of meaner things,  
That ere through age or wo I shed my wings,  
I may record thy worth with honour due,  
In verse as musical as thou art true,  
And that immortalizes whom it sings.  
But thou hast little need. There is a book  
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,  
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
A chronicle of actions just and bright :  
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,  
And, since thou own’st that praise, I spare thee mine.’—p. 222.

At the time when our poetry began to emerge from the bondage of formality and pomp, Cowper appeared to advance the cause of nature and true taste. With an opinion sufficiently high of Pope and his contemporaries, modest and unenterprising, alive to censure, and seemingly scarcely conscious that he was an innovator, he yet helped essentially to restore the elder vigour and simplicity, by presenting to us the primitive muse of England in her own undisguised features, her flexibility of deportment, her smiles and tears, her general animation and frequent rusticity. From the effects which this exhibition produced on the public, satiated with classical imitation and antithesis, he may be reckoned among the patriarchs of the present school of poetry.

Cowper’s qualities are, copiousness of idea, often without sufficient choice ; keenness of observation, descending occasionally to wearisomeness or disgust ; an addiction to elevated thought and generous feeling ; and a pliable manner, passing easily from the tender to the sublime, and again to the humorous. In the very throng and press of his observations on the most serious subjects, it is not unusual to encounter an effusion of wit, or a familiar remark. This may seem a strange anomaly in a writer of Cowper’s turn ; yet it is to be accounted for. The subjects in question were the constant themes of his meditation, the fountains of his actions, his hopes, his duties ; they were inwoven with his mind, and he spoke of them with that familiarity, perfectly distinct from lightness, with which men naturally speak of what is habitual to them, though connected with their happiness, and involving many hopes and fears. It must be confessed, however, that he sometimes uses expressions, which, in a person of different principles, would be interpreted as the language of levity.

His great work, the *Task*, was welcomed on its appearance with general acclamation. It has ever since continued to rank with the most popular poems. This performance, so singular in its nature and original, has a sufficient admixture of faults : some passages are tedious, others uninteresting, and others even revolting. The language is often tinged with meanness, and pathos and beauty are sometimes interrupted by witticism. The charm of the work consists in its tender, generous and pious sentiments ; in the frankness and warmth of its manner, its sketches of nature, eulogies of country retirement, and interesting allusions to himself and those he loves ; the refreshing transitions from subject to subject, and the elasticity with which he varies his tone, though the change is not always without offence ; and the glow, which when a poet feels, he is sure to impart to others. We share his walks, or his fire-side, and hear him comment on the newspaper or the last new book of travels ; converse with him as a kind familiar friend, or hearken to the counsels of an affectionate monitor. We attend him among the beauties and repose of nature, or the mild dignity of private life ; sympathize with his elevations, smile with him at folly, and share his indignation at oppression and vice—and if he sometimes detains us too long in the hot-house, or tires us with political discussion, we love him too well to wish ourselves rid of him on that account. He is most at home on nature and country retirement—friendship—domestic life—the rights and duties of men—and, above all, the comforts and excellencies of religion ; his physical dejection never overcasts his doctrines ; and his devout passages are, to us, the finest of his poem. There is not in Milton or Akenside such a continuation of sublime thoughts as in the latter parts of the fifth and sixth books. The peroration is remarkably graceful and solemn.

Cowper appears, at least at one time, to have preferred his first published didactic poems to the *Task*. There is something in priority of composition ; and the *Task* was to him an *Odyssey*, a second work on lighter subjects, taken up more as a relaxation, written less with a view of his most favourite subject and less with the awful, yet elevating, sense of performing a momentous duty. Whatever may be attributed to these considerations, we think that a poet's opinion of his own performance is seldom without some foundation—and that many of these pieces are more uninterruptedly pleasing, and contain fewer intervals of insipidity, than the longer poem. *Table Talk* is a distinct production, a kind of *Task* in Miniature ; as *Young's Resignation* is another *Night-Thought*. It abounds with passages of wit, energy and beauty, and is replete with good sense. There is something in it which reminds us of Churchill. The seven succeeding poems are mostly sets of precepts and remarks, characters and descriptions, delivered in a poetical manner. Here, as elsewhere, his wit, always powerful, is often

clumsy, and sometimes, from being more intent on the sentiment than the expression, his language deviates into prose. There is, besides, a want of system in the subjects of each piece, which in some injures the continuity of interest. Still there is much unsophisticated description, and sentiment, and humour—the richness of the poet's heart and mind are so diffused over the whole, that they will always be read with delight. He who would behold the full beauty of Christianity, might be referred to these poems—especially the last four.

Cowper's light pieces are characterized by vigour, playfulness, and invention; debased sometimes by inelegance, and even by conceits. His *Tales* are excellent. The verses for the *Bills of Mortality* are poetical and impressive; and the *Epistle to Hill* is quite Horatian. His lines on his mother's picture display remarkably his powers of pathos. Such a strain of mellowed and manly sorrow, such affectionate reminiscences of childhood unmixed with trifling, such an union of regret with piety, is seldom to be found in any language.

His translation of *Homer* retains much of the old poet's simplicity, without enough of his fire. Cowper has removed the gilded cloud which *Pope* had cast over him; and his version, though very imperfect, is the more faithful portrait of the two.

In the *Task*, the author has introduced a new species of blank verse; a medium between the majestic sweep and continuous variety of *Milton* and *Akenside*, and the monotony of *Young* and *Thomson*. It is suited to his subject, smooth and easy, yet sufficiently varied in its structure to give the ear its proper entertainment. Sometimes, as in the description of the *Sicilian earthquake*, and the *Millennium*, he seems to aspire higher. He affects much the pause on the third and seventh syllables, the latter of which combines dignity with animation more than any other. It must be confessed, however, that he has not avoided flatness and uniformity. His rhyme has the freedom and energy of *Dryden's*, without its variety. His diction resembles his versification; forcible, but often uncouth. It is the language of conversation, elevated by metaphors, Miltonic constructions, and antiquated expressions, above the level of prose.

His letters are full of the man—of his mildness, philanthropy, and domestic temper; his pensiveness and devotion, his overstrained timidity, and his liveliness of imagination. They form the principal charm of *Hayley's Life*—for of all biographers, *Mr. Hayley* is happily the least loquacious; the letters, like the anecdotes in *Boswell's Johnson*, compensate for the scantiness or ordinary quality of the narrative with which they are interwoven. We think them equal to any that we have met with. There is a delightful

playfulness pervading them, which is perhaps the most attractive quality of an epistle.

Cowper was versed in the irony which criminales without provoking,

— the chiding which affection loves,

Dallying with terms of wrong—

the well-wrought affectation of pomp or gravity, and the thousand other articles, by which an agreeable sunshine is thrown over poverty or dullness of matter. Sometimes, too, in the midst of sportiveness an effusion of tenderness occurs, extremely affecting. It is a most interesting spectacle, to survey the group of excellent persons assembled round our poet—their heroic exertions for his comfort, and his warm returns of gratitude: such scenes are among the 'greenest spots' of this world, and are almost enough to make us forget its miseries. His opinions on various subjects, expressed in these letters, flow less from any expansion of intellect or depth of penetration, than from plain sense, a cultivated understanding, and that clear-headedness which attends on virtue, and which enables it to discern many things which superior faculties, blinded by a bad heart or vicious habits, fail of discerning.

In the morality of his poems, Cowper is honourably distinguished from most of his brethren. Our poets have too often deviated into an incorrect system of morals, coldly delivered; a smooth, polished filed-down Christianity; a medium system, between the religion of the Gospel and the heathen philosophy, and intended apparently to accommodate the two. There is nothing to comfort or guide us; no satisfying centre on which to fix our desires; no line is drawn between good and evil; we wander on amid a waste of feelings sublimated to effeminacy, desires raised beyond a possibility of gratification, and passions indulged till their indulgence seems almost a necessary of life. We rise with heated minds, and feel that something still is wanting. In Cowper, on the contrary, all is reality; there is no doubt, no vagueness of opinion; the only satisfactory object on which our affections can be fixed, is distinctly and fully pointed out; the afflicted are consoled, the ignorant enlightened. A perfect line is drawn between truth and error. The heart is enlisted on the side of religion; every precept is just, every motive efficacious. Sensible that every vice is connected with the rest; that the voluptuous will become hard-hearted, and the unthinking licentious; he aims his shafts at all: and as Gospel truth is the base of morality, it is the groundwork of his precepts.

In the remarks we have hazarded on poetical morality, far be it from us to aim at introducing a cheerless monastic air into works of fancy, or diminishing the quantum of poetic pleasure:—our system would have the very contrary effect. It would relieve us

from revolting pictures of crime, touched, retouched, and dwelt upon even to weariness; from long depressing complaints of the miseries of life; from the persevering malignity which pains us in reading the works of some of our most approved satirists; from the tinge of impurity, which makes us dread the pleasure we receive from some exquisitely wrought descriptions; from the want which we feel in many a favourite character of fiction,—Poetry would be as cheerful as the spring sun, and as vivifying. All the sources of delight would remain, only heightened and rectified; our pleasure would be more full, and it would be without fear.

We come now to Cowper's own Memoirs. We are not sure that the publication of them is proper in itself, or can be otherwise than unacceptable to his family and friends. Doubtless, it is always consoling to know, that crime has been followed by repentance; and it is the greatest triumph which can be desired for virtue, when the offender is reclaimed from profligacy and brought to a joyful acknowledgment of the obligations of religion. But there is a propriety of manner which belongs to such representations. While we hail the sanctity which shines forth in the later days of the sinner reformed, we do not like to be carried back to all the particulars of his early offences. It is quite sufficient that we know their general truth. When they are pressed once more upon our notice, with all their minuteness, they have a tendency, in spite of our feelings, to detract somewhat from our respect. This proceeding joins, as it were, a living body with a dead one, and we shrink from the forced and unnatural connexion. If it be said, that the Memoirs are the confessions of Cowper concerning himself, we answer, that what it might be proper and beneficial for Cowper to write for his own private admonition, it may not be equally proper to publish to the world. It is evident, indeed, with what feelings Cowper drew up these Memoirs. He meant to punish himself for his late offences. With the spirit of a true penitent, he placed them before his eyes as a memorial and a terror to his own heart,—as a guard against all future relapses. If he contemplated the perusal of them by any other eye, it was that of the friendly and affectionate family under whose roof he was now placed, and where his good principles received, if not their beginning, yet their principal strength and growth. We will not enlarge, however, on this subject, but pass on to the 'Memoirs' themselves. They contain a short history of his religious life during the first thirty-four years, including the great change which was known to have taken place in his mind on these points. The publisher of the larger edition (we call it the larger for the sake of distinction, though both are small) gives no account of his copy; but from the preface of the other, and from the work itself, we learn that it was ori-

ginally written for the author and some of his friends, without any purpose of publication; and that after his death manuscript copies of it were possessed by many persons, from one of whom the editor received it: to which we may add, of our own information, that it has been in the hands of several gentlemen in one of the universities.

Cowper describes himself as having had few religious thoughts till his thirty-second year. For the consolation which he received under the pressure of juvenile tyranny, by the recollection of a passage in the Psalms, and for all that relates to his early life, previously to his settlement in the Temple, we refer to the work. Not long after this event, he was seized with a depression of spirits, utterly insurmountable by amusement or literary pursuits; 'lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. At length he found Herbert's Devotional Poems, the reading of which much alleviated his melancholy; he was, however, persuaded to put them by, as being calculated to exasperate his wound. His misery then returned.

'In this state of mind I continued nearly a twelvemonth; when, having experienced the inefficiency of all human means, I at length betook myself to God in prayer. Weak as my faith was, the Almighty, who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, was graciously pleased to hear me.

'I embraced an opportunity of going with some friends to Southampton, where I spent several months. Soon after our arrival, we walked about two miles from the town. The morning was mild and serene, the sun shone brightly upon the sea, and the country upon the borders of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence at the end of that arm of the sea which is between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was that on a sudden, as if another sun had been kindled that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off, my heart became light and joyful in a moment. I could have wept with transport, had I been alone. *I must needs believe that nothing less than the Almighty could have filled me with such an inexpressible delight; not by a gradual dawning of peace, but, as it were, with a flash of his life-giving countenance. I think I remember something like a glow of gratitude to the Father of Mercies for this unexpected blessing; and that I ascribed it to His gracious acceptance of my prayers.*'—pp. 18, 19, 20.

This circumstance, however, making no impression, he passes twelve years of dissipation in the Temple, and having nearly consumed his patrimony, and being hopeless of repairing it by his own exertions, by a train of circumstances which we shall omit he is appointed Clerk of the Journals. Being ordered to prove his sufficiency for the place before the bar of the House, he attends daily at the Office to examine the Journals, in total despair of ever qualifying himself for the station.

'I read,' he says, 'without perception, and was so distressed, that had every clerk in the office been my friend, it would have availed me little : for I was not in a condition to receive instructions, much less to elicit it out of manuscripts without direction.'—pp. 29, 30.

After more than half a year thus spent, he repairs to Margate, and at length, by dismissing the subject, obtains a transitory relief of mind. He is again, however, required to 'attend the office, and to prepare for the push.' With this labour, his misery returns. He finds himself reduced to the alternative of exposing himself to public degradation, or resigning the office, and bringing his benefactor's discretion into question. His despair vents itself in angry murmurs against Providence ; he seeks in vain for relief in medicine, wishes for madness, and often expresses his expectations of its approach.

The decisive day draws near, and the horrid expedient of self-murder occurs to him :—the history of his attempts will be read with fearful interest. Eight or nine assaults made by this unhappy man upon his own life, and some repeated more than once, successively fail ; for the particulars we refer to the book, from which it appears that, amidst incipient derangement, reason still predominated in his mind. He resigns the office ; and, from circumstances which occurred in one of these dreadful attempts, apprehending an apoplexy, he consults a physician, and, finding there is no danger, resolves to continue in his Temple residence. Here at length a natural horror of his late intention, and the recollection of his past life, overwhelm him with remorse ; obviously aggravated by his increasing derangement.

'I never went into the street, but I thought the people stared and laughed at me, and held me in contempt ; and I could hardly persuade myself, but that the voice of my conscience was loud enough for every body to hear it. Those who knew me, seemed to avoid me ; and if they spoke to me, they seemed to do it in scorn. I bought a ballad of one who was singing it in the street, because I thought it was written on me. I dined alone, either at the tavern, where I went in the dark, or at the chop-house, where I always took care to hide myself in the darkest corner of the room. I slept generally an hour in the evening, though it was only to be terrified in dreams ; and when I awoke it was some time before I could walk steadily through the passage into the dining room ; I staggered and reeled like a drunken man. The eyes of man I could not bear ; but to think that the eyes of God were upon me, which I was assured of, gave me intolerable anguish.'—pp. 56, 57.

His fevered mind is now deluded into a supposition, that he has committed an unpardonable sin ; and neither reason, nor Scripture, nor the argument of his brother, who had come to his relief, are of any avail under his conviction.

'I had indeed a sense of eternity impressed upon my mind, which almost amounted to a full comprehension of it. My brother, grieved to



the heart with the sight of my misery, tried to comfort me; but all to no purpose. I refused comfort, and my mind (sins) appeared to me in such colours, that to administer it to me, was only to exasperate me, and mock my fears.'

Subjoined to the smaller edition from which we quote, is a short poem supposed to be written at this time; no account is given of it, but from internal evidence, we have no doubt that it is his: it is a dreadful picture of despondency. After having experienced a temporary relief from the religious consolations of his friend Martin Madan, the distemper, which had been so long hovering over him, takes full possession of his mind.

'A strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light upon the brain without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and cried aloud through the pain it gave me. At every stroke my thoughts and expressions became more wild and incoherent; all that remained to me clear, was the sense of sin and the expectation of punishment. These thoughts kept undisturbed possession of my mind all the way through my illness, without interruption or abatement.'—p. 66.

His brother and friends, consulting on his case, agreed that he should be removed to a house belonging to the skilful and humane Dr. Cotton, and appropriated to such persons. Here, after many months of misery, reason in a great measure returned, but unaccompanied by hope. Soon, however, a great change took place—it is thus related:

'In about three months more, July 25th, 1764, my brother came from Cambridge to visit me. Dr. Cotton having told him he thought me greatly mended, he was rather disappointed at finding me almost as silent and reserved as ever; for the first sight of him struck me with many painful sensations, both of sorrow for my own remediless condition, and envy of his happiness. As soon as we were alone, he asked me how I found myself; I answered, "As much better as despair can make me." We went together into the garden. Then on expressing that settled assurance of sudden judgment, he protested to me that it was all a delusion, and protested it so strongly, that I could not help giving some attention to him—I burst into tears, and cried out, "If it is a delusion, then I am the happiest of beings." Something like a ray of hope was shot into my heart. Still I was afraid to indulge it. We dined together, and I spent the afternoon in a more cheerful manner. Something seemed to whisper to me every moment, "Still, however, there is mercy." Even after he had left me, this change of sentiment gathered ground continually, yet my mind was in such a fluctuating state, that I can only call it a vague presage of better things to come, without being able to assign a reason for it.'—I went to bed, and slept well. In the morning I dreamt that the sweetest boy I ever saw came dancing up to my bedside. He seemed just out of leading-

strings; yet I took particular notice of the firmness of his tread. The sight affected me with pleasure, and served at least to harmonize my spirits; so that I awoke for the first time with a sensation of delight upon my mind. Still, however, I knew not where to look for the establishment of the comfort I felt.—

‘ Within a few days of my first arrival at St. Albans, I had thrown aside the word of God, as a book in which I had no longer any interest or portion. The only instance in which I can recollect reading a single chapter, was about two months before my recovery. Having found a Bible upon the bench in the garden, I opened it upon the eleventh of St. John, where Lazarus is raised from the dead; and saw so much benevolence, mercy, goodness, and sympathy with miserable man, in our Saviour’s conduct, that I almost shed tears even after the relation; little thinking that it was an exact type of the mercy that Jesus was upon the point of extending towards myself. I sighed and said, “Oh that I had not rejected so good a Redeemer, that I had not forfeited all his favour!” Thus was my heart softened, though not yet enlightened. I closed the book without intending to open it again. Having risen with somewhat of a more cheerful feeling, I repaired to the room where breakfast waited for me. While I sat at the table, I found the cloud of horror, which had so long hung over me, every moment passing away; and every moment came fraught with hope. I was continually more and more persuaded, that I was not utterly doomed to destruction. The way of salvation, however, was still hid from my eyes, nor did I see at all more clearly than before my illness.’

‘ But the happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was now arrived; I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the twenty-fifth of the third chapter of Romans: “Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.” I immediately received strength to believe, and the full beams of the sun of righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fulness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed, and received the Gospel. Whatever my friend Madan had said to me so long before, revived in all its clearness, with demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.

‘ Unless the Almighty arm had now been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport; I could only look to heaven in silence, overwhelmed with love and wonder.’—‘ How glad should I have now been to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving! I lost no opportunity of repairing to a throne of grace, but flew to it with an eagerness irrealisable, and never to be satisfied. Could I help it? could I do otherwise than to love and rejoice in my reconciled Father in Christ Jesus? The Lord had enlarged my heart, and “I ran in the way of his commandments.”

‘For many succeeding weeks, tears were ready to flow if I did but speak of the Gospel, or mention the name of Jesus. To rejoice day and night was my employment: too happy to sleep too much, I thought it was lost time that was spent in slumber.’

The above extract, for the length of which we make no apology, resembles many parts of our author's poems: we refer to the latter part of ‘Hope’ in particular, which evidently flowed from the self-same feelings. After a narrative of some other occurrences, the work concludes with his settlement in the house of his excellent friends the Unwins. It is written in the easy English style of the days of Queen Anne; which, in its better parts, we would willingly see revived. To the larger edition is subjoined an Appendix, containing a few of Cowper's religious letters, some just remarks on his life from a periodical work, and extracts on the sin of suicide. One of these is from Cowper's letters, on Hume's arguments in favour of self-murder. It is indeed impossible not to observe, as in the case of Gibbon, that where Hume deserted the Gospel, it deserted him; and that the advocate of deism was the advocate of suicide and debauchery. The remarks from the American divine are worthy of universal perusal, to which we earnestly recommend them. The sentences which conclude the volume, though just in their contents, have rather a ludicrous air.

There are many things in this volume, which, on a hasty perusal, may be deemed extravagant. We consider this as unfortunate, so far as it may prejudice many against what does not in reality deserve it. Piety holds no parley with fanaticism, nor needs its alliance; religion disdains to be defended by other means than those of truth: ‘in the celestial armoury of Christianity,’ says an excellent contemporary moralist, ‘no such weapons as enthusiasm and error are to be found;’ and it is on this principle that we wish to vindicate the present work from the imputation of enthusiasm; lest the enemies of Christianity should have it in their power to say, that the piety of any one had been increased, or his truth in the divine mercy confirmed, by a narrative of delusions. It was indeed our decided opinion, even before we read this book, that a change of life and sentiments so total, and of such a kind, as Cowper was known to have experienced; a system of religion so sublime, yet so rational, so spiritual, yet so practical, as he inculcates, could not by any possibility be the effects of fanaticism. Nor have these Memoirs altered our opinion. No miracles are alleged, no discoveries in religion broached; what was delirium, is called such; where he was under the influence of a mistake, he expressly mentions it; where his delusion exaggerated indifferent actions into gross crimes, he tells us. With a tinge from his own opinions, the work is pervaded and vivified by a spirit of rational awe, devotion,

and thankfulness. Providential interpositions, and divine influence, are indeed supposed. But the train of circumstances, by which his dreadful attempts at self-destruction were repeatedly prevented, was so striking, that even a man of sober sense might, without in the least forfeiting his claim to rationality, gratefully suppose them to proceed from the special care of a benevolent Deity; and if an opinion, thus formed, may have led the author astray with regard to some less remarkable occurrences, it is not to be imputed to a superstitious taint, but to a human error in reasoning.

ART. VIII.—1. *A Sketch of the British Fur Trade in North America; with Observations relative to the North-West Company of Montreal.* 8vo. By the Earl of Selkirk. London: 1816.

2. *Voyage de la Mer Atlantique à l'Océan Pacifique par le Nord-ouest dans la Mer Glaciale; par le Capitaine Laurent Ferrer Maldonado, l'an 1588. Nouvellement traduit d'un Manuscrit Espagnol, et suivi d'un Discours qui en démontre l'Authenticité et la Vérité, par Charles Amoretti. Plaisance: de l'Imprimerie del Majno. 1812.*

NO one will doubt that Lord Selkirk is an amiable, honourable, and intelligent man—but he has the misfortune to be a protector. We are persuaded, however, that his are not the deep-laid schemes of a sordid narrow-minded calculator, but the suggestions of an ardent imagination and a benevolent heart—such as are apt sometimes to overlook difficulties which it is not easy to overleap.

It will be remembered that his lordship, some years ago, made an attempt, in part a successful one, to divert the tide of emigration from the Highlands of Scotland to the United States, and turn it to Prince Edward's Island, within the territories of Great Britain. His intentions were, no doubt, benevolent and humane; but, an impulse was supposed to be given to them by the ruling passion of reviving, in North America, that species of feudal system which was finally extinguished in North Britain about 'seventy years since.' His lordship was thought to be ambitious of becoming the head of a clan,—the chieftain and founder of numerous families. For such expansive views an island was too confined a sphere: but the neighbouring continent had all the requisites that could possibly be wished,—an indefinite extent of territory, abounding in woods and plains, and extensive lakes, and navigable rivers; with a soil capable of affording subsistence for millions, but nearly untenanted, save by the beasts of the forests, claimed as the exclusive property of some trading merchants under the grant of a Royal Charter, who would neither cultivate any part of it themselves, nor suffer others

to do it; he set about devising the means of rescuing some of the best parts of it from so unprofitable a condition. For this purpose, it is said, and we believe truly, his lordship purchased, at a price far beyond its value, about *one-third part* of the stock of the Hudson's Bay Company;—the whole of which is only 100,000*l*. A proprietor to such an extent could not well be refused a favour from the Governors of the Company; and they granted him, what we rather think the Law Officers of the Crown have decided they had no power to grant, a wide extent of country held, or supposed to be held, under their Charter, of which he proceeded to take possession.

'He was called away from England,' he says, 'to a remote part of the British dominions, for the purpose, not only of defending his rights of property from threatened infringement, but also to give his personal support to a considerable body of individuals who, in a great degree, looked up to him for protection, and against whom a train of premeditated and violent aggression has been committed by their fellow subjects.'

On his arrival in Canada he found the territory which he was about to settle, and indeed the whole of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes of Canada to the extreme North, overrun by the servants of an Association of Merchants in London and Montreal calling itself the *North-west Company*, between which and the Hudson's Bay Company there had long subsisted a deadly feud. At Montreal, we presume, he writes his 'Sketch of the Fur Trade,' which is well calculated to bring down public indignation on the heads of those who conduct, or who are concerned in it. The pains that appear to be taken, and the plans that are laid, to seduce the inoffensive savages into habits of vice, in order that the 'traders' may the more easily exercise a brutal tyranny over them; and the ferocious and unfeeling conduct of the Canadian rivals in the fur trade towards each other, setting at defiance all religion, morality and law, are stated in such terms and on such evidence, that they are not only 'deserving the early attention of the public,' but will command it, and, we doubt not, call forth the immediate interference of the legislature.

It would seem, however, that Lord Selkirk has not thought fit to await the decision of the legislature or the executive government. The details of the extraordinary and atrocious transactions which have urged his lordship to the strange steps he has taken are not yet fairly before the public. Private letters, however, from interested individuals say, that Mr. Semple, recently appointed Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, while on a journey to inspect its forts and establishments in the 'Indian territories,' fell in with a party of natives carrying provisions to some of the trading establishments of the

North-west Company; that Mr. Semple, through a mistaken zeal for the interests of his employers, hesitated to let them pass; that a scuffle ensued, in which the unfortunate governor and about twenty of his people were put to death. Mr. Semple could scarcely have denied the right of a passage to the natives through their own territories. The account given in the *Montreal Herald* of the 12th October, evidently from one of the few persons who survived the massacre, is probably the true one. From this it appears, that a regular expedition was fitted out by the North-west Company, to drive away, for the second time, the people belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, who had re-possessed themselves of their establishment on the Red-river. Mr. Semple, observing their approach from the fort, said, 'We must go and meet those people—let twenty men follow me.' They had only proceeded a few hundred yards, when several colonists came running towards them in great dismay, crying out, 'The North-west Company—the "half breeds!"' Having advanced about half a mile from Fort Douglas, a numerous body of cavalry appeared from behind a wood, and surrounded the Governor and his people, when one Bouché, a Canadian, rode up to Mr. Semple, demanding their 'fort.' The Governor answered, 'Go to your fort.' 'You,' retorted Bouché, 'have destroyed our fort, you damned rascal.' 'Scoundrel,' said Semple, laying his hand upon Bouché's bridle, 'dare you call me so?' Bouché sprang from his horse, and a shot was immediately fired, by which Lieut. Holt fell. The next shot wounded the Governor, who called out to his men, 'Do what you can to take care of yourselves;' but he was so much beloved that they affectionately gathered round him to learn what injury he had suffered; when a volley of musketry was poured into the group, which killed several and wounded the greater part of them.

'The cavalry galloped towards the survivors, who took off their hats and called for mercy. But this address for mercy was made to the servants of the North-west Company, and at their hands was immediately received by what must be presumed the accustomed measure of their compassion—a speedy termination of earthly calamities. The knife, the axe, or the ball, in able and willing hands, soon placed in lasting repose, those whom pain or terror had rendered clamorous. One only was spared, through the exertions of a Canadian to whom he had been intimately known—two others were providentially saved by escaping to a canoe, and two more, by swimming, in the tumult, to the other side of the river.'

Thus fell Governor Semple, a man of amiable and modest manners, and of a most humane and benevolent disposition,—his private secretary, the surgeon, two officers, and fifteen settlers. Their bodies are stated to have been barbarously mangled to gratify the savage rancour of their murderers, commanded by a Mr. Cuthbert

Grant, who told the survivor, if the remainder in the fort showed the least resistance, 'neither man, woman, nor child, should be saved.' The distress and horror of those who had been left in the fort, and of others who had fled thither for safety, is thus described by the prisoner sent to summon it :

'The wives, children, and relatives of the slain, were there collected, mourning for the dead, despairing for the living, and in agonies of horror, such as can be expressed in no language, nor even imagined, but by the minds of those on whom the Almighty may have permitted and equal visitation.'

The writer further states, that death was not the worst they had to dread, as one M'Donald had encouraged his people, by promising them, in addition to the plunder they had to expect, the wives and daughters of the settlers, for the gratification of their brutal desires.

When the account of this horrid transaction reached Montreal, Lord Selkirk, it seems, determined at once to secure the culprits or their employers, and for this purpose proceeded up the country, taking with him a considerable number of people, consisting chiefly of disbanded men from Meuron's regiment ; marched them, as his enemies say, directly against Fort William, (the principal post of the North-west Company on Lake Superior,) and, having summoned the garrison in a true military style, which is said to have surrendered at discretion, sent the whole of the *North-westers*, including the Mac Gillivrays, the Mac Leods, Mac Kenzies, Frazers, and many other

'Scottish northern chiefs

Of high and warlike name,'

as prisoners of war to Montreal, where they were released from their parole, or, in other words, admitted to bail.

His lordship's friends, however, say that he took possession by the more peaceable process of a warrant issued by himself in his capacity of magistrate. Indeed we hardly can persuade ourselves that Lord Selkirk would venture to exercise, under any authority, such a stretch of power as is here imputed to him ; at least his avowed political principles lead us to think otherwise. But we hasten to his pamphlet, which fully prepares us only for transactions like that just mentioned, but—for almost any species of outrage and aggression.

When Canada was a province of France, the fur trade was carried on under a system of exclusive privileges. The governor granted licenses to individuals to trade with the Indians, within certain prescribed limits ; the persons who obtained these privileges being generally officers of the army or others of respectable family-connexion ; and this system, Lord Selkirk observes, established and

extended the political influence of the French government in its transactions with the Indian nations of America. The privileged traders were generally men of education, and it was their interest, as well as duty, to promote the general objects expected from them; knowing that, on failure, their exclusive rights would be withdrawn. Their conduct besides was closely watched by the missionaries, whose attention was particularly directed to the prevention of abuses arising from the sale of spirituous liquors among the savages. This system had the best effect in improving the character and increasing the comforts of the natives; 'as a proof of which,' says Lord Selkirk, 'we need only compare the present state of the Indians in Canada, with that in which they stood immediately after the conquest of that province by Great Britain, at which period populous villages existed in many districts where, at present, we meet only two or three wandering families, and these addicted to the most brutal excesses, and a prey to want and misery.'

This system of traffic, however, being inconsistent with the received principles of 'freedom of trade' under the English government, was speedily abolished, and the trade thrown open; the first adventurers made large profits; and this encouraged others to embark in the same concern; a keen commercial competition arose, which, if confined to *innocent* barter, might have been advantageous to the Indians by supplying them with better goods on more reasonable terms: but it was soon discovered that, of all the goods offered for sale, a profuse supply of spirituous liquors was the shortest and most ready mode of obtaining a preference in the market. The propensity of the Indians to intoxication was fostered by unbounded temptation; and disorders of all kinds were the result: the rival traders, scattered over a country of immense extent, and removed to a distance from all civil authority, believed, and were confirmed in the belief, that the commission of almost every crime would pass with impunity. 'Every art,' says Lord Selkirk, 'which malice could devise, was exerted without restraint, and the intercourse of the traders with each other partook more of the style of the savages by whom they were surrounded, than of the country from which they had sprung.' His lordship quotes Mr. Henry and Sir Alexander M'Kenzie to prove the reciprocal hostility of the traders,—'each pursuing his own interests in such a manner as might most injure his neighbour,'—and the baneful effects of such conduct on the morals of the Indians. The agents principally employed in the distant parts of the country were French Canadians, known by the name of *Coureurs des bois*, a set of men who, by accompanying the natives on their hunting and trading excursions, had become so attached to the Indian mode of life, that they had lost all relish for their former habits and native homes. The missionaries



complained of the licentious manners of these men, whom they represented as a disgrace to the Christian religion; while the Indians, losing all respect for them, laid them under frequent contributions: the merchants who had embarked in the trade were disgusted with their ill success, and refused to continue their advances. Sir Alexander states, that in the year 1780, as some of these traders were about to depart from the Eagle Hills, where a large band of Indians were engaged in drinking near their houses, a Canadian, 'to ease himself of the troublesome importunities of a native, gave him a dose of laudanum in a glass of grog, which effectually prevented him from giving further trouble to any one, by setting him asleep for ever.' The consequence of this was a fray, in which one of the traders and several of the men were killed, and the rest saved themselves by flight. About the same time two of the establishments on the Assineboin River were attacked, when several white men and a greater number of Indians were killed. In short, it appeared that the natives had come to the resolution of extirpating the traders, and that they were only saved from their indignation by the ravages of the smallpox, which, at this moment, spread among the Indians like a pestilence, and almost depopulated the country. By this calamity the traders, though rescued from personal danger, found the source of their profits cut off; no furs were brought to them; and those natives who had escaped the contagion, fled their approach, and hunted only for their own subsistence.

In this forlorn situation of the fur trade, the merchants of Canada thought it best to form an association under the name of the *North-west Company*, and throw their separate capitals into one common stock; but a few individuals, not satisfied with the arrangement, continued to carry on a separate trade. This retarded a general union, which, when effected, was again dissolved; in 1798, a great secession from the North-west Company took place, and a new one was formed, known by the name of the *X. Y. Company*. A coalition, however, was at length effected between these rival bodies in the year 1805, at which time the North-west Company took its present form and character—a character so curious, that we shall briefly describe it from Lord Selkirk's pages.

The whole concern is divided into a hundred shares; seventy-five of which belong to the Old, and twenty-five to the New Company; of the former, thirty are held by one house at Montreal; of the latter, eighteen or nineteen are appropriated to different houses in Montreal and London; the remaining shares are held by individuals, who are termed *wintering partners*, and who take upon themselves the charge of managing the affairs of the Company in the interior. These partners hold a general meeting every summer at the rendez-

vous of Fort William, at the Grand Portage, on Lake Superior; where all matters are decided by a majority of votes, each share giving a vote, and absentees voting by proxy. After a certain period of service, a wintering partner is permitted to retire with considerable allowances; the vacancy is filled by the election of a clerk, who must have served a certain number of years, under the direction of the wintering partners, in the management of one or more trading posts in the interior; the choice, as may be supposed, generally falls on one who possesses the qualifications most requisite for promoting the common interest; he must be well acquainted with the nature of the trade, the character and manners of the Indians, and the mode of acquiring influence among them. The hope of obtaining the envied situation of a *partner*, excites among the senior clerks an activity and zeal for the general interests of the concern, hardly inferior to that of the partners themselves; who, on their part, watch closely the conduct of the clerks under their immediate command, not only from regard to the common interest, in which they participate, but also from feelings of personal responsibility; as the praise or censure of his associates is dealt out to each partner according to the success or failure of his management, and the profit or loss on his ledger.

This system Lord Selkirk observes, is admirably calculated to infuse activity into every department; and to direct that activity, in the most effectual manner, and with complete unity of purpose, towards the common interest; but is by no means calculated to produce much respect for the rights of others: on the contrary, he adds, 'the very nature of the association and the extensive range which their operations embrace, cannot fail to produce an *esprit de corps* not very consistent with the feelings of propriety and justice;' and this observation is particularly applicable to the wintering partners. Secluded from all society, except that of persons who have the same interests with himself, the necessity of maintaining a fair character in the estimation of the public, which, in the common intercourse of civilized society, operates as a check on the inordinate stimulus of self-interest, has no influence with him; he is solicitous only for the approbation of those who are not likely to judge his excesses with extreme rigour. He knows too that in these remote regions, the restraints of law cannot operate; and that it must be a case of very extraordinary importance which would induce a plaintiff to travel thousands of miles to find the court from which he is to seek redress. It cannot, therefore, excite much surprise if, under such circumstances, acts of injustice and oppression are committed against weaker neighbours. His lordship concludes by asking—'if acts of illegal violence are allowed to pass without any mark of reprobation; and still more, if promotion is given to those

who can be guilty of them, whether it can be doubted that there exists a regular, concentrated plan of systematic oppression, carried on with the consent and approbation of those who have the chief active direction of the affairs of the Company ?

To prove that such a *systematic* plan does exist, he proceeds to point out the conduct of the company, with regard, first, to their own servants in the interior—secondly, to the native Indians—and lastly, to private traders.

If the facts stated be true, they are most disgraceful to the parties concerned, and highly discreditable to the national character; if false, we doubt not the gentlemen, connected with the North-west Company, in London and Montreal, many of whom are very respectable, will feel it incumbent on them to take immediate steps to wash away the foul stain cast upon them, by the felonious acts of pillage, robbery and murder, which they are seriously charged with having sanctioned and abetted.

It appears from the Journal of Count Adriani, as quoted by the Duc de Liancourt, and from Mr. (now Sir Alexander) M'Kenzie, that the *voyageurs*, or servants employed in the interior by the North-west Company, are men of the most uncontrolled dissipation and licentiousness, and that the Company encourage this conduct; that drunkenness and debauchery are so essential a part of the system, that if any of them evince a disposition to economy and sobriety, they are selected for the most laborious drudgery, and subjected to such a train of ill usage as to drive them at length into the general system. Their wages are not paid in hard cash; but the Company take care to supply them with rum, blankets, and trinkets for the Indian women, and no difficulty is made in allowing them credit till they become deeply involved in debt. The servant is then in complete bondage, 'and no alternative left him but absolute submission to his employers, or a gaol. He must, therefore, yield to every imposition which his superiors think fit to practise upon him'—a trifling imposition, it seems, of not more than three or four hundred per cent. on every article which he takes from them? Besides this, money is reckoned according to the *North-west currency*—every shilling of which is accounted *two* of the ordinary money of the province; so that we cannot greatly wonder that with wages nominally double or treble the annual rate of wages in the province, the servants of the North-west Company should never realize any property. 'So far, indeed,' says Lord Selkirk, 'from saving money, or bettering their condition in this service, there are many of them who leave their families in great distress, and never remit any part of their wages for the support of their wives and children;' and, he adds, 'strangers travelling through Lower Canada must be struck with the frequent appearance of

beggarly hovels, bespeaking a degree of poverty seldom to be met with in other parts of America ;—these habitations are usually occupied by the families of Voyageurs employed in the north-west.’

‘The number of Voyageurs in the service of the North-west Company cannot be less than 2,000. Their nominal wages are from 30*l.* to 60*l.*, some as high as 80*l.*, or even 100*l.*—the average cannot be less than 40*l.*, and is probably higher ; so that the sum-total of wages must be 80 or 90,000*l.* The gross return of their trade seldom exceeds 150,000*l.*, and when the cost of trading goods and all the expenses of the concern are taken into consideration, it must be very evident that the Company could never afford, out of this sum, to pay such an amount of wages. To obviate this difficulty their servants receive goods, the real value of which cannot be accurately known without a reference to the books of the Company ; but in the opinion of persons of the best general information, the prime cost of the goods so employed cannot exceed 10,000*l.* sterling. From one article a judgment may be formed of the rest—*spirits* are sold to the servants of the Company in the interior, at the rate of eight dollars per quart, which cost the Company little more than one dollar per gallon at Montreal ; so that when a servant becomes addicted to drinking spirits (no very uncommon case) it is an easy matter to add 10*l.* or 20*l.* to his nominal wages.’—p. 39, 40.

If such be the treatment of their own servants, that which is experienced by the Indians, it may readily be imagined, is not likely to be of a more just or lenient description. Lord Selkirk says that the instances are numerous of Indians being plundered of their property, and of personal violence being exercised towards them, for no offence but that of having presumed to trade with others, who offered them a better price for their furs ; that though this is generally done under some pretence of debt, instances are common of the most brutal and atrocious violence, when no such pretence could be alleged. One of these we shall give.

‘In the year 1786 one of the gentlemen of the North-west Company had been killed near Cumberland House, by a particular band of Indians. From the timid character of the Indians in that quarter, and the insults to which they have been in the habit of continually submitting, it is more than probable that they must have been driven to this act of desperation by some extraordinary provocation. However that might be, it was thought of essential consequence to the North-west Company that the act should not pass unpunished. One of the Indians supposed to be guilty was overtaken by a party of the Company’s servants, commanded by Mr. M’Kay, the partner in charge of the department, who taking upon himself the office of executioner, as well as of judge and jury, levelled his gun, and shot the offender dead upon the spot. Another Indian of the same band was taken alive ; a sort of mock trial was held, in which three partners of the North-west Company condemned him to death ; and he was immediately hanged on a tree in the neighbourhood of the trading-post.’—p. 47.

It would be a disgusting task, says his lordship, to detail the numerous and continued acts of violence exercised in the most illegal and tyrannical manner against the wretched natives of these districts; who have, in consequence of their connexion with the traders, been growing more deficient in every estimable point of character, from the time that Canada fell under the government of Great Britain. The cause of this humiliating fact, Lord Selkirk adds, can no longer be a mystery, when it is known that the management of these people has been left without control in the hands of men, 'who speculate upon the vices of their servants.'—Nor must the whole blame be thrown on the wintering partners. Their principals in London are accused of having lent themselves to counteract measures which might have tended to reform the habits, and ameliorate the condition of the native Indians. The American government, it is said, by placing an effectual restraint on the sale of spirituous liquors, has exceeded in exciting a spirit of regularity and industry, formerly unknown among the Indian tribes residing on the waters of the Ohio. When the same measure was proposed to be adopted with regard to the Indians within the British boundaries, the Hudson's Bay Company are stated to have expressed their hearty concurrence in the proposition, as equally beneficial to the native inhabitants, and to the comfort and security of all who resided among them; but the agents and partners of the North-west Company, in London, strongly opposed it; and were supported by such influence as made it necessary, at that time, to drop the further prosecution of the measure.

Lord Selkirk proceeds to show how impossible it is to contend with the North-west Company, whose outrageous acts of violence and injustice long since drove all private competitors out of the trade; and even rendered it necessary for the New-Company to form a junction with them. On this occasion Sir A. Mackenzie observes, 'after the severest struggle ever known in that part of the world, and suffering every oppression which a jealous and rival spirit could instigate; after the murder of one of our partners, the laming of another, and the narrow escape of one of our clerks, who received a bullet through his powder-horn in the execution of his duty, they were compelled to allow us a share in the trade.' Once united, however, the two parties, Lord Selkirk observes, were equally desirous of throwing a veil over the atrocities which took place during their quarrel.

We deem it unnecessary to trouble our readers with a long recital of the unjust and atrocious conduct which Lord Selkirk accuses the North-west Company of having held towards their rivals the Hudson's Bay Company. It is stamped with the same character as that of the other two Companies towards each other

before their junction. The instances related of theft, robbery, and murder, hitherto committed with impunity, render it sufficiently evident 'that the extensive countries occupied by the North-west Company are in a state which calls aloud for the attention of the British legislature; and that the honour of the nation cannot fail to be tarnished, if the outrages now practised be allowed to go on without effectual check or interference.' As matters stand, there is scarcely a possibility of bringing an offender to justice for crimes committed within the 'Indian territories,' however atrocious. The only act of the British legislature which relates to them is that of 43 Geo. III. cap. 138, commonly called the 'Canada Jurisdiction Act;' the countries over which its operations extend are so vaguely defined, that the persons who drew it up must, as Lord Selkirk thinks, have been ignorant of the existence of any British colony in North America, except Upper and Lower Canada. By this law all acts of violence and oppression must be tried in Montreal, a distance of three or four thousand miles from many parts of the 'Indian territories,' and thither the parties must repair by an inland navigation, far more tedious and difficult than a voyage to England. At Montreal, a Canadian criminal is in the midst of his friends and connexions, with his employers on the spot, anxious to defend him. 'But how is it,' asks Lord Selkirk, 'with the English trader, who is dragged down by this route to take his trial in a place where he is an utter stranger—in the midst of his enemies—where his employer may probably not have a correspondent to pay the smallest attention to his interest, and where he cannot bring down a single witness for his defence, except at an enormous expense and inconvenience?

One case only, it seems, has been brought to trial under this act, and we most heartily concur in Lord Selkirk's observations, that 'the whole transaction which gave rise to that trial, and the singular proceedings connected with it, are of a description scarcely to be equalled in the judicial annals of any age or country.' It is too long to extract, but the case is briefly this: In the year 1809, a party of the North-west Company, under the command of one Eneas Mac Donnel, armed with swords and pistols, assaulted and plundered an unarmed party of the Hudson's Bay Company, wounded several, and pursued them to their house, where John Mowat, a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, whom Mac Donnel had previously struck with his sword and was preparing to strike again, shot Mac Donnel on the spot. To prevent further bloodshed, Mowat stepped forward and voluntarily surrendered himself; and it was settled that two of the Hudson's Bay servants should be taken down with him to Montreal, as witnesses in his behalf. The treatment of Mowat during eigh-

teen months confinement at Fort William, where he was loaded with heavy irons, in a miserable dungeon about eight feet square, without window or light of any kind, is of so disgraceful and barbarous a character, as scarcely to be credited. His witnesses, who were subject to every sort of insult and indignity, were not allowed to see him when sick, till he grew dangerously ill. They 'found him in a most lamentable state, his arms cut with his fetters, and his body covered with boils;' and when at length he was brought out of his dungeon, to be sent to Montreal, he fell down from weakness. The two witnesses who had volunteered a journey of fifteen hundred miles, were, on their arrival at Montreal, entrapped, and committed by a magistrate to the common gaol, 'for aiding and abetting one John Mowat in the murder of Eneas Mac Donnel,' in order to prevent any one from appearing in his favour. In this gaol they remained six months, when they, together with Mowat, were indicted for murder. The Grand Jury found a true bill against Mowat, but none against them; so that, fortunately for the accused, they became competent witnesses. The delay had, however, the advantage of procuring counsel for his defence, which it appears was highly necessary. From the extensive commercial establishment, and the limited population of Montreal, where the partners form a principal part of the society, and are connected, by marriage or consanguinity, with almost all the principal families, it may be supposed that it is not easy to find either a grand or a petty jury totally unconnected with the North-west Company, and that even the bench may not be wholly free from bias: but the proceedings of the trial are so extraordinary that Lord Selkirk shall speak for himself.—

'In the case of Mowat it is well known that several partners of the North-west Company were upon the grand jury which found the bill of indictment; and out of four judges, who sat upon the bench, two were nearly related to individuals of that association. In the course of the trial circumstances occurred which could not have taken place in a court of justice in England, without exciting indignation from one end of the kingdom to the other. The counsel for the prisoner was repeatedly interrupted in his cross-examination of the witnesses for the prosecution, by the judges prompting the witness, and helping him to preserve his consistency. One of these witnesses however did, on his cross-examination, acknowledge facts totally inconsistent with the evidence which he had given upon his examination in chief; and upon this, one of the judges interrupted the counsel in an angry tone, and reproached him for having made the witness contradict himself. It was with great difficulty that the advocate for the prisoner could obtain leave to address the jury on the point of law, and to explain the distinction between murder and justifiable homicide. His argument was repeatedly interrupted from the bench; and, notwithstanding the

clearest evidence that Mac Donnell began the fray in the most unprovoked and unprincipled manner, that he was engaged in an act of direct robbery, and that he was threatening the lives of Mowat and his fellow-servants at the time he was shot; it was the opinion of the bench, that the man who killed him was guilty of *murder*, and such was their charge to the jury. After a consultation of fifteen or sixteen hours, the jury brought in a verdict of *manslaughter*.'—p. 103.

Mowat was sentenced to six months imprisonment, and to be branded on the hand with a hot iron! His friends endeavoured to prevail on him to petition the president of the province to have the burning on the hand remitted: the petition was drawn up, and the jury joined in the object of it; but every attempt to persuade Mowat to sign it was unavailing; he remained inflexible, declaring that he would ask no favour in a country where he had been so unjustly condemned; and he was burnt in the hand in pursuance of his sentence.

Lord Selkirk winds up the catalogue of the crimes of the North-west Company, by contrasting them with the honourable views, the fair dealing, and the moderation of the Hudson's Bay Company. Perhaps, however, the true point of contrast consists in the energy of the one and the apathy of the other—between the dangers, the fatigue, and the sufferings from cold and hunger, endured by one set of people, and the torpid state of existence which the others drag on, not very unlike that of the cold-blooded animals by whom they are surrounded. Shut up in summer and winter within their three forts, situated on the shores of Hudson's Bay, these people, for a long time, held no other intercourse with the native Indians than receiving from them, at the foot of their walls, their bear skins and beaver skins, their goose quills and castoreum, at one end of a rope, and lowering down at the other their value in blankets, baubles, and brandy. Of the fatigue, drudgery, and activity of the servants of the North-west Company, a tolerable good notion may be formed from Sir A. Mackenzie's 'General History of the Fur Trade.' In treating of the indulgence, to which he thinks the North-west Company entitled, of conducting their trade to and from the interior by the Nelson river into Hudson's Bay, he says,—

'The enhanced value of the articles, and the present difficulty of transporting them, will be fully comprehended when I relate, that the tract of transport occupies an extent of from three to four thousand miles, through upwards of sixty large lakes, and numerous rivers, and that the means of transport are slight bark canoes. It must also be observed that those waters are intercepted by more than two hundred rapids, along which the articles of merchandise are chiefly carried on men's backs, and over one hundred and thirty carrying-places, from twenty-five paces to thirteen miles in length, where the canoes and cargoes proceed by the same toilsome and perilous operations.'



Lord Selkirk, however, has no intention of entering the lists as a rival trader with the North-west Company, his grand object being that of establishing a body of industrious farmers in the interior of the Indian territories; to create an increased population, an effective police, and a regular administration of justice, than which, he says, nothing can be a greater object of dread to those who maintain a commercial monopoly by the habitual exercise of illegal violence; 'and who never will be fully satisfied unless the extensive regions in the north-west of America continue in the exclusive occupation of the savage Indians, the wild beasts of the forest, and themselves.'

We have strong doubts, we confess, of the policy as well as the efficacy of Lord Selkirk's plan of colonization. While we have such valuable possessions as the Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon, (perhaps, politically speaking, the most valuable of all others,) almost without a population, we cannot observe without the deepest regret the tide of emigration setting so strongly to the North-westward—but leaving the consideration of this point for the present—we can discover little to be gained on the side of 'morality.' Even the decent, quiet, sober-minded Highlander, and the well-disposed Canadian, after a few years service in the 'fur trade,' part with the 'innocence of their habits,' and 'return home much corrupted:' and does Lord Selkirk suppose that the discharged soldiers from Meuron's regiment will preserve *their* 'innocence?' that they will sit down quietly where he may choose to fix them, labouring, 'in the sweat of their brows, merely to gain a subsistence?' Placed, as they must necessarily be till a population has been created, far beyond any market to receive their surplus produce, and scattered, as they would take especial care to be, at a wide distance from each other, is there not every reason to apprehend that they would quit the plough and the spade to engage in the 'fur trade?'—this alone, according to Lord Selkirk's maxim, would at once convert their innocence into brutal ferocity, and render them fit associates for the subjects of the back settlements of a neighbouring state. Like the inhabitants of Pittsburgh, they would soon learn to hunt Indians 'during the shooting season,' and scalp them for their profit or their amusement.

But if England cannot profit from the colonization of these remote regions, it may not be amiss to consider what advantage she is likely to derive from their produce. The whole concern of the 'fur trade,' which has occasioned the disgraceful proceeding here stated, never exceeds, by Lord Selkirk's account, 300,000*l.*—'a branch of commerce which gives occasion to the exportation of 40 or 50,000*l.* of British manufactures,'—and in which three ships are employed! Even this miserable trade, according to Lord

Selkirk, is verging rapidly towards its ruin. The system of the North-west Company, he says, is to obtain a great immediate return of furs, without any regard to its permanent continuance, and with this view a war of extermination is waged against all the valuable fur-bearing animals; the beaver, the most valuable of them, will, he tells us, in no long period of time, be nearly extirpated by the 'gigantic system of poaching carried on by the North-west Company.' It may be so; though we confess our fears incline rather towards the extermination of the Indians, than of the 'fur-bearing animals;' the former are confessedly disappearing in a rapid progression, while the latter will, from that circumstance, as rapidly increase. The enumeration of one year's supply to the North-west Company, as given by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, will afford some estimate of the number and kind of animals annually destroyed. They are as follows:—Skips of the beaver, 106,000; the bear, 2,100; the fox, 5,500; the otter, 4,600; the musquash, 17,000; the marten, 32,000; the mink, 1800; the lynx, 6,000; the wolverine, 600; the fisher, 1,650; the raccoon, 100; the wolf, 3,800; the elk, 700; the deer, 1,950. By doubling those numbers in order to take in the consumption of the native Indians, those lost and destroyed on the passage, and those exported by the Hudson's Bay Company, we shall perhaps come pretty nearly to the actual number destroyed every year: nor is there any thing very surprising in this great slaughter, when we consider what quantities of game are consumed even in well peopled countries, without the smallest risk of extirpating the breed. The only remarkable feature here is the vast multitudes of various animals to be found within the cold and apparently barren regions of the Arctic circle. Mons. Jeremie, once governor of Fort Bourbon, (now York,) says, that when the rein-deer are driven out of the thickets by the clouds of mosquitoes which, on the return of summer, darken the air, they fly to the shores of Hudson's Bay, in herds of ten thousand, scouring across these bleak and naked plains, untrodden perhaps by ten human beings in the course of as many years. We learn from the same authority, fully corroborated by the testimony of travellers, that the flocks of geese and swans, of cranes, cormorants, bustards, pelicans, and ducks, are so numerous as to obscure the sky, and so noisy, in rising from the ground, as to deafen the bye-standers. M. Jeremie, and his garrison of eighty men, caught and consumed, in one winter, ninety thousand white partridges, and twenty-five thousand hares. The rein-deer are the most numerous of the larger animals, but elks, bears, buffaloes, the musk ox and the moose deer are all abundant. Nor are the waters less productive. The sea and the straits are amply stocked with the whale and the narwal, the

grampus, the seal, and the sea-horse—the lakes and rivers with salmon, sturgeon, trout, pike, and carp; so successfully are animals enabled to struggle against every inconvenience of soil or climate, and to ‘increase and multiply, and replenish the earth,’ when undisturbed by the presence of man. As far however as the beaver is concerned, Lord Selkirk’s apprehensions may not be unfounded. His haunts are known, and his habitation, constructed with such wonderful industry and skill, is easily discovered: most of the others have a retreat beyond the reach of man.

In taking leave of Lord Selkirk, we shall just observe, that his ‘Sketch of the Fur Trade’ is in no respect equal, as to information, to the ‘History’ of that trade, by Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Its character, indeed, is less that of a history, than of a Bill of Indictment against the North-west Company—an angry attack on the provincial administration of justice—and a panegyric on the Hudson’s Bay Company. The points at issue between the conflicting parties are matters not for us to intermeddle with; we have no desire to prejudice or prejudge the case of either; but we cannot join in the praise ascribed to the Hudson’s Bay Company, whose only merits (if they have any) are, at any rate, of the negative kind. Their total disregard of every object for which they obtained, and have now held, a Royal Charter for nearly one hundred and fifty years, entitles them to anything but praise. The great leading feature on which their petition for an exclusive charter was grounded, the discovery of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has not only been totally neglected, but, unless they have been grossly calumniated, thwarted by every means in their power. The examination of the work, whose title stands at the head of this article, will lead to a few observations on their conduct in this respect.

The Spaniards cannot disavow the name of Maldonado, as they have done that of Fuente. It has been registered with applause by their most authentic bibliographers; and consecrated, as it were, by assigning to it the best port in their possessions on the east-side of South America: nor can they deny the existence of the journal of such a voyage, as the one in question; having sent so recently as 1789, the corvettes *la Descubierta* et *l’Atrevida*, under the orders of Malaspina, to examine the passages and inlets, which might be found to break the continuity of the line of coast of North-west America, between 53° and 60° of N. latitude; ‘in order to discover the strait by which Laurent Ferrer Maldonado was supposed to have passed in 1588, from the coast of Labrador to the Great Ocean.’ That this was the main object of the expedition appears from a letter of a friend of Malaspina, employed on the voyage, which was seen by Am-  
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retti, and which states that the journal of Maldonado was in the hands of the Duc de l'Infantado: the same circumstance is mentioned by the writer of the Introduction to the voyage of *Le Sutil* and *Mexicana*, published at Madrid in 1802, who says that the Commander of this expedition was furnished with a copy of it, taken from that of the Duc de l'Infantado.—It is sufficiently clear, therefore, that the Spaniards of the present day are disposed to believe that some such voyage was made: they have, in fact, very strong testimony concerning it. In the *Bibliotheca Hispana* of Nicolao Antonio, under the article 'Laurent Ferrer Maldonado,' we are told that he was well skilled in nautical matters and in geography; that he published a book entitled '*Imagen del Mundo, &c.*'—and that he (Nicolao Antonio) had seen in the hands of Mascarenas, bishop of Segovia, the manuscript of a Voyage, 'being the Relation of the Discovery of the Strait of Anian, made by the author in the year 1588.\*' Antonio de Leon Pinelo also bears testimony to his talents as a navigator, and tells us, that he presented to the Council of the Indies (of which Pinelo was a member) two plans, one relating to rendering the magnetic needle not subject to variation, the other, to finding the longitude at sea. Now Pinelo, Antonio, the Bishop of Segovia, and Maldonado, were contemporaries; so that all doubt of the co-existence of such a person and such a manuscript is removed; and it is to be presumed that the members of the 'Consejo de las Indias' had the latter in their keeping, Mascarenas being a member and senator of that board. The question is, whether the manuscript, of which Amoretti has published the translation, in Italian, and afterwards in French, is the identical one mentioned by Antonio, and written by Maldonado?

The account which Amoretti gives of it is this: and we have always found so much good faith in the Italian publishers of voyages and travels, from Ramusio to the present time, that we are inclined to yield implicit credence to his story. He says, that in examining the manuscripts of the Ambrosial library of Milan, of which he is librarian, with a view to publish (agreeably to the intention of its founder, the Cardinal Boromeo) such of them as should be found to contain new and instructive matter, his attention was arrested by a small volume written

\* 'Laurentius Ferrer Maldonado militis olim, &c.—' *Imagen del Mundo sobre la Esfera, Cosmografia, Geografia, y arte de Navegar, compluti apud Johannem Garrnam, 1626.*

† *Relacion del Descubrimiento del Estrecho de Anian hecho por el Autor. Quem vidit M.S. apud D. Hieronymum Mascarenas regium ordinum militarium, deinde Concilium Portugallie Senatorem, Segoviensem nunc Antistitem. Expeditionem autem hanc nauticam se fecisse anno 1588 autor ait.*—*Bib. Hist.* tom. ii. p. 2

‡ *Epitome de la Biblioteca Oriental y Occidental, Nautica y Geografica, Madrid.* 629.

in the Spanish language, and entitled 'A Relation of the Discovery of the Strait of Anian by Captain Laurent Ferrer Maldonado, towards the end of the 16th century,' &c. At first he considered it only as a tale to amuse the curious; but on reading it with attention, he found it stamped so strongly with the character of authenticity and veracity, that he determined to translate it, and to add to it some notes and a treatise to prove the truth of the 'Relation;' and as M. de Humboldt and others had consigned it to the rank of geographical impostures, before they knew what it contained, he conceived himself called upon to justify the manuscript and his own researches, by giving to the world the present volume. He states fairly that he has not been able to trace, nor can he conjecture, how this manuscript had come into the possession of the founder of the Milan library; but the writing, he observes, is that of the end of the sixteenth, or beginning of the seventeenth century; and from the paper having on it 'le filigrane du Pèlerin,' a common mark on the paper of that period, he conjectures it was written at Milan; concluding from the frequent omissions and the faults in the orthography, that it must have been copied in haste. How far this document may be entitled to the character of 'veracity or authenticity' a brief examination will enable us to judge.

The memoir, or 'Relation' as it is called, consists of thirty-five paragraphs.

The first eight are employed chiefly in enumerating the advantages that would result to Spain from the navigation to the Indies by the North-west passage; as the shortness of the voyage—the monopoly of the spice trade—the facility of sending troops to the colonies—and the opening of a new door for the conversion of pagans. To secure these advantages, the necessity is pointed out of Spain being the first to get possession of the Strait of Anian; and the king is reminded that, the year before, the English had sent some ships in search of it,—all of which might just as well have been written by a clerk in the India Board of Madrid as by Maldonado. The last observation, however, is so far important that it determines the date of the memorial to be that of the voyage, the expedition of Davis in 1587 being that of the preceding year alluded to.

The ninth to the sixteenth inclusive contains general instructions for the navigation. They inform us, that by steering N. W. and running 450 leagues from Lisbon, the navigator will reach Friesland, anciently called Thyle, an island somewhat less than Iceland, lying in 60° N. latitude, and by continuing on that parallel 120 leagues, he will open the Strait of Labrador, 30 leagues in width; the land, on the left, low; on the right, mountainous; the latter forming two straits, one running to the N. E., the other to the N.W.—that to the north-west must be taken, and when the navi-

gator has run 80 leagues, he will find himself in  $64^{\circ}$  : from hence the strait takes a northerly direction, 120 leagues, to  $72^{\circ}$ , and then changes to the N. W. for 90 leagues, or to the 75th degree of latitude ; the whole length of the Strait of Labrador being 240 leagues, (it should be 290). From the northern extremity of the Strait of Labrador, the course changes to S. W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W. through an open sea, 350 leagues, which will reduce the latitude to  $71^{\circ}$ , and here some high land will appear on the coast of America. The course then changes to W. S.W. for 440 leagues, when the navigator will find himself on the 60th parallel of latitude, and at the entrance of the Strait of Anian. Maldonado then recapitulates the distances which he himself sailed, and which he states to be, from Spain to Friesland, 460 leagues ; from thence to Labrador, 180 ; from thence through the Straits, 280 ; making 920 ; to which adding 790 across the sea, the total distance from Spain to the Strait of Anian is 1710 leagues.

Passing over the numerical blunders, we shall content ourselves with two observations on this part of the ' Relation : ' the first is, that he sails along the northern coast of Labrador, or through Hudson's Straits, 290 leagues, an intricate and perilous navigation, through narrow passes so choked up with ice as frequently to make it nearly impracticable even in the summer months ;—yet Maldonado clears the whole of them, up to the 75th degree of latitude, *before* the month of March ; that is to say, when the sun at noon was about  $13^{\circ}$  high, and the day not five hours long.—The second observation is, that taking the courses and distances steered from the northern mouth of the Strait of Labrador, namely S.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W. 350 leagues, and W. S.W. 440 leagues ; the latitude at the end of the first would *not* be  $71^{\circ}$ , *nor* at the end of the second  $60^{\circ}$  ; and that, with these courses and distances, the navigator, instead of arriving at the Strait of Anian, (now Behring's Strait,) would be astonished to find himself on the other side of the peninsula of Kamtschatka, in the midst of the sea of Oskotsk, if the old Spanish league of  $17\frac{1}{2}$  to the degree be reckoned ; and 20 leagues to the degree would have carried him to the middle of the sea of Kamtschatka.

The seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth paragraphs relate chiefly to the short days and cold weather in going, the long days and warm weather in returning, the ease with which the Northern Ocean is navigated, and the error of those who suppose it to be entirely frozen over : he had before adverted to the possibility of persons being surprised to hear him talk of navigating in so high a latitude ; but, says he, the Hanseatics live in  $72^{\circ}$ , and we see every year, in their port of St. Michael, from 500 to 1000 ships, which must necessarily proceed to the parallel of  $75^{\circ}$  before they can pass thither from the Sea of Flanders.

The north cape, round which ships 'must necessarily proceed' in order to pass into the White Sea, is in latitude  $71^{\circ} 10'$ , and is usually passed in  $72^{\circ}$ , and from that to  $73^{\circ}$ , instead of  $75^{\circ}$ , and the port of St. Michael is in  $64\frac{1}{2}$ . These little mistakes could scarcely have been made by Maldonado, who was 'well skilled in the art of navigation,' and who had written a treatise on geography. The port, besides, in 1558, was named St. Nicholas, and the town Kholmogar; it then consisted of nine houses; and the trade, almost wholly English, was carried on in nine ships. In 1637 the town was burned down, and on being re-built it took the name of Archangel, from an adjoining monastery dedicated to the Archangel Michael:—circumstances which lead us to suspect that the 'Relation' was written about the middle of the seventeenth, instead of the end of the sixteenth century.

The twentieth to the thirty-second paragraph inclusive contains a topographical description of the celebrated strait of Anian, and the adjoining coasts of Asia and America, which, Maldonado is pleased to inform the king of Spain, are separated by it. To ascertain its relative position, the author takes a cruise of fifteen days; 'sailing S. W. one hundred leagues along the coast of America, he was then in the latitude of  $55^{\circ}$ ; but on the whole of this coast he saw no traces of population. Now it so happens, that, from his port in Anian, which he repeatedly tells us is situated in  $60^{\circ}$ , a S. W. course for one hundred leagues could not, as every common seaman could tell this 'skilful navigator,' bring him into latitude  $55^{\circ}$ , nor permit him to see any part of the coast of America; its direction, instead of S. W. being rather to the *Eastward* of South. From the parallel of  $55^{\circ}$  however, he steers directly east 120 leagues, which would have brought him, in fact, to the very middle of the sea of Kamschatka; instead of which he found himself so near to the coast of a mountainous continent, that in many places he could see the natives; and on this he sagaciously observes, that, 'according to correct cosmography, he judged that the land belonged to Tartary or Catai, and that the great city of Cambalu (Pekin) was only a few leagues distant.'

Such gross blunders in plain sailing and geography could not possibly be committed by one 'skilled in navigation:'—but we proceed to his topography of the Strait, and his description of the port at its southern extremity. He says, that on the coast of America, at the mouth of the strait which opens into the South Sea, there is a port capable of containing 500 vessels; that no human foot had trodden its shores, as would appear from a pond, on whose margin lay an infinite quantity of egg-shells of sea-fowls, which formed a kind of wall or dike above 2 *para* ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet) high, and eight paces broad. A river fell into the har-

bour, into which a vessel of 500 tons might enter. The surrounding country was delightful to behold, consisting of plains of great extent, capable of tillage; the air soft and agreeable; and the mildness of the winter apparent from the excellent fruits found dried on the trees, and remaining on them from the preceding year. Birds, beasts and fishes abound in this fine climate under the 60th parallel, in which nature would seem to have forgotten nothing but man; for none appeared during their stay.

We did not expect to find Cook called upon to support this description of Maldonado; yet so it is. Amoretti is so much prepossessed in favour of the 'veracity and the authenticity' of the 'Relation,' that he traces the most perfect accordance between the two navigators. No two descriptions however can be more at variance. Instead of any port, bay, or inlet, under the parallel of 60°, Cook found a straight coast; and a low point, to which he gave the name of Shoal-ness, occupies the place of Maldonado's harbour: the country perfectly naked, producing neither tree nor shrub; but no less than twenty-seven canoes came off from the very spot, each having a man in it. According to Cook, Behring's Strait is about sixty leagues long, and fourteen wide, in the narrowest part; the strait of Anian, in Maldonado, is fifteen leagues long; at the northern extremity not quite *half an English mile wide*, and at the southern about a *quarter of a league*, in the middle of which is a great rock or islet; so that, he observes, the whole strait is capable of being defended with a chain, provided one could be made strong enough; but at all events two sentinels on the northern part, and three on the southern, one on each continent, and one on the islet, could give immediate notice by signals of the approach of ships either from the Northern or the Pacific Ocean.

This description somewhat staggers Amoretti, though he is disposed to think that a point might be stretched on this occasion, by reading *breadth* for length, and thus bringing the fifteen leagues of Maldonado pretty nearly to the fourteen of Cook; but the difficulty of getting rid of the width would still remain. The Duc d'Almadover, however, helps him out of his dilemma, by suggesting that some extraordinary convulsion of the two coasts may have enlarged the strait since Maldonado's time, to the size which Cook found it to be; in short, any thing to give credit to the Voyage of Maldonado, and accommodate its geographical difficulties to the easy credulity of Amoretti. And though we now know that the Strait of Anian extends from the 56th to the 70th parallels of northern latitude, Maldonado, he says, called it 60, 'because all the preceding geographers of that century had laid down the Strait of Anian in 60° N. latitude,



as appears from the charts of Hortelius and Mercator, published in 1570.' These charts might mislead the writer of a voyage made by the fireside, but it required not a 'skilful' navigator to detect their errors on the spot.

But the thirty-third paragraph, which exceeds in absurdity all the rest, establishes in the mind of Amoretti the authenticity of the 'Relation,' and places its veracity beyond all doubt. It states that being about to leave the harbour towards the middle of June, a large vessel of 800 tons burden was observed to approach from the South Sea, steering directly for the Strait. Finding the strangers to be pacifically inclined, mutual civilities were exchanged, and Maldonado received from them some presents of silks, porcelain, &c. such as are brought from China. The people appeared to be Muscovites, or Hanseatics, from the bay of St. Nicholas or St. Michael: to understand each other they were under the necessity of conversing in Latin; the strangers seemed to be Christians, and if not Catholics, were at least Lutherans. They said they came from a great city more than 100 leagues off, which Maldonado thinks (but he is not sure) they called *Robr*, or something like it, which they told him had a very extensive harbour, upon a navigable river, and belonged to the King of Tartary: they added, that they had left there another ship belonging to their countrymen. As they treated our discoverer with very little confidence, this was all that could be got out of them: they sailed together, it would seem, through the Strait, when coming into the North Sea, the stranger bore away to the westward, and Maldonado pursued his route for Spain the same way he had come.

Our English sailors would most certainly have once set down this mysterious vessel for the 'Flying Dutchman,' so frequently seen off the Cape of Good Hope, but luckily for Maldonado his more enlightened crew were addicted to no such idle superstitions. 'It would seem,' says Amoretti, with great naïveté, 'that this vessel, turning to the left after passing the Strait, coasted Siberia, and consequently that Deschnew was not the first who made this voyage.' After all that Cook and King have discovered and published; after all the fruitless attempts of the Russians to circumnavigate the northern coast of Siberia, one can scarcely imagine that any man of common understanding, much less of some research, which M. Amoretti certainly is, could for a moment lend himself to such an idle tale, which, as the editor of the *Voyage of Sutil and Mexicana* observes, 'is full of false calculations, of incredible circumstances, and gross fictions of every kind.'—But he who can really believe that the north-west passage has actually been made by several navigators; that some straits have been shut up, others opened, and that islands have disappeared by

'convulsions of nature' within the last two centuries, is capable of believing any thing, however absurd. We can safely assure M. Amoretti that the account of 'one Cluny' having made this passage in 1745; of his having solicited the reward offered by our government, without obtaining it; of the Hudson's Bay Company finding means to prevent his journal being published, is destitute of all foundation. The compiler of the '*Histoire Générale des Voyages*' is not the only Frenchman in whose hands an English work is not safe from misrepresentation or misapprehension. Cluny wrote a book called the '*American Traveller*,' in which he reprobates in strong language the conduct of the Hudson's Bay Company, and lays down a variety of plans and projects for the improvement of the American colonies; but he is so far from pretending to have made the north-west passage, that he even doubts its existence; but in his chart prefixed, there are two parallel dotted lines from Repulse Bay to the Icy Sea, over which is written—'Here is supposed to be the North-west Passage;'—which Vaugondy, the king's geographer, in a chart approved by the '*Académie Royale des Sciences*,' has thus translated—'*Côte parcourue par le Capitaine Cluny, auteur de l'Américan Traveller*.'

We suspect this pretended voyage of Maldonado to be the clumsy and audacious forgery of some ignorant German, from the circumstance of 15 leagues to the degree being used in some of the computations. It is, indeed, a fit companion for Damberger's Travels; and we cannot but regret that Amoretti should have thought he was fulfilling the intention of the pious founder of the Ambrosian library in selecting so palpable a fiction for publication, and still more that he should have undertaken to defend it. We do not, however, hesitate to express our firm belief that Maldonado *did* perform a voyage; and that Nicolao Antonio *did* see the journal of that voyage in the hands of the Bishop of Segovia; it was not, however, a voyage for the discovery of the 'north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific,' (no such discovery being once mentioned by the Spanish bibliographer,) but simply 'for the discovery of the Strait of Anian.' That Spain should be extremely anxious for the security of her possessions in the Pacific and Indian oceans, when she saw the English with extraordinary perseverance sending out expeditions year after year, for the avowed purpose of discovering a nearer route to those seas; and when their armed cruisers, unauthorized it is true, but countenanced by the government, were destroying the Spanish commerce on the western coasts of America, was exceedingly natural. She must have seen these bold undertakings with alarm, and that would dictate to her the policy of ascertaining whether any and what kind of an outlet into the Pacific was likely to favour the enterprise of so active an enemy, and what

the means were to secure from surprise her valuable possessions, extending from Peru to the Philippine islands:—in short, to ascertain the existence and the nature of this Strait of Anian as marked in all the early charts, and now become an object of the first importance. For such a purpose Maldonado was a proper person to be employed; and that he was so employed, but proceeded round Cape Horn, we have very little doubt. No Spaniard, that we know of, ever entered, or attempted to enter, Hudson's Bay in search of the N. W. passage, except Estovan Gomez in 1525; but 'of this Steven Gomez,' says Purchas, 'little is left us but a jest.' He reached only the coast of Newfoundland in the 50th parallel of latitude, and carried off some of the natives. Being asked, on his return, what he had brought home, he answered *Esclavos*, which the inquirer mistaking for *clavos*, or cloves, concluded that Gomez had discovered the north-west passage to the Moluccas; 'and so posted to the Court,' says Purchas, 'to carry the first news of this spicy discovery.'

The object of Maldonado's voyage being that of reconnoitring rather than of making discoveries, it could not be expected that the Spaniards would publish it; they had, indeed, at that time, matters of far greater importance to attend to—the arms of England had just destroyed what the elements had spared of their 'invincible Armada.'—Under these circumstances the precautionary voyage of Maldonado was likely to remain among those unpublished manuscripts which the Duc d'Almadover supposes 'to have been buried in the dust of the archives of Madrid,' and which Delisle says, 'have been so carefully concealed, that at this day the Spaniards themselves know nothing about them.' If by any means the spurious production in question was foisted into the records of the 'Council for the Indies,' its members, by withholding it from publication, have given a further proof of that sound discretion which induced them 'to bury in the dust of their archives' forty-nine of the fifty memorials which Captain Pedro Fernandez de Quiros presented to the king, eight of which, by his own statement, related to a settlement which it behoved his majesty to make on a land then undiscovered (*Australia incognita*), and since known to have no existence.

But Maldonado probably discovered the strait he was sent in search of, and there are grounds for concluding that he describes it to lie about the 59th or 60th parallel of latitude, because the instructions of Malaspina directed him to look for it as far as 60° north. Now Maldonado, in coasting America from the southward, could not have reached that latitude before he fell in with Cook's Inlet, which extends from about 58° $\frac{1}{2}$  to 61° $\frac{1}{2}$ °, and is a strait of considerable magnitude, the width between Cape Douglas and Cape Elizabeth being about

18 or 20 leagues : and as the Strait of Anian was laid down in the 60° of latitude in all the charts at the time of Maldonado, and as he found the land stretching on the one side to the south-east, and on the other to the south-west, it was most natural that this navigator should conclude that Cook's Inlet was the identical strait which he was sent to discover ; and that it separated the two great continents of Asia and America. We must not forget that Cook, who, with all the advantage of Behring's discoveries and chart. was employed twelve days in ascertaining that it was *not* a strait, observes, that if he ' had not examined this very considerable inlet, it would have been assumed, by speculative fabricators of geography, as a fact, that it communicated with the sea to the north, or with Baffin's or Hudson's Bay to the east.'

Destitute as we consider the 'Relation' of Maldonado to be both of 'veracity and authenticity,' we are by no means inclined to suppose that such a voyage as it describes is impracticable. We firmly believe, on the contrary, that a navigable passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific round the northern coast of America does exist, and may be of no difficult execution. Why, then, it may be asked, have all the attempts made at different times, from both sides the continent of America, failed ? Because not one of them was ever made near that part of the coast of America, round which it is most likely the passage would lead into the Frozen or Northern ocean. To prove this we must take a glance at what has been done ; and if our readers should feel that pride and pleasure, which we do, in reviewing the daring enterprises and the perilous and persevering efforts of our early navigators in the frozen regions of the North, they will not deem a brief survey of them tedious or misplaced\*—'Resolute, gallant, glorious attempts !' exclaims that quaint but delightful old writer of the 'Pilgrimage,'—

'How,' continues he, 'shall I admire your heroic courage, ye marine worthies, beyond all names of worthiness ! that neyther dread so long

\* We owe much of the rapid growth of our infant navy to those voyages ; and we may here take occasion to observe, that the honourable appellation of Father of the British Navy has not been justly conferred on Henry VIII. The real founder of a permanent navy, distinct from the Cinque-port Marine, was the Conqueror of Agincourt. Among the many curious documents brought to light by the present able and industrious keeper of the records in the Tower, is a letter of Henry V. dated 12th August, 1417, directing the Lord Chancellor to issue letters-patent under the great seal, granting a sort of half-pay or annuity to 'certaine maistres for ovr owne grete shippes, carrackes, barges, and belyngers.' That this monarch had regular King's ships, distinct from the mercantile marine, is further corroborated by that curious poem in Hacklitt's collection, called the 'English Policie, &c.' which complains of the neglect of the navy by Henry VI. and extols 'the policie of keeping the see in the time of the marvellous worriour and victorious prince, King Henrie the fift and his grete shippes.'—We like the 'policie' better than the poetry.

'And if I should conclude all by the King  
Henrie the Fift, what was his purposing

eyther presence or absence of the sunne ; nor those foggy mysts, tempestuous winds, cold blasts, snowes and hayle in the ayre : nor the unequal seas, which might amaze the hearer, and amate the beholder, where the *Trions* and *Neptune's* selfe would quake with chilling feare, to behold such monstrous icie ilands, renting themselves with terrour of their own owne massines, and disdayning otherwise both the seas soveriegnitie, and the sunne's hottest violence, mustering themselves in those watery plaines where they hold a continual civill warre, and rushing one upon another, make windes and waves give backe ; seeming to rent the eares of others, while they rent themselves with crashing and splitting their congealed armours.'

The flourishing commerce of the Portuguese and Spaniards in the Indian seas stimulated the merchants of England to a participation in that great source of wealth, by the discovery of a passage that would shorten the voyage to India and China to less than half the distance of that round the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn. Such a passage was, in fact, supposed to have been made by Caspar de Cortereal, a Portuguese of some rank, in the year 1500. He touched at Newfoundland, passed over to *Terra Verde*, afterwards called *Terra de Cortereal*, and gave to the southern part of it, which was fit for cultivation, the name of *Terra de Labrador*. Then coasting to the northward and opening out a wide passage (now called Hudson's Strait) he concluded he had discovered the so much desired passage round America, which he is said to have named the Strait of *Anian* ; not, however, as we conceive, 'in honour of two brothers who accompanied him,' but because he deemed it to be the *eastern* extremity of a strait, whose *western* end opening into the Pacific, had already received that name. He hastened back to Portugal to communicate the agreeable intelligence, and was sent the following year to complete the discovery, but was never heard of more ; and his brother Michael de Cortereal, who afterwards went in search of him, shared the same fate.

The first Englishman who undertook the discovery of a North-

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When at Hampton, he made the *Great Dromons*  
Which passed other grete shippes of the Commons ;  
The *Trinitie*, the *Grace de Dieu*, the *Holy Ghost*  
And other moe, which as now be lost,  
What hope ye was the King's grete intent  
Of thoo shippes, and what in mind he meant ;  
It was not eille, but that he cast to bee  
Lord round-about environ of the See.

Better indeed is Henry VII. entitled to be called the friend and founder of the navy than his successor. It was he who caused the *Great Harry* to be built at the expense of 15,000*l.* an enormous sum in those days. It was he too who engaged the Cabots of Venice in the discovery of Newfoundland ; and it was accident only that prevented him from employing Columbus. But the spirit of discovery and foreign enterprise died away and revived only in full vigour after receiving the fostering hand of Elizabeth, whose long and flourishing protection of it has been exceeded only by that of George III.

west passage to China was Mr. (afterwards Sir Martin) Frobisher. He left England in the middle of July, 1576, with two small vessels and a pinnace, the largest only 25 tons; and proceeding to the entrance of a supposed strait in latitude  $63^{\circ} 10'$  N. he returned to Harwich on the 2d October, bringing back from an island on the coast of Greenland 'one of the salvages' and some brightstones. The wife of one of the adventurers threw one of these stones accidentally into the fire, and having quenched it with vinegar, 'it glistered with a bright marquisset of gold.' The following year Frobisher anchored on the west coast of Greenland, where the 'stones be altogether sparkled, and glister in the sun like gold.' One of his people found the horn of a sea unicorn, into which some spiders being put immediately died; and 'these spiders,' we are told, 'as many affirm, are signs of great store of gold.' They also caught two women, one of whom was so ugly, that the sailors suspected her to be the devil, and would not be convinced of the contrary, until they had stripped off her skin boots to see whether she had a cloven foot. Queen Elizabeth, it seems, was so much satisfied with the report of this voyage, that Frobisher was sent out for the third time the following year, to take possession of *Meta incognita* (Greenland) with 15 ships and 120 settlers; but the ice opposing their passage through the Strait, and the season being far advanced, they contented themselves with taking on board a large quantity of the 'glistening stones,' and returned to England. These stones we suppose turned out to be pieces of that beautiful iridescent spar known by the name of Labrador spar.

The unfavourable result of Frobisher's third expedition seems for a while to have cast a damp on the spirit of enterprise in this quarter; which however was revived in 1585, when some noblemen and gentlemen formed an association for effecting the discovery of the north-west passage, and John Davies, of Sandridge in Devonshire, was engaged to conduct the expedition. He left England with two ships, passed the south point of Greenland on the 20th July, to which, from its horrid appearance, he gave the name of the 'Land of Desolation,' then steered N. W. and making the land on the 6th August, in latitude  $66^{\circ} 40'$  N., he gave to a high mountain 'glittering like gold,' the name of 'Mount Raleigh.' Having doubled the South cape of this island, which he named 'Cape of God's Mercy,' he proceeded up a strait (Cumberland Strait of modern charts) 20 leagues wide to the distance of 60 leagues, when adverse winds and tides obliged him to return. In 1586, Davis was again sent with four ships, but made no discoveries of importance, and reached not beyond his former latitude. On his third voyage in 1587, he was more suc-

cessful, having proceeded along the west coast of Greenland to the latitude of  $72^{\circ} 12'$  N. He then steered a westerly course towards the continent of America, but being opposed by fields and mountains of ice, which alarmed his people, he coasted to the southward along the same land he had discovered on his first voyage; saw Lumley's Inlet between  $62^{\circ}$  and  $63^{\circ}$ , and returned to Dartmouth by the 15th September. In his short letter to Mr. Saunderson, the great promoter of the undertaking, he says, 'I have been in  $73^{\circ}$ , finding the sea all open, the passage most probable, the execution easy.'

The failure of Davis, however, put an end to any further attempt in that century; and in 1591 Sir James Lancaster was sent with five ships by the usual but circuitous route of the Cape of Good Hope. This officer, or some person for him, having added to one of his letters a postscript, in which he says 'the passage to the Indies is in the N. W. of America in  $62^{\circ} 30'$  N.' the report of it once more revived the question; and, in 1602, Captain Waymouth left England with two fly-boats in search of the North-west passage. He succeeded in passing all the straits, and in reaching the latitude of  $63^{\circ} 55'$  N. on the coast of America; (about Marble Island;) but here his crew mutinied, which obliged him to return to England. Knight and Hall, in 1606 and 1607, lost their lives in a scuffle with the natives before they had made any discovery of importance.

Notwithstanding all these failures, a society of merchants still persevered in the attempt to discover a northern route to India and China; they engaged, for this purpose, Captain Henry Hudson, a man of approved skill in seamanship, of great experience, and daring intrepidity. He left England in 1607, but instead of entering any of the straits, he stood directly for the East coast of Greenland, which he made in  $73^{\circ}$ , and named the point *Hold with Hope*. The weather continued mild, and even warm, till he reached the latitude of  $78^{\circ}$ ; the sea open, with much drifted-wood. In  $80^{\circ} 28'$  N. he sent his boat on shore with the mate and boatswain, who quenched their thirst, the weather being hot, at two excellent streams of fresh water. He still advanced to the northward as high as  $82^{\circ}$  N. when falling in with mountains and fields of ice, he returned home, and arrived at Gravesend on the 15th September. The following year he made a second voyage, to attempt a passage between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, few particulars of which were made public, and these are not to our present purpose. The third, and, to him, the last and fatal voyage, was undertaken in 1610. Having passed the strait which now bears his name, and doubled the westernmost capes of Labrador, which he named Wolstenholme and Digges, he stood to the southward down the great

bay which bears his own name, and entered a harbour which they called Michaelmas, where it was Hudson's intention to pass the winter; but an accident prevented him, and he stood down to the lowest bite of the bay. Here the chief employ of his crew was to procure provisions, with which they appear to have been scantily supplied in the ship; but they killed about a hundred dozen of partridges as white as milk; and in the spring, when those left them, 'came birds of divers sorts, as swannes, goose, ducke, and teale.' While thus employed, a mutiny was stirred up among the ship's company by one Greene, a person whom Hudson had taken on board out of charity and treated as his own child. On leaving this spot, the mutineers forced Hudson, his son, and seven others into the boat, amidst fields of ice, with a scanty supply of provisions,—she was never heard of more, and all that were in her must have miserably perished. The mutineers stood away for Digges's Island at the mouth of Hudson's Strait, where they found tents full of men, women, and children, 'bigge-boned, broad-faced, flat-nosed, and small-footed, like the Tartars.' Here Greene and another of the principal mutineers were shot by the natives, and three others died a few days after of their wounds: 'everywhere,' observes Purchas, 'can Divine justice find executioners.' The remainder of the crew, after taking on board about 400 sea-fowl which they caught on leaving the land, made the best of their way homewards, being reduced to the greatest distress, living chiefly on sea-weeds fried with candle-ends, and the skins and feathers of the fowl they had eaten. The account of this unfortunate voyage is written by one of the crew named Habakuk Pricket, who, of course, endeavours to lay the whole blame on Greene and the others who had been killed by the Eskimeaux; but 'North-West Foxe,' in his remarks on the transaction, slyly observes, 'Well, Pricket, I am in great doubt of thy fidelity to Master Hudson.'

This Habakuk Pricket, however, was engaged to accompany Sir Thomas Button two years after (1612) on the same voyage of discovery, with two ships whose names were the same as those under the celebrated Cook in his last voyage—the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*. He passed through Hudson's Strait, saw the south point of the large island named on some of our charts Southampton Island, and gave it the name of *Carey's Swan's Nest*, and steering from thence S.W. made the main land of America in 60° 40', to which he gave the name of *Hope's Check*. Button wintered in Port Nelson, so called from his Pilot, in latitude 57° 10' N. which is now the principal station of the Hudson's Bay Company. He lost many men by cold and hunger, 'and yet,' says Foxe, 'he was supplied with great store of white partridges and other fowle, of which I



have heard it credibly reported, that this Company killed eighteen hundred dozen in the winter season.' Button reached no higher than the latitude of  $65^{\circ}$  on the east coast of Southampton Island.

In 1614, Captain Gibbons was sent out in the *Discovery*; but his ship was beset by ice on the N.E. coast of Labrador, in about  $57^{\circ}$  N. where he remained nearly five months in a sort of bay, to which his ship's company, in derision, gave the name of *Gibbons his Hole*; escaping at last from his place of confinement, he made the best of his way home.

Robert Bylot, who had been with Hudson, Button, and Gibbons, now appointed master of the same ship, the *Discovery*, of 55 tons burden, set sail from England in April, 1615, passed through Hudson's Strait, as far as Cape Comfort, on the east coast of Southampton Island in latitude  $65^{\circ}$  N. but having proceeded northerly about half a degree, and finding, as he says, the water shallow, and the land trending to the N.E. (which, however, is doubtful,) he returned to England without making any discovery.

The following year, Bylot, with Baffin (who had acted as his pilot in the former voyage) proceeded again in the same ship, the *Discovery*, being her fifth voyage on the same object. They now stood along the west coast of Greenland; and saw some islands in  $72^{\circ} 15'$ , to which, finding women only on them, they gave the name of *Women's Islands*; they are situated close to the *Sanderson's Hope* of Davis, the extreme point which that navigator reached. Coasting from hence, in an open sea, they passed 'a fayre cape,' in latitude  $76^{\circ} 35'$ , which they named *Cape Dudley Digges*; then standing N. westerly they passed *Whale Sound*, in  $77^{\circ} 30'$ ; then *Sir Thomas Smith's Sound*, which was choked up, not with ice, but with whales; and extended beyond  $78^{\circ}$  N. this being the farthest point they reached to the northward. They then stood five days to the southward of west, through an open sea, and saw *Alderman Jones's Sound*, at latitude  $76^{\circ} 30'$ ; and in two days, standing more southerly, they opened *Sir James Lancaster's Sound*; from whence they continued their course two days south-easterly, the sea still open, till they came to latitude  $71^{\circ} 16'$ , when meeting with much ice, they struck off from the coast due east, and passing through Baffin's Strait, into the Strait of Davis, made the best of their way home: first touching, however, at Cockin Sound on the coast of Greenland, to collect scurvy grass, sorrel and orpine, for their sick, who, Baffin says, were cured in eight days by the scurvy grass (*cochlearia*) boiled in beer. This might be considered as the most important of all the voyages, if the brief account of it could be depended on; but there is nothing left on record, except a meagre sort of journal by Baffin, unaccompanied by any chart; Bylot, as would appear from Habakuk

Pricket's narrative of Hudson's Voyage being unable either to read or write. The floating masses of ice drifting from the northward, and the heavy swell from the same quarter, when off Whale Sound, would seem to indicate that Greenland is no part of America, but a large island, or rather an archipelago of islands. Baffin's Bay, as we now see it on some modern charts, is wholly supposititious.

The unabated zeal and the extraordinary perseverance which actuated the promoters of these early voyages of discovery, were kept alive by the prevailing opinion that the north-west passage had actually been made by the Spaniards and Portuguese,\* and particularly by a Greek pilot of the name of Juan de Fuca;† but from the termination of Baffin's last voyage, if we except an obscure attempt of Hawkrige, who had accompanied Sir Thomas Button in 1612, the ardour for the discovery of this passage seems to have abated. It was, however, revived in 1630, by one Lucas Foxe, a shrewd, sensible man, who, having availed himself of the information gained by preceding adventurers, was so certain of making the passage, that he obtained a letter from Charles I. addressed to his brother the Emperor of Japan. This enterprise was, in fact, under the immediate patronage of the king, who contributed one of his own ships, fitted out in the most complete manner, and victualled for 18 months. Sir Thomas Roe and Sir John Wolstenholme were named by the king to superintend the equipment of the voyage. Some merchants of Bristol having fitted out

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\* Sir Humphrey Gilbert says, that one Salvaterra, a gentleman of Vittoria, in Spain, came into Ireland in 1568, and in his (Sir Gilbert's) hearing, told Sir Henry Sidney, then Lord Deputy, that one Urdaneta, a friar of Mexico, had told him eight years before, that he came from *Mer del Sur* into Germany through this north-west passage, and showed Salvaterra a sea-card made by his own experience and travel in that voyage. This friar, Sir Gilbert adds, told the King of Portugal that he meant to publish the same, but the king most earnestly desired him not to make the same known, for that 'if England had knowledge and experience thereof, it would greatly hinder both him and the King of Spain.' This Urdaneta went with Magellan and afterwards with Legaspi's expedition, in 1564, to the Philippine Islands; and the chart, long used by the Manila ships, was originally constructed by Urdaneta.

† His real name was Apostolos Valerianus. The story told to Mr. Michael Lok, Consul for the Turkey merchants at Aleppo, was a plain and no doubt a true one—that he was plundered in a Manila ship off Cape California, by one Candish, (Cavendish, who states his having found a Greek pilot in one of the ships he plundered,) an Englishman—that he was afterwards sent by the Viceroy of Mexico, to discover the Strait of Anian, but owing to a mutiny in the squadron, he returned—that in 1699 he was again sent on this discovery; that he entered a strait between 47° and 48° of latitude, and sailed above twenty days in a broad sea; and that, opposed by savages clothed in skins, he returned to Acapulco. The late Bishop of Salisbury, rather indiscreetly, has pronounced this story of De Fuca, 'the fabric of imposture'; for the tale was scarcely dry which transmitted to posterity this hasty opinion, when the strait, and the sea, and the savages, were recognized by Meares and others, in the very spot pointed out by the old Greek pilot, to whom modern geographers have rendered tardy justice, by assigning to the strait he discovered, the name of *Jean de Fuca*.

a ship for the same purpose, under the command of Captain James, requested that she might accompany Foxe. Early in May, 1631, His Majesty's ship Charles, of 80 tons, left England; but owing to foggy weather, and ice, it was the 15th July before she reached the islands of Salisbury and Nottingham. From hence Foxe stood over to the Continent of America, and made the land in  $64^{\circ} 10'$ , which he named *Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome*; and directing his course to the southward discovered *Brook Cobham*, since called *Marble Island*; after this he anchored in Nelson's River; and concluding that no passage existed between that point and  $64^{\circ} 10' N.$ , he next stood to the northward, between Southampton and Cumberland Islands, and on the west coast of the latter gave names to King Charles's promontory, Cape Maria, Trinity Islands, Lord Weston's Portland and Foxe's Farthest, being, as the name imports, the extreme point to which he proceeded, in latitude  $66^{\circ} 47' N.$  Adverse winds, long nights, a waning moon, and the sickness of his crew, obliged him 'either to seek for harbour, or to freeze to death in the sea,' and he therefore returned to England.

Captain James wintered in the cul-de-sac of Hudson's Sea, named after him *James's Bay*; came home the following year, and published a dismal account of his sufferings from cold, hunger, disease, &c. though the latitude in which he passed the winter was only  $52^{\circ} 3'$ . Without adding the slightest information to the geography of Hudson's Sea, he decides boldly that there is no such thing as a north-west passage.

About the same time one M. de Groseiller, of Canada, was despatched from Quebec for the purpose of discovery. Landing near Nelson's River, he fell in with a wretched hut in which were six people nearly famished. They were part of the crew of a ship which had been sent from Boston, and which, while they were on shore, had been driven to sea by the ice, and was never heard of more. Groseiller went to Paris, but meeting with no encouragement from the French government, came to England with a letter from our ambassador to Prince Rupert, who received him favourably; and being joined by other noblemen and merchants, fitted out a ship in 1668, which Captain Gillam was appointed to command. He proceeded up Davis's Strait to  $70^{\circ} N.$ , returned to Rupert's River in the bottom of Hudson's Bay, and there wintered. In the mean time Charles II. by his royal Charter, constituted Prince Rupert and certain lords, knights, and merchants, a body corporate, known by the name of 'the Governor and Company of the Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay.'

From the moment this body of 'Adventurers' was instituted, the spirit of adventure died away; and every succeeding effort was palsied by the baneful influence of monopoly, of which the disco-

very of a north-west passage was deemed the forerunner of destruction. Even the publication of De Fonte's \* Voyage failed to rouse the attention of speculators. At length, however, in 1720, one Knight, who had long been in the Company's service as master of a ship, and subsequently governor of one of their forts, reminded his old masters that they were obliged, by their charter, to make discoveries and extend their trade, and that if they refused to indulge him with an expedition for these purposes, he would apply to the crown. Being nearly 80 years of age, the Company thought it more adviseable to gratify his 'troublesome zeal,' as Robson calls it, than to let the business be taken up by some abler hand—his instructions were to find the Strait of Anian, in order to discover gold, whales, and other *valuable commodities*, to the northward, &c. Knight was so confident of success, that he caused strong chests to be made, hooped with iron, to hold the gold and copper which he was determined to find, and which seem to have engrossed his mind more than the discovery of the north-west passage. The two ships sent under him and Barlow were never heard of more; but some of their remains were discovered six or seven years afterwards in a bay on Marble Island, where their crews appear to have perished in the most miserable manner. In 1722, one Scroggs was sent to the northward ostensibly to look for these unfortunate sufferers, about which, however, Robson says, there was not one word in his instructions. This Scroggs appears to have been totally unfit for any expedition on account of his ignorance and timidity, but exceedingly well qualified to answer the purpose of the Hudson's Bay Company, who seemed to enjoy their monopoly in perfect tranquillity, without giving themselves the smallest concern about making discoveries either by land or by water.

At length a gentleman of the name of Dobbs, having well considered what preceding navigators had stated with regard to the high tides from the northward in the *Welcome*, prevailed on the Company, after much importunity, to send a vessel to the northward, in 1737, but she returned without doing any thing, never having reached so high as the latitude 63°. Dobbs, perceiving the reluctant and negligent conduct of the Company, applied next to the

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\* The Voyage of De Fonte, Fuenté, or Fonta, appeared for the first time in a periodical publication called the *Monthly Miscellany*, or *Memoirs for the Curious*, for April, 1708. It is supposed to have been performed in 1640. Captain Burney, who has published it at length in his 'History of Voyages, &c.' seems to think with Mr. Dairymple, that it is an idle piece of invention by one Petiver, a contributor to the above-mentioned Miscellany; though it might have been founded on the circumstances of Burgomaster Wilsen having mentioned a voyage made by the celebrated *De Fonte* in 1640, to *Terra del Fuego*, at the cost of the King of Spain; and of the Dutch ship that was lost in Hudson's Bay, six of whose crew were found on shore by Groenwiler—it is something of the kind of our modern romances composed of fact and fiction, pleasant to read, but injurious to the truth of history.

government, and by his perseverance and sanguine representations obtained the Furnace bomb and the pink Discovery, to be appropriated for this service, under the orders of Captain Middleton, a commander in the British navy, who had served as master in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company for many voyages. Middleton left England in 1741, wintered in Churchill River, and in the summer of 1742 proceeded up the Welcome to Wager River, and looked into (he says sailed round) what he was pleased to call *Repulse Bay*. From hence he returned to the southward. On his arrival in England, Dobbs accused him of wilfully misrepresenting his discoveries, to curry favour with his old employers, and of having taken a bribe of 5000*l.* from them not to make any discoveries. He denies the bribe, but admits that he might have said to some of the governors that he would discover the passage, and none of those with him should be the wiser for it. His officers too swore to his having misrepresented facts. The Lords of the Admiralty called upon him to answer the charges preferred against him by Mr. Dobbs, which he did at full length; but without satisfying them. To evince, on the contrary, how strongly impressed they still were with the probability of a north-west passage, their Lordships procured an act the following year (18 Geo. II.), for granting a reward of twenty thousand pounds to the person or persons who should discover a north-west passage through Hudson's Strait to the western and southern ocean of America; a discovery which the preamble states to be of 'great benefit and advantage to the trade of this kingdom.'

The offer of this reward immediately brought forward new adventurers, who raised by subscription a sum sufficient to equip two ships, the Dobbs commanded by Captain Moor, and the California by Captain Smith, which left the Thames in May, 1746. On the 11th August they reached the coast of America about Marble Island, and having made some observations on the height, direction, and velocity of the tides, they stood to the southward and wintered in Port Nelson, where they were treated with great jealousy, and closely watched by the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. They remained here, we know not why, till the 1st July, when they again proceeded to the northward, and examined Wager's Strait; here the two commanders differed respecting the examination of Repulse Bay, and the ships returned to England, without having accomplished any other discovery beyond that of ascertaining Wager Water to be a deep bay or inlet. Two accounts of this voyage were published; one, containing many curious and sensible observations, by Mr. Ellis; the other, a laboured and conceited performance in two volumes, by 'the Clerk of the California.'

After this the spirit of discovery in the north seems totally to have sunk ; and the Hudson's Bay Company were left in that state of apathy which seems most congenial to their habits and interests. They sent, it is true, Mr. Hearne thirteen hundred miles in search of copper, and after the lapse of a hundred years they discovered that Chesterfield's Inlet at the distance of a hundred leagues from one of their establishments, was *not* the north-west passage ; but they never once thought of sending any one a little farther to the north, where probably in half the distance travelled by Hearne, the sea coast would have interrupted the traveller's progress.

The government, however, was vigorously prosecuting new discoveries ; and, after so many failures to the northward, it was resolved to employ the celebrated Cook to determine the exact situation of the two continents of Asia and America, or, in other words, to examine the *Strait of Anian*. On this occasion a new act was passed (16 Geo. III.) granting a reward of twenty thousand pounds to any person or persons who should discover any northern passage for vessels by sea, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in any direction or parallel to the northward of the fifty-second degree of northern latitude. In the same year Cook sailed from the Thames with the *Resolution* and *Discovery*. On the 9th August, 1778, he determined the western extremity of America, to which he gave the name of Cape Prince of Wales, to be in  $65^{\circ} 46'$  N. long.  $191^{\circ} 45'$  ; and, when in lat.  $66^{\circ} 5'$ , the width of the Strait which divides the two continents of Asia and America, to be about fourteen leagues. Standing to the northward, he named a point of land on the American coast *Point Mulgrave*, the lat. of which was  $67^{\circ} 45'$ . He continued up the Strait till he was in lat.  $70^{\circ} 33'$ , in an open sea, but soon after, in  $70^{\circ} 41'$ , found himself 'close to the edge of the ice, which was as compact as a wall,' and ten or twelve feet high. In returning to the southward he saw, on the American side, a low point in lat.  $70^{\circ} 29'$ , to which he gave the name of *Icy Cape*. As the ice was still near the ships in lat.  $69^{\circ} 32'$  while there was none in proceeding to the northward, he concluded that the whole was a moveable mass, though he could not detect any current. To a point of high land in lat.  $69^{\circ} 5'$ , he gave the name of *Cape Lisburne*. It being now near the end of August, Captain Cook repaired to Oonalashka, and from thence to the Sandwich islands, with the intention of renewing the examination of the Strait the following year ; but by his unfortunate death, that task devolved on Captain Clarke, who entered the Strait toward the end of June, 1779, on the Asiatic side. On the 6th July he had reached the lat.  $67^{\circ}$  N. and after encountering much ice, that of  $70^{\circ} 33'$ . On the 19th, in  $69^{\circ} 34'$ , he got sight of the land on the American side to the S. E. but could not

come near it—and this, with Cape Prince of Wales, viewed from the middle of the Strait, were the only two points he saw on the coast of America: after some further attempts on the Asiatic side, he returned to Kamschatka, though the month of July had not yet expired. Without attaching blame to Captain Clarke, whose constitution was so debilitated that he died before they reached Kamschatka, or to Captains Gore or King, we think that, had Cook lived, he would not so soon have abandoned this great object. It is admitted in the narrative of the voyage, that the 'impenetrable barrier of ice' occasionally breaks up and is moved about in every direction; that 'as far as their experience went,' the sea to the north of Behring's Strait is clearer of ice in August than in July; and that 'perhaps in September it may still be more free;' it is also admitted that there is less probability of success on the Asiatic, than on the American side of the Strait; and yet it is known that Deschneff succeeded in passing the Strait from the north side of the Asiatic continent: under such admissions, it was certainly unfortunate that the attempt should so soon have been abandoned.

About the same time Lieutenant Pickersgill was sent in the armed brig *Lion* to examine the western parts of Baffin's bay—but the choice was unfortunate; he never once entered Baffin's bay; and Lieutenant Young, who superseded him and proceeded under similar instructions the following year, reached only the 72d degree of latitude, cruising along the eastern instead of the western side of Baffin's bay, and consequently among the ice, which almost always clings to the shore. 'His talents, as Dr. Douglas observes, were more adapted to contribute to the glory of a victory, as commander of a line of battle ship, than to add to geographical discoveries, by encountering mountains of ice, and exploring unknown coasts.'

The Hudson's Bay Company were again left free, for many years, from the apprehensions of a discovery of the north-west passage. Fortunately, however, for the world, it rarely happens that a generation passes away without producing men zealous for their country's weal, and the honour of science. Mr. Dalrymple, late hydrographer to the Admiralty, after carefully examining the question of the north-west passage, was decidedly of opinion, that the problem was still to be solved: and conceiving with Dr. Douglas that 'the governor and committee of the Hudson's Bay Company had made amends for the narrow prejudices of their predecessors, and that no further obstruction would be thrown in the way of those who might be sent on discovery,' he prevailed on them to employ Mr. Duncan, a master in the navy, and now master attendant of his Majesty's dock-yard at Chatham, who had exhi-

hited considerable talent on a voyage to Nootka Sound, on this service. Mr. Dalrymple had long been of opinion that not only Greenland, but all the land said to have been seen by Baffin on the northern and eastern sides of the great bay bearing his name, was composed of clusters of islands, and that a passage through the '*fretum Davis*,' round the northern extremity of Cumberland island, led directly into the North Sea, from the 70° to the 71° of latitude. It is thus marked on an ancient globe, the first, we believe, ever made in this country, and now in the library of the Inner Temple, which contains all the discoveries of our early navigators; it is, in fact, the only remaining record of this kind, as charts were then rude and not in fashion. Davis himself refers to it; and Hackluit, in his edition of 1589, has celebrated this early specimen of geographical science.\* On inquiring after this globe, we were told, that it had recently been new-coated, and that Mr. Arrowsmith's sketches had succeeded to the discoveries of Forbisher and Davis! We are slow to believe that the venerable Benchers of the Temple can have given their sanction to so barbarous and sacrilegious an act, as that of defacing this curious and valuable relic of antiquity.†

\* Hackluit apologizes to the gentle reader 'for inserting into the works, one of the best generall mappes of the world onely, until the coming out of a very large and most exact terrestriall globe, collected and reformed, according to the newest, secretest, and latest discoveries, both Spanish, Portugall, and English, composed by M. Emmeric Molliueux, of Lambeth, a rare gentleman in his profession, being therein for divers yeeres greatly supported by the purse and liberalitie of the worshipful marchant, Mr. William Sanderson.' This is the globe which the Benchers of the Temple are said to have white-washed.

† Mr. Dalrymple caused a copy to be taken of those parts of this globe relative to the present question. On this sketch, we see with pleasure, the Drogio and the Friesland of the two noble Venetians, the Zeni; we observe the latter where it always was and still is, at the southern extremity of Greenland, a little above the 60th parallel of latitude; still holding its head above water, in spite of the volcanoes and the earthquakes created by the Duc d'Almadover and Dehale, the Abbé Zuria and Sig. Amoretto, to overwhelm it in the ocean. We see no reason to disbelieve (as some affect to do) the fact stated by Nicolao Zeno of the friars of the monastery of St. Thomas warming their rooms, cooking their victuals, and watering their garden from a spring of hot water; such springs are known to exist: and what should prevent these friars in that dreadful cold region from availing themselves of an article so obviously useful and effectual? Is there any thing more extraordinary in the friars of Greenland boiling their victuals in the water of a hot spring than the party in the suite of Lord Macartney's embassy boiling the fish in the hot springs on the margin of the volcanic crater, in which they were caught, on the island of Amsterdam? The blind monk whom Dethmar Pickins saw in the monastery of Helgafel, in Iceland, and who was himself thrust, when young, into the convent of St. Thomas, in the very early part of the sixteenth century, long before Ramusio published the letters of the two Zeni, corroborates all that Zeno stated, adding that the walls of the monastery were built of pumice-stone. There is one simple fact mentioned by Nicolao Zeno, which no man in the fourteenth century could know or imagine who had not lived among the Eskimaux—their boats, he says, were framed of the bones of fishes and covered with their skin; and they were shaped like a weaver's shuttle—a description so just and a resemblance so perfect, that from that time to this, it has been adopted by every succeeding voyager,



Never was man more sanguine of success in any undertaking than Mr. Duncan. In 1790 he went out in the Company's ship *Sea-horse*, to take the command of a sloop in Hudson's Bay, called the *Churchill*. He found, on his arrival, a crew who affected to be terrified at the idea of going on discovery; the Company's servants told him the vessel was totally unfit for such a purpose, and that she could not be made sea-worthy in that country; though Mr. Duncan says he has since learned that she had been constantly employed for *twenty years* afterwards. Seeing nothing to be done there, he immediately returned to England, resolving to have no further concern with the Hudson's Bay Company—but the governors expressed so much regret and disappointment, and Mr. Dalrymple was so urgent for following up the discovery, that he consented to take the command of a strong well-built ship of eighty-four tons, called the *Beaver*, fitted to his mind, and stored for eighteen months. He left the Thames on the 2d May, 1791, but did not reach the height of Charles's Island in  $63^{\circ}$  lat. till the 2d August, nor Churchill River till the 5th September, when all hope of accomplishing any thing that year was at an end. It is remarkable that our early adventurers, at a time when the art of navigation was in its infancy, the science but little understood, the instruments few and imperfect, in barks of twenty-five or thirty tons burden, ill-constructed, ill-found, and apparently ill-suited to brave the mountains of ice through which they had to force their way, and the dark and dismal storms which beset them—that these men should have succeeded in running through the straits to high latitudes and home again in less time than Mr. Duncan required to reach one of the Hudson's Bay Company's establishments, the route to which was then as well known as that to the Shetland islands.

Mr. Duncan remained in Churchill River till the 15th July in the following year, got into Chesterfield Inlet and returned to Churchill about the end of August; his crew having mutinied, encouraged, as he states, by his first officer, who was a servant of the Company.—Here grief and vexation so preyed on his mind as to render a voyage which promised every thing, completely abortive:—thus terminated the last and the least efficient of all the expeditions (excepting that of Gibbons) for the discovery of the North-west Passage!

All these failures, however, are by no means conclusive against its existence. We must bear in mind that not one of the adventurers proceeded, on the eastern side of America, beyond the Arctic circle; and that on the western side, or Strait of Behring, three points of land only to the northward of Cape Prince of Wales have been seen at a distance, the northernmost (Icy Cape) in lat.  $70^{\circ} 29'$ ; the next, (Cape Lisburne,) in  $69^{\circ} 5'$ , and the third (Cape

Muirgrave) in  $67^{\circ} 45'$ . Could we only be certain then that Hearne and Mackenzie actually arrived at the shore of the northern ocean,\*

\* Hearne talks of the tide being out, 'but that it flowed, by the marks on the edge of the ice, twelve or fourteen feet,' and that 'it only reached a little way within the river's mouth'; that 'the water at the mouth of the river was perfectly fresh when the tide was out, but it was the sea or some branch of it, by the quantity of whale-bone and seal skins which the Esquimaux had at their tents, and also by the number of seals which appeared on the ice.' If the tide was out on the morning of the 17th, it was in on the middle of that day, and he never quitted the margin of the river till the morning of the 18th: why then judge of its rise by 'the marks on the ice?' The tide rises fourteen feet in the Thames as high as Woolwich, and is salt at low water at Gravesend; how fourteen feet of sea water could leave that of the river 'perfectly fresh' close within the bar, is difficult to comprehend. As to his latitude of this spot, that is still less to be depended on; he tells us that 'in those high latitudes, and at this season of the year, the sun is always at a good height above the horizon, so that he had not only day-light, but sun-shine the whole night.' Now there is not a word of this 'sun-shine all night,' in his M.S. Journal, as quoted by Doctor Douglas; and indeed, he says in his printed book, that a thick fog and drizzling rain came on, and 'finding that neither the river nor the sea were likely to be of any use, I did not think it worth while to wait for fair weather to determine the latitude exactly by an observation.' What did he go for? he was selected for the journey because he could take an observation for the latitude, and yet in the whole of the journey of thirteen hundred miles and back again, he takes but one single observation! But the latitude of the river's mouth, he says, may be depended on—what that latitude was, however, is never once mentioned; but by the chart it is about  $73^{\circ} 30'$ .—The result of his single observation at Congecathawhachaga was  $68^{\circ} 46'$  and the courses and distances from that place to the mouth of the river give a difference of about  $3^{\circ}$ , so that the latitude we are to 'depend upon,' instead of  $73^{\circ} 30'$  as on the chart, is, by his reckoning,  $71^{\circ} 46'$ . Doctor Douglas states it from his Journal at  $72^{\circ}$ .—Dalrymple, however, and Arrowsmith, and all the chart-makers, have agreed to cut him down to about  $69^{\circ}$ , and if so, the sun was not *always* a good height above the horizon, for its declination being on the 18th July about  $26^{\circ}$ , he must have been, on that midnight, in the horizon.

Mackenzie's account is not more satisfactory. On his arrival among the Quarrellers, in latitude  $68^{\circ}$ , he was informed that the distance from thence to the sea, on the east side of the river, was not far, and on the west that it was still shorter; that the land on both sides projected to a point in the direction of the river, to which point he was proceeding,—at six miles beyond the Quarrellers, the river branched into a multitude of channels, separated by low islands, and banks of mud and sand. He took the mid-channel, which was to carry him to Benakulla Toe, or white man's lake, into which he entered in latitude  $69^{\circ} 1' N$ . This lake was quite open to the westward, and out of the channel of the river had only four feet, and in some places, one foot of depth; he reached, however, an island to the westward. From the whole tenor of his statement, we certainly concluded that this was the sea, but are presently informed that his people could not refrain from expressions of real concern that they were obliged to return *without reaching the sea*. In the course of the night they were disturbed by the rising of the water; they also saw whales, but they were white; the guides, however, assured him they were the same that constituted the principal food of the Esquimaux: 'the tide appeared to rise sixteen or eighteen inches'; he saw no natives, but found many of their huts, their domestic utensils, frames of sledges and of canoes made of whale-bone, which left no doubt on his mind that they were the deserted abodes of the Esquimaux. The latitude of Whale-island was  $69^{\circ} 14' N$ .—and with this slight and imperfect information, he returns from a long and painful journey, either not knowing or not choosing to say, whether he had been on the shore of the hyperborean sea or not; but evidently wishing it to be inferred, as the title of his book implies, and his chart asserts, that he had reached the 'frozen ocean.' Yet for some incomprehensible reason, he avoids even mentioning the name of the sea, but talks of a tide—a tide of sixteen or eighteen inches! The simple, easy and obvious test of dipping his finger in the water to taste if it was salt, seems not to have occurred to him—

as the titles of their books and all the charts assert, the existence of a passage would amount nearly to a certainty. The distance between Baffin's Sea and Behring's Strait is not more than 1,200 miles, of which that between the mouths of the Mackenzie and Copper-mine rivers is about 400. On the charts the mouths of the rivers are nearly on the same parallel of latitude, i. e. about  $69\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . Now there can be but little doubt that the two continents of America and Asia have once been united, the trending of the coast of the latter continuing on the opposite side of Behring's Strait for more than 1000 miles nearly in the same line. On the American side, no land has been seen to the northward of the Icy Cape, and none between it and Cape Lisburne: Icy Cape is very low land; the Russians, whose regular establishments on the American continent extend as far north as  $67^{\circ}$  north lat. say that it is an island; and so strong is the impression at Petersburg of a practical passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, round the northern coast of America, that Count Romanzoff, at his own expense, has fitted out a stout vessel called the *Rurick*, commanded by Lieut. Kotzebue, son of the celebrated writer of that name, to make the attempt. She passed Plymouth last summer, where she was supplied with a life-boat, and during the summer of the present year, she is to endeavour to penetrate into the northern sea between Icy Cape and Cape Lisburne, or, on meeting with any impediment, to proceed round the former: it will be a singular event if the last, and we may almost say least of the maritime powers of Europe, should be the first to make this important discovery—so often attempted before she had a single ship on the ocean.

Thus then the coast of America may be presumed to preserve a line from Behring's Strait to Mackenzie's River, and from thence to Copper-mine River, a distance of 800 miles, fluctuating between the parallels of  $69^{\circ}$  and  $70^{\circ}$ , and we see not the slightest reason to question its continuance, in or near that line, for the remaining 400 miles to Baffin's Sea, or to the strait which connects it with Hudson's Sea: this is the only point to be discovered.—No human being has yet approached the coast of America, on the eastern side from  $66\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  to  $72^{\circ}$ . Davies, Baffin, and Foxe came nearest to it; but the attempts of the rest were chiefly confined to the southward. Middleton was in the way of making discoveries, if, instead of losing his time in Wager River, he had continued to coast to the northward.

The solution of this important problem is the business of *three months* out and home. The space to be examined, at the very

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if he did so, he is uncandid in not mentioning the result—if he did not, he is wofully deficient in that sagacity which has always been accounted a prominent feature in the character of a North Briton. Under all the circumstances mentioned by these two travellers, we may perhaps conclude that both were near the sea-shore, but neither of them reached it.

atmost, is from the 67th to the 71st parallels, or four degrees of latitude.

Two small schooners of 80 or 100 tons, under the command of a skilful Naval Officer, with a couple of Greenland fishermen to act as pilots through the ice, would be sufficient for the purpose. They should proceed at once up the very middle of Davis's Strait, keeping to the westward so as not to raise their latitude higher than  $72^{\circ}$ , and having cleared Cumberland Island, edge away to the southward. Hitherto most of our adventurers have worked their way through Hudson's Strait, which is generally choked up with ice; then standing to the northward, they have had to contend with ice drifting to the southward, with contrary winds and currents; these inconveniences would be obviated by standing first to the latitudes of  $70^{\circ}$  or  $72^{\circ}$ , and from thence southerly and westerly till they either reached Hudson's Bay, which would decide the question in the negative, or till they saw the north coast of America, which would go far to complete the discovery.

Disappointment is generally fertile in apologies for failures; we need not therefore be surprised if we find some assert that no such passage exists, and others pronounce its inutility if it should be discovered, from the uncertainty of its being free from ice any one year, and perhaps practicable only once in three or four years. Such an apology for our present ignorance of every thing that regards the geography, the hydrography, and meteorology of the north-eastern shores of America, might be pleaded by mercantile speculators, but can have little weight with those who have the interest of science at heart, or the national honour and fame, which are intimately connected with those interests. When the government offered a reward of 20,000*l.* for the discovery of the North-west Passage, and 5000*l.* to him that would approach within one degree of the North Pole, it was not with a view to any immediate commercial advantages that this liberal encouragement was held out, but with the same expanded object that sent Cook in search of a 'Southern Continent.' If, however, the continent of America shall be found to terminate, as is most likely, about the 70th degree of latitude, or even below it, we have little doubt of a free and practicable passage round it for seven or eight months in every year; and we are much mistaken if the North-west Company would not derive immediate and incalculable advantages from a passage of three months to their establishment in Columbia River, instead of the circuitous voyage of six or seven months round Cape Horn; to say nothing of the benefit which might be derived from taking in their cargoes of furs and peltry for the China market at the mouths of Mackenzie and Copper-mine rivers, to which the northern Indians would be too happy to bring them, if protected.

by European establishments, at these or other places, from their enemies the Esquimaux.

The polar regions of the globe within the arctic circle offer a wide field for the researches of a philosophic mind; yet, in point of science, very little is known beyond what is contained in the account of Captain Phipps's voyage to the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen. The natural history, though the best, is still but imperfectly known; the sea and land swarm with animals in these abodes of ice and snow, and multitudes of both yet remain to be discovered and described. It is an important object to obtain more accurate observations on those huge mountains of ice which float on the sea; it is no longer a question that the *field or flaked ice* is frozen sea-water, though itself perfectly fresh; and it is almost as certain, though doubted by some, that the huge masses which the Dutch call *icebergs*, are formed on the steep and precipitous shores, from whence those 'thunderbolts of snow' are occasionally hurled into the deep, bearing with them fragments of earth and stones. 'I came,' says Foxe, 'by one piece of ice higher than the rest, whereupon a stone was of the contents of five or six tonne weight, with divers other smaller stones and mud thereon.'

It is a common but we believe an erroneous opinion, that the temperature of our climate has regularly been diminishing, and that it is owing to the ice having permanently fixed itself to the shores of Greenland, which in consequence, from being once a flourishing colony of Denmark, is now become uninhabitable and unapproachable. We doubt both the fact and the inference. It is not the climate that has altered, but we, who feel it more severe as we advance in years; the registers of the absolute degree of temperature, as measured by the thermometer, do not warrant any such conclusion; and more attempts than one to land on the coast of Greenland must be made, before we can give credit to its being bound up in eternal ice—which is known to shift about with every gale of wind—to be drifted by currents—and to crumble and consume below the surface of the water. We suspect indeed, that the summer heat, which in the latitude  $80\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  Phipps found to be on the average of the month of July at  $42^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, during the whole twenty-four hours, and once, when exposed to the sun, as high as  $86\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , dissolves fully as much of the ice and snow on the surface of the sea as the preceding winter may have formed.\* It appears too, that

\* In the Transactions of the Wernerian Society are published several Meteorological Journals of Mr. Scoresby, a whale-fisher of Hull, which compared with that of Phipps, would seem to sanction the idea of a decreasing temperature; the average height of the thermometer, in the months of July in 1811 and 1812, being only about  $31^{\circ}$ , and very often below the freezing point, though in a lower latitude by three degrees than that in which Captain Phipps observed it; but the fishing vessels penetrate the fields of ice, the open spaces of which are frequented by whales; and there can be no doubt this diminished temperature is owing to their being in the midst of an atmosphere chilled by the surrounding ice.

there are times in the depth of winter when the temperature is exceedingly mild; and the intense frosts are undoubtedly moderated by the caloric given out from the Aurora borealis, which in these regions afford not only an admirable compensation for the short absence of the moon, but imparts a considerable degree of warmth to the lower regions of the atmosphere, filling the whole circle of the horizon, and approaching so near the surface of the globe as to be distinctly *heard* in varying their colours and positions. 'I have frequently,' says Hearne, 'heard them making a rustling and crackling noise, like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind.' The electric *aura*, it is well known, will raise the mercury in the tube of the thermometer, but no experiments have been made to ascertain the degree of heat given out by these *honbanes* or *petty dancers*, as Foxe calls them, which must be very considerable; as Button says, 'the stream in the element is like the flame that cometh forth from the mouth of a hot oven.' Almost every voyager into Hudson's and Baffin's seas complains of the occasional hot weather, and the great annoyance of moschetoes on the shores. Duncan, when surrounded with ice, had the thermometer in August at  $58^{\circ}$  in the shade, and  $82^{\circ}$  in the sun. Yet the cold in winter is more intense than they have yet been able to measure either by a mercurial or spirit thermometer. It is a well established fact, that on the eastern sides of great continents, the temperature is greatly below that in the same degree of latitude on the western sides: thus, while the whole of Hudson's Bay, the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, down to  $46^{\circ}$  may be said to be, in winter, one mass of ice, not a particle of ice was ever seen in the sea on the western side of America, to the southward of  $64^{\circ}$  or  $65^{\circ}$ . The delicate humming-bird is not uncommon at Nootka, and was seen by Mackenzie at Peace River, in latitude  $54^{\circ} 24'$ . The cold of Halifax, in latitude  $44^{\circ} 40'$ , is much more intense than that of London in  $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . Pekin, in less than latitude  $40^{\circ}$ , has generally a constant frost for three months every year; and ice, the thickness of a dollar, is not uncommon at Canton, under the tropics. On the coast of Jesso, in latitude  $45^{\circ} 24'$ , Captain Krusenstern found the ground covered with snow in the middle of May, and vegetation more backward than at Archangel, in latitude  $64\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , in the middle of April.

Some of our old navigators ascribed the great variation and irregularity of the magnetic needle in Hudson and Baffin's Seas, to the effects of cold;\* and others to the attraction of particular

\* Foxe observed that the needle near Nottingham Island had lost its powers, which, among other things, he ascribed to the cold air interposed between the needle and the point of its attraction. Ellis conceived the cold to be the cause of the irregular action of the needle, and he says, that the compasses on being brought into a warm place recovered their action and proper direction.

islands. In the northern regions, near Spitzbergen, Phipps observed nothing remarkable in the variation of the needle, but Baffin found it at 5 points, or  $56^{\circ}$ , 'a thing almost incredible, and almost matchless in all the world beside.' Duncan supposed the needle to be attracted by Charles's Island, as the variation amounted to  $63^{\circ} 51'$ , nearly 6 points; and on the same parallel, when the island was out of sight, only  $45^{\circ} 22'$ ; and he states, that when near Merry and Jones's Islands, in a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, the night being very dark and dismal, all the compasses in the ship were running round, and so unsteady, that they could not trust one moment to the course they were steering.

Many other meteorological phenomena peculiar to these regions afford curious matter for investigation; but our geographical knowledge of every part of Hudson's and Baffin's seas is most defective. We need only cast an eye over the different charts made by Arrowsmith, from 1793 to 1811, no two of which are alike—large islands being inserted in some and omitted in others—the north-eastern side of the continent is, in one, cut into islands—in another, islands are joined to the continent—here a strait is filled up—there another opened—in short—

'Vidi ego quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus  
Esse fretum. Vidi factas ex æquore terras'—

These flourishes *ad libitum* (for not one iota of additional information of the northern parts has been received for the last sixty years) are not very commendable, in a geographical point of view; and in the absence of all knowledge, we should deem it preferable to leave *blank* (as Purdey has left Baffin's Sea in his General Chart) those coasts and islands which fancy only has created.

ART. IX.—1. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.* 8vo.

2. *The Prisoner of Chillon, a Dream: and other Poems.* By Lord Byron, 8vo. John Murray: London.

WE have felt ourselves very much affected by the perusal of these poems, nor can we suppose that we are singular in our feelings. Other poets have given us their literary productions as the subject of criticism, impersonally as it were, and generally speaking, abstracted from their ordinary habits and feelings; and all, or almost all, might apply to their poetical effusions, though in somewhat a different sense, the *Penvoy* of Ovid.

Sine me, Liber, ibis in urbem.

The work of the poet is indeed before the public, but the character, the habits of the author, the events of his life and the motives of his writing, are known but to the small circle of his literary gossip, for whose curiosity no food is too insipid. From such, indeed,

those supposed to be in intimacy with the individual have sometimes undergone an examination which reminds us of the extravagances of Arabella in the *Female Quixote*, who expected from every lady she met in society a full and interesting history of her life and adventures, and which could only be answered in the words of the 'Weary Knife-grinder,'—'Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Ma'am!'—The time therefore appeared to be passed when the mere sin of having been dipped in rhyme was supposed to exclude the poet from the usual business and habits of life, and to single him out from the herd as a marked deer expected to make sport by his solitary exertions for escape. Whether this has arisen from the diminished irritability of the rhyming generation, or from the peculiar habits of those who have been distinguished in our time, or from their mental efforts having been early directed to modify and to restrain the excess of their enthusiasm, we do not pretend to conjecture; but it is certain, that for many years past, though the number of our successful poets may be as great as at any period of our literary history, we have heard little comparatively of their eccentricities, their adventures, or their distresses. The wretched Dermody is not worth mentioning as an exception, and the misfortunes of Burns arose from circumstances not much connected with his powerful poetical genius.

It has been, however, reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description, afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. Nor does it require much time or deep acquaintance with human nature to discover why these extraordinary powers should in many cases have contributed more to the wretchedness than to the happiness of their possessor.

The 'imagination all compact,' which the greatest poet who ever lived has assigned as the distinguishing badge of his brethren, is in every case a dangerous gift. It exaggerates, indeed, our expectations, and can often bid its possessor hope, where hope is lost to reason: but the delusive pleasure arising from these visions of imagination, resembles that of a child whose notice is attracted by a fragment of glass to which a sun-beam has given momentary splendour. He hastens to the spot with breathless impatience, and finds the object of his curiosity and expectation is equally vul-



gar and worthless. Such is the man of quick and exalted powers of imagination. His fancy over-estimates the object of his wishes, and pleasure, fame, distinction, are alternately pursued, attained, and despised when in his power. Like the enchanted fruit in the palace of a sorcerer, the objects of his admiration lose their attraction and value as soon as they are grasped by the adventurer's hand, and all that remains is regret for the time lost in the chase, and astonishment at the hallucination under the influence of which it was undertaken. The disproportion between hope and possession which is felt by all men, is thus doubled to those whom nature has endowed with the power of gilding a distant prospect by the rays of imagination. These reflections, though trite and obvious, are in a manner forced from us by the poetry of Lord Byron, by the sentiments of weariness of life and enmity with the world which they so frequently express—and by the singular analogy which such sentiments hold with incidents of his life so recently before the public. The works before us contain so many direct allusions to the author's personal feelings and private history, that it becomes impossible for us to divide Lord Byron from his poetry, or to offer our criticism upon the continuation of *Childe Harold*, without reverting to the circumstances in which the commencement of that singular and original work first appeared.

Distinguished by title and descent from an illustrious line of ancestry, Lord Byron showed, even in his earliest years, that nature had added to those advantages the richest gifts of genius and fancy. His own tale is partly told in two lines of *Lara* :

‘ Left by his Sire, too young such loss to know,  
Lord of himself, that heritage of wo.’

His first literary adventure and its fate are well remembered. The poems which he published in his minority had, indeed, those faults of conception and diction which are inseparable from juvenile attempts, and in particular might rather be considered as imitations of what had caught the ear and fancy of the youthful author, than as exhibiting originality of conception and expression. It was like the first essay of the singing bird catching at and imitating the notes of its parent, ere habit and time have given the fulness of tone, confidence, and self-possession which renders assistance unnecessary. Yet though there were many, and those not the worst judges, who discerned in these juvenile productions, a depth of thought and felicity of expression which promised much at a more mature age, the errors did not escape the critical lash ; and certain brethren of ours yielded to the opportunity of pouncing upon a titled author, and to that which most readily besets our fraternity, and to which we dare not pronounce ourselves wholly inaccessible, the temptation, namely, of showing our own wit, and entertaining our

readers with a lively article without much respect to the feelings of the author, or even to the indications of merit which the work may exhibit. The review was read and raised mirth; the poems were neglected, the author was irritated, and took his revenge in keen iambics, not only on the offending critic, but on many others, in whose conduct or writings the juvenile bard had found, or imagined he had found, some cause of offence. The satire which has been since suppressed, as containing opinions hastily expressed, contained a spirit at least sufficiently poignant for all the purposes of reprisal; and although the verses might, in many respects, be deemed the offspring of hasty and indiscriminating resentment, they bore a strong testimony to the ripening talents of the author. Having thus vented his indignation against the critics and their readers, and put many, if not all the laughers upon his side, Lord Byron went abroad, and the controversy was forgotten for some years.

It was in 1812, when Lord Byron returned to England, that *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* made its first appearance, producing an effect upon the public, at least equal to any work which has appeared within this or the last century. Reading is indeed so general among all ranks and classes, that the impulse received by the public mind on such occasions is instantaneous through all but the very lowest classes of society, instead of being slowly communicated from one set of readers to another, as was the case in the days of our fathers. 'The Pilgrimage,' acting on such an extensive medium, was calculated to rouse and arrest the attention in a peculiar degree. The fictitious personage, whose sentiments, however, no one could help identifying with those of the author himself, presented himself with an avowed disdain of all the attributes which most men would be gladly supposed to possess. *Childe Harold* is represented as one satiated by indulgence in pleasure, and seeking in change of place and clime a relief from the tedium of a life which glided on without an object. The assuming of such a character as the medium of communicating his poetry and his sentiments indicated a feeling towards the public, which, if it fell short of contemning their favour, disdained, at least, all attempt to propitiate them. Yet the very audacity of this repulsive personification, joined to the energy with which it was supported, and to the indications of a bold, powerful, and original mind which glanced through every line of the poem, electrified the mass of readers, and placed at once upon Lord Byron's head the garland for which other men of genius have toiled long, and which they have gained late. He was placed pre-eminent among the literary men of his country by general acclamation. Those who had so rigorously censured his juvenile essays, and perhaps 'dreaded such another field,' were the first to pay warm and, we believe, sincere homage to his matured efforts; while

others, who saw in the sentiments of Childe Harold much to regret and to censure, did not withhold their tribute of applause to the depth of thought, the power and force of expression, the beauty of description, and the energy of sentiment which animated the 'Pilgrimage.' If the volume was laid aside for a moment, under the melancholy and unpleasing impression that it seemed calculated to chase hope from the side of man, and to dim his prospects both of this life and futurity, it was immediately and almost involuntarily assumed again, as our feeling of the author's genius predominated over our dislike to contemplate the gloomy views of human nature which it was his pleasure to place before us. Something was set down to the angry recollection of his first failure, which might fairly authorize so high a mind to hold the world's opinion in contempt; something was allowed for the recent family losses to which the poem alluded, and under the feeling of which it had been partly written: and it seemed to most readers as if gentler and more kindly features were, at times, seen to glance from under the cloud of misanthropy, which the author had flung around his hero. Thus, as all admired the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, all were prepared to greet the author with that fame which is the poet's best reward, and which is chiefly and most justly due to one who, in these exhausted days, strikes out a new and original line of composition.

It was amidst such feelings of admiration that Lord Byron entered, we may almost say for the first time, the public stage on which he has, for four years, made so distinguished a figure. Every thing in his manner, person, and conversation, tended to maintain the charm which his genius had flung around him; and those admitted to his conversation, far from finding that the inspired poet sunk into ordinary mortality, felt themselves attached to him, not only by many noble qualities, but by the interest of a mysterious, undefined, and almost painful curiosity.

It is well known how wide the doors of society are opened in London to literary merit even of a degree far inferior to Lord Byron's, and that it is only necessary to be honourably distinguished by the public voice to move as a denizen in the first circles. This passport was not necessary to Lord Byron, who possessed the hereditary claims of birth and rank. But the interest which his genius attached to his presence, and to his conversation, was of a nature far beyond what these hereditary claims could of themselves have conferred, and his reception was enthusiastic beyond any thing we have ever witnessed, or even heard reported. We have already noticed that Lord Byron is not one of those literary men of whom it may be truly said, *Minuit presentia famam*. A countenance, exquisitely modeled to the expression of feeling and

passion, and exhibiting the remarkable contrast of very hair and eye-brows, with light and expressive eyes, presented to the physiognomist the most interesting subject for the exercise of his art. The predominating expression was that of deep and habitual thought, which gave way to the most rapid play of features when he engaged in interesting discussion; so that a brother poet compared them to the sculpture of a beautiful alabaster vase, only seen to perfection when lighted up from within. The flashes of mirth, gayety, indignation, or satirical dislike, which frequently animated Lord Byron's countenance, might, during an evening's conversation, be mistaken by a stranger, for the habitual expression, so easily and so happily was it formed for them all; but those who had an opportunity of studying his features for a length of time, and upon various occasions, both of rest and emotion, will agree with us that their proper language was that of melancholy. Sometimes shades of this gloom interrupted even his gayest and most happy moments, and the following verses are said to have dropped from his pen to excuse a transient expression of melancholy which overclouded the general gayety.

'When from the heart where Sorrow sits,  
Here dusky shadow mounts too high  
And o'er the changing aspect flits,  
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye—  
Heed not the gloom that soon shall sink:  
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;  
Back to my breast the captives shrink,  
And bleed within their silent cell.'

It was impossible to behold this interesting countenance, expressive of a dejection belonging neither to the rank, the age, nor the success of this young nobleman, without feeling an indefinable curiosity to ascertain whether it had a deeper cause than habit or constitutional temperament. It was obviously of a degree incalculably more serious than that alluded to by Prince Arthur—

————— I remember when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night  
Only for wantonness —————

But, however derived, this, joined to Lord Byron's air of mingling in amusements and sports as if he contemned them, and felt that his sphere was far above the frivolous crowd which surrounded him, gave a strong effect of colouring to a character whose tints were otherwise romantic. Noble and far descended, his mind fraught with ancient learning and modern accomplishment, the pilgrim of distant and savage countries, eminent as a poet among the first whom Britain has produced, and having besides

cast around him a mysterious charm arising from the sombre tone of his poetry, and the occasional melancholy of his deportment, Lord Byron occupied the eyes, and interested the feelings of all. The enthusiastic looked on him to admire, the serious with a wish to admonish, and the soft with a desire to console. Even literary envy, a base sensation, from which, perhaps, this age is more free than any other, forgave the man whose splendour dimmed the fame of his competitors. The generosity of Lord Byron's disposition, his readiness to assist merit in distress, and to bring it forward where unknown, deserved and obtained the general regard of those who partook of such merit, while his poetical effusions, poured forth with equal force and fertility, showed at once a daring confidence in his own powers, and a determination to maintain, by continued effort, the high place he had attained in British literature. This rapidity of composition and publication we have heard blamed as endangering the fame of the author, while it gave such proofs of talent. We are inclined to dispute the proposition, at least in the present instance.

We are sometimes tempted to blame the timidity of those poets, who, possessing powers to arrest the admiration of the public, are yet too much afraid of censure to come frequently forward, and thus defraud themselves of their fame, and the public of the delight which they might afford us. Where success has been unexpectedly, and perhaps undeservedly, obtained by the capricious vote of fashion, it may be well for the adventurer to draw his stake and leave the game, as every succeeding hazard will diminish the chance of his rising a winner. But they cater ill for the public, and give indifferent advice to the poet, supposing him possessed of the highest qualities of his art, who do not advise him to labour while the laurel around his brows yet retains its freshness. Sketches from Lord Byron are more valuable than finished pictures from others; nor are we at all sure that any labour which he might bestow in revision would not rather efface than refine those outlines of striking and powerful originality which they exhibit, when flung rough from the hand of the master. No one would have wished to condemn Michel Angelo to work upon a single block of marble, until he had satisfied, in every point, the petty criticism of that Pope, who, neglecting the sublime and magnificent character and attitude of his Moses, descended to blame a wrinkle in the fold of the garment. Should it be urged, that in thus stimulating genius to unsparing exertion, we encourage carelessness and hurry in the youthful candidates for literary distinction, we answer, it is not the learner to whom our remarks apply; they refer to him only, who, gifted by nature with the higher power of poetry, an art as difficult as it is enchanting, has made himself master, by application and study, of the mecha-

nical process, and in whom, we believe, frequent exertions upon new works awaken and stimulate that genius, which might be cramped and rendered tame, by long and minute attention to finish to the highest possible degree any one of the number. If we look at our poetical library we shall find, generally speaking, the most distinguished poets have been the most voluminous, and that those who, like Gray, limited their productions to a few poems, anxiously and sedulously corrected and revised, have given them a stiff and artificial character, which, far from disarming criticism, has rather embittered its violence, while the Aristarch, like Achilles assailing Hector, meditates dealing the mortal wound through some unguarded crevice of the supposed impenetrable armour, with which the cautious bard has vainly invested himself. Our opinion must be necessarily qualified by the caution, that as no human invention can be infinitely fertile, as even the richest genius may be, in agricultural phrase, *cropped out*, and rendered sterile, and as each author must necessarily have a particular style in which he is supposed to excel, and must therefore be more or less a mannerist; no one can with prudence persevere in forcing himself before the public when from failure in invention, or from having rendered the peculiarities of his style overtrite and familiar, the veteran ‘lags superfluous on the stage,’ a slighted mute in those dramas where he was once the principal personage. To this humiliation vanity frequently exposes genius, and it is no doubt true that a copious power of diction joined to habitual carelessness in composition, has frequently conduced to it. We would therefore be understood to recommend to authors, while a consciousness of the possession of vigorous powers, carefully cultivated, unites with the favour of the public, to descend into the arena, and continue their efforts vigorously while their hopes are high, their spirits active, and the public propitious, in order that, on the slightest failure of nerves or breath, they may be able to withdraw themselves honourably from the contest gracefully, giving way to other candidates for fame, and cultivating studies more suitable to a flagging imagination than the fervid art of poetry. This, however, is the affair of the authors themselves: should they neglect this prudential course, the public will no doubt have more indifferent books on their table than would otherwise have loaded it; and as the world always seizes the first opportunity of recalling the applause it has bestowed, the former wreaths of the writers will for a time be blighted by their immediate failure. But these evils, so far as the public is concerned, are greatly overbalanced by such as arise from timid caution, which bids genius suppress its efforts, until they shall be refined into unattainable perfection—and we cannot but repeat our conviction that poetry being, in its higher classes, an art which has for its ele-

ments sublimity and unaffected beauty, is more liable than any other to suffer from the labour of polishing, or from the elaborate and composite style of ornament, and alternate affectation of simplicity, and artifice, which characterize the work, even of the first poets, when they have been over-anxious to secure public applause, by long and reiterated correction. It must be remembered that we speak of the higher tones of composition; there are others of a subordinate character, where extreme art and labour are not bestowed in vain. But we cannot consider over-anxious correction as likely to be employed with advantage upon poems like those of Lord Byron, which have for their object to rouse the imagination, and awaken the passions.

It is certain, to return to the subject from which we have gone somewhat astray, that the rapidity with which Lord Byron's poems succeeded each other, during four years, served to arrest as well as to dazzle and delight the public; nor did there appear room to apply to him, in the height of his fame and the flower of his age, the caution which we might whisper to other bards of popular celebrity. *The Giaour*, *the Bride of Abydos*, *the Corsair*, *Lara*, *the Siege of Corinth*, followed each other with a celerity, which was only rivalled by their success; and if at times the author seemed to pause in his poetic career, with the threat of forbearing further adventure for a time, the public eagerly pardoned the breach of a promise by keeping which they must have been sufferers. Exquisitely beautiful in themselves, these tales received a new charm from the romantic climes into which they introduced us, and from the oriental costume so strictly preserved and so picturesquely exhibited. Greece, the cradle of the poetry with which our earliest studies are familiar, was presented to us among her ruins and her sorrows. Her delightful scenery, once dedicated to those deities who, though dethroned from their own Olympus, still preserve a poetical empire, was spread before us in Lord Byron's poetry, varied by all the moral effect derived from what Greece is and what she has been, while it was doubled by comparisons, perpetually excited, between the philosophers and heroes who formerly inhabited that romantic country, and their descendants, who either stoop to their Scythian conquerors, or maintain among the recesses of their classical mountains, an independence as wild and savage as it is precarious. The oriental manners also and diction, so peculiar in their picturesque effect that they can cast a charm over the absurdities of an eastern tale, had here the more honourable occupation of decorating that which in itself was beautiful, and enhancing by novelty what would have been captivating without its aid. The powerful impression produced by this peculiar species of poetry

confirmed us in a principle, which, though it will hardly be challenged when stated as an axiom, is very rarely complied with in practice. It is, that every author should, like Lord Byron, form to himself, and communicate to the reader, a precise, defined and distinct view of the landscape, sentiment, or action which he intends to describe to the reader. This simple proposition has been so often neglected, that we feel warranted in giving it a little more consideration and illustration than plain men may at first sight think necessary.

An author occasionally forgets that it is his business rather to excite than to satiate the imagination of his readers; rather to place before him such a distinct and intelligible sketch as his own imagination can fill up, than, by attempting to exhaust all that can be said on the subject, to confuse the apprehension and weary the attention. There should be, even in poetical description, that *keeping* and *perspective* which is demanded in the sister art of painting, and which alone can render the scenes presented by either distinct, clear and intelligible. Here the painter has, in some degree, the advantage of the poet, for *perspective* is the very foundation of his art. The most stupid bungler that ever took brush in hand is aware that his objects must diminish as they withdraw from the eye, that he is not entitled to render the rocks of his distance too distinct, and that the knowledge that such things do actually exist will not justify him in painting with minuteness the lichens and shrubs, which grow on their surface and in their crevices, at a distance from which these minute objects cannot be discovered by the eye. Yet suppose such a novice a follower of the Muses, and he will not hesitate a moment to transgress this wholesome rule. Every thing which he knows to exist in fact, he will, with the confused minuteness of a Chinese painter, labour to introduce into his description, and, by confounding that which is important to his purpose with that which is subordinate, he will produce a mass of images more or less splendid, according to the vivacity of his imagination, but perplexing, incongruous and unsatisfactory, in all respects, to the reader, who, in vain, endeavours to reduce them in his own mind into one distinct landscape, whose parts shall bear a just proportion to each other. Such a poet has assembled, perhaps, excellent materials for composition, but he does not present them in intelligible arrangement to the reader, and he fails to produce upon the mind of others the desired effect, probably because the picture has never been presented to his own with sufficient accuracy.

This is more particularly the case with such authors as, lacking the erudition of Southey or the personal experience of Lord Byron, attempt to lay their scene in countries or ages with the costume and



manners of which they are but imperfectly acquainted. Such adventurers are compelled to draw heavily on their slender stock of knowledge on every occasion, and to parade, as fully as they can, before the eye of the reader, whatsoever their reading has gleaned concerning their subject. Without Chatterton's genius, they fall into Chatterton's error, who, not considering that in the most ancient authors scarcely one word in ten has become obsolete, wrote a set of poems in which every second word was taken from a glossary, and necessarily remitted to one, under the idea that he was imitating the language of the ancients. Thus, when a poet deals in materials of which he is not fully master, he is obliged, at the risk of outraging both taste and nature, to produce as frequently, and detain before the reader as long as possible, those distinctive marks by which he means to impress him with the reality of his story; and the outrage is committed in vain; for it is not enough for the representation of an eastern landscape, that the foreground should be encumbered with turbans and sabres, and the fantastic architecture of the kiosk or the mosque, if the distance be not marked by those slight but discriminating touches which mark the reality of the scene, the lightly indicated palm-tree, which overhangs the distant fountain, or the shadowy and obscure delineation of the long column of the caravan retreating through the distance; or the watchman who rests on his lance while his tribe slumber around him, as in the following exquisite picture taken from one of the poems before us,

'The Boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds  
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
And his Soul drank their sunbeams ; he was girt  
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not  
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea  
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;  
There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all ; and in the last he lay  
Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,  
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade  
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names  
Of those who reared them ; by his sleeping side  
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds  
Were fastened near a fountain ; and a man  
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,  
While many of his tribe slumber'd around :  
And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.'

*The Dream, p. 40.*

This is true *keeping*—an Eastern picture perfect in its foreground, and distance, and sky, and no part of which is so dwelt upon or laboured as to obscure the principal figure. It is often in the slight and almost imperceptible touches that the hand of the master is shown, and that a single spark, struck from his fancy, lightens with a long train of illumination that of the reader.

It is another remarkable property of the poetry of Lord Byron, that although his manner is frequently varied—although he appears to have assumed for an occasion the characteristic stanza and style of several contemporaries, yet not only is his poetry marked in every instance by the strongest cast of originality, but in some leading particulars, and especially in the character of his heroes, each story so closely resembled the other, that managed by a writer of less power, the effect would have been an unpleasing monotony. All, or almost all, his heroes, have somewhat the attributes of *Childe Harold*:—all, or almost all, have minds which seem at variance with their fortunes, and exhibit high and poignant feelings of pain and pleasure; a keen sense of what is noble and honourable, and an equally keen susceptibility of injustice or injury, under the garb of stoicism or contempt of mankind. The strength of early passion, and the glow of youthful feeling, are uniformly painted as chilled or subdued by a train of early imprudences or of darker guilt, and the sense of enjoyment tarnished, by too intimate and experienced an acquaintance with the vanity of human wishes. These general attributes mark the stern features of all Lord Byron's heroes, from those which are shaded by the scalloped hat of the illustrious Pilgrim, to those which lurk under the turban of Alp, the Renegade. The public, ever anxious in curiosity or malignity to attach to fictitious characters real prototypes, were obstinate in declaring that in these leading traits of character Lord Byron copied from the individual features reflected in his own mirror. On this subject the noble author entered, on one occasion, a formal protest, though, it will be observed, without entirely disavowing the ground on which the conjecture was formed.

‘With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of “drawing from self,” the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards, (far more deserving, I allow,) in very reputable

plight, and quite exempt from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than "The Giaour," and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever "alias" they please.

It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers: but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice, if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were stained. Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair, who 'knew himself a villain,' than they looked for the hypocrisy of Kehama on the shores of the Derwent Water, or the profligacy of Marmion on the banks of the Tweed: yet even in the features of Conrad, those who have looked on Lord Byron will recognise some likeness.

————— to the sight  
 No giant frame sets forth his common height;  
 Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,  
 Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;  
 They gaze and marvel how—and still confess  
 'That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.  
 Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale  
 'The sable curls in wild profusion veil;  
 And oft perforce his rising lip reveals  
 'The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.  
 'Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,  
 Still seems there something he would not have seen:  
 His features' deepening lines and varying hue  
 At times attracted, yet perplexed the view.'

*The Corsair*, p. 11.

And the ascetic regimen which the noble author himself observed, was no less marked in the description of Conrad's fare.

'Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,  
 That goblet passes him untasted still—  
 And for his fare—the rudest of his crew  
 Would that, in turn, have passed untasted too;  
 Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,  
 And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,  
 His short repast in humbleness supply  
 With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.'—*Id.* p. 4.

The following description of Lara suddenly and unexpectedly returned from distant travels, and reassuming his station in the society of his own country, has in like manner strong points of resemblance to the part which the author himself seemed occasionally to bear amid the scenes where the great mingle with the fair.

————— 'tis quickly seen  
 Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been;

That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,  
 And spake of passions, but of passions past ;  
 The pride, but not the fire, of early days,  
 Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise ;  
 A high demeanour, and a glance that took  
 Their thoughts from others by a single look ;  
 And that sarcastic levity of tongue,  
 The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,  
 That darts in seeming playfulness around,  
 And makes those feel that will not own the wound ;  
 All these seem'd his, and something more beneath  
 That glance could well reveal, or accent breathe :  
 Ambition, glory, love, the common aim  
 That some can conquer, and that all would claim.  
 Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,  
 Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive ;  
 And some deep feeling it were vain to trace  
 At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.'—*Lara*, pp. 6, 7.

We are not writing Lord Byron's private history, though from the connexion already stated between his poetry and his character, we feel ourselves forced upon considering his literary life, his deportment, and even his personal appearance. But we know enough even of his private story to give our warrant that, though his youth may have shared somewhat too largely in the indiscretion of those left too early masters of their own actions and fortunes, falsehood and malice alone can impute to him any real cause for hopeless remorse or gloomy misanthropy. To what, then, are we to ascribe the singular peculiarity which induced an author of such talent, and so well skilled in tracing the darker impressions which guilt and remorse leave on the human character, so frequently to affix features peculiar to himself to the robbers and the corsairs which he sketched with a pencil as forcible as that of Salvator?—More than one answer may be returned to this question ; nor do we pretend to say which is best warranted by the facts. The practice may arise from a temperament which radical and constitutional melancholy has, in the case of Hamlet, predisposed to identify its *owner* with scenes of that deep and arousing interest which arises from the stings of conscience contending with the stubborn energy of pride, and delighting to be placed in supposed situations of guilt and danger, as some men love instinctively to tread the giddy edge of a precipice, or, holding by some frail twig, to stoop forward over the abyss into which the dark torrent discharges itself. Or it may be that these disguises were assumed capriciously as a man might choose the cloak, poniard, and dark-lantern of a bravo, for his disguise at a masquerade. Or feeling his own powers in painting the sombre and the horrible, Lord Byron assumed in his

fervour the very semblance of the characters he describes, like an actor who presents on the stage at once his own person and the tragic character with which for the time he is invested. Nor is it altogether incompatible with his character to believe that, in contempt of the criticisms which on this account had attended Childe Harold, he was determined to show to the public how little he was affected by them, and how effectually it was in his power to compel attention and respect, even when imparting a portion of his own likeness and his own peculiarities to pirates, and outlaws.

But although we do not pretend to ascertain the motive on which Lord Byron acted in bringing the peculiarities of his own sentiments and feeling so frequently before his readers, it is with no little admiration that we regard these extraordinary powers, which, amidst this seeming uniformity, could continue to rivet the public attention, and secure general and continued applause. The versatility of authors who have been able to draw and support characters as different from each other as from their own, has given to their productions the inexpressible charm of variety, and has often secured them against that neglect which in general attends what is technically called mannerism. But it was reserved to Lord Byron to present the same character on the public stage again and again, varied only by the exertions of that powerful genius, which searching the springs of passion and of feeling in their innermost recesses, knew how to combine their operations, so that the interest was eternally varying, and never abated, although the most important personage of the drama retained the same lineaments. It will one day be considered as not the least remarkable literary phenomenon of this age, that during a period of four years, notwithstanding the quantity of distinguished poetical talent of which we may be permitted to boast, a single author, and he managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality, and choosing for his theme subjects so very similar, and personages bearing so close a resemblance to each other,—did, in despite of these circumstances, of the unamiable attributes with which he usually invested his heroes, and of the proverbial fickleness of the public, maintain the ascendancy in their favour, which he had acquired by his first matured production. So however it indisputably has been; and those comparatively small circles of admirers excepted, which assemble naturally around individual poets of eminence, Lord Byron has been for that time, and may for some time continue to be, the Champion of the English Parnassus. If his empire over the public mind be in any measure diminished, it arises from no literary failure of his own, and from no triumph of his competitors, but from other circumstances, so

frequently alluded to in the publications before us, that they cannot pass without some notice, which we will study to render as brief as it is impartial.

The poet thus gifted, thus honoured, thus admired, no longer entitled to regard himself as one defrauded of his just fame, and expelled with derision from the lists in which he had stood forward a candidate for honour, but crowned with all which the public could bestow, was now in a situation apparently as enviable as could be attained through mere literary celebrity. The sequel may be given in the words in which the author, adopting here more distinctly the character of *Childe Harold* than in the original poem, has chosen to present it to us, and to assign the cause why *Childe Harold* has resumed his pilgrim's staff when it was hoped he had set down for life a denizen of his native country. The length of the quotation will be pardoned by those who can feel at once the moral interest and poetical beauty with which it abounds.

## VIII.

‘Something too much of this :—but now ’tis past,  
And the spell closes with its silent seal.  
Long absent *HAROLD* re-appears at last;  
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,  
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne’er heal,  
Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him  
In soul and aspect as in age : years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb ;  
And life’s enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

## IX.

‘His had been quaff’d too quickly, and he found  
The dregs were wormwood ; but he fill’d again,  
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,  
And deem’d its spring perpetual ; but in vain !  
Still round him clung invisibly a chain  
Which gall’d for ever, fettering though unseen,  
And heavy though it clank’d not ; worn with pain,  
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,  
Entering with every step, he took, through many a scene.

## X.

‘Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix’d  
Again in fancied safety with his kind,  
And deem’d his spirit now so firmly fix’d  
And sheath’d with an invulnerable mind,  
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk’d behind ;  
And he, as one, might midst the many stand  
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find  
Fit speculation ! such as in strange land  
He found in wonder-works of God and nature’s hand.

## XI.

‘ But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek  
 To wear it ? who can curiously behold  
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty’s cheek,  
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old ?  
 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold  
 The star which rises o’er her steep, nor climb ?  
 Harold, once more within the vortex, roll’d  
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,  
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth’s fond prime.

## XII.

‘ But soon he knew himself the most unfit  
 Of men to herd with Man ; with whom he held  
 Little in common ; untaught to submit  
 His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell’d  
 In youth by his own thoughts ; still uncompelled,  
 He would not yield dominion of his mind  
 To spirits against whom his own rebell’d ;  
 Proud though in desolation ; which could find  
 A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

## XIII.

‘ Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;  
 Where roll’d the ocean, thereon was his home ;  
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,  
 He had the passion and the power to roam ;  
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker’s foam,  
 Were unto him companionship ; they spake  
 A mutual language, clearer than the tone  
 Of his land’s tongue, which he would oft forsake  
 For Nature’s pages glass’d by sunbeams on the lake.

## XIV.

‘ Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,  
 Till he had peopled them with beings bright  
 As their own beams ; and earth, and earth-born jars,  
 And human frailties, were forgotten quite :  
 Could he have kept his spirit to that flight  
 He had been happy ; but this clay will sink  
 Its spark immortal, envying in the light  
 To which it mounts, as if to break the link  
 That keeps us from you heaven which woos us to its brink.

## XV.

‘ But in Man’s dwellings he became a thing  
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,  
 Droop’d as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,  
 To whom the boundless air alone were home ;  
 Then came his fit again, which to o’ercome,  
 As eagerly the barr’d-up bird will beat  
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome

Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the beat  
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

## XVI.

' Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,  
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom ;  
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,  
That all was over on this side the tomb,  
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,  
Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plundered wreck  
When mariners would madly meet their doom  
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—  
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.'

Canto III.—p. 7—11.

The commentary through which the meaning of this melancholy tale is rendered obvious, has been long before the public, and is still in vivid remembrance ; for the errors of those who excel their fellows in gifts and accomplishments are not soon forgotten. Those scenes, ever most painful to the bosom, were rendered yet more so by public discussion ; and it is at least possible that amongst those who exclaimed most loudly on this unhappy occasion, were some in whose eyes literary superiority exaggerated Lord Byron's offence. The scene may be described in a few words :—the wise condemned—the good regretted—the multitude, idly or maliciously inquisitive, rushed from place to place, gathering gossip, which they mangled and exaggerated while they repeated it ; and impudence, ever ready to hitch itself into notoriety, *hooked on*, as Falstaff enjoins Bardolph, blustered, bullied, and talked of 'pleading a cause' and 'taking a side.'

The family misfortunes which have for a time lost Lord Byron to his native land have neither chilled his poetical fire, nor deprived England of its benefit. The Third Canto of *Childe Harold* exhibits, in all its strength and in all its peculiarity, the wild, powerful, and original vein of poetry which, in the preceding cantos, first fixed the public attention upon the author. If there is any difference, the former seem to us to have been rather more sedulously corrected and revised for publication, and the present work to have been dashed from the author's pen with less regard to the subordinate points of expression and versification. Yet such is the deep and powerful strain of passion, such the original tone and colouring of description, that the want of polish in some of its minute parts rather adds to than deprives the poem of its energy. It seems, occasionally, as if the consideration of mere grace was beneath the care of the poet, in his ardour to hurry upon the reader the 'thoughts that glow and words that burn ;' and that the occasional roughness of the verse corresponded with the stern tone of thought, and of mental suffering which it expresses. We have



remarked the same effect produced by the action of Mrs. Siddons, when, to give emphasis to some passage of overwhelming passion, she has seemed wilfully to assume a position constrained, stiffened, violent, diametrically contrary to the rules of grace, in order, as it were, to concentrate herself for the utterance of grief, or passion which disdained embellishment. In the same manner, versification, in the hands of a master-bard, is as frequently correspondent to the thoughts it expresses as to the action it describes, and the 'line labours and the words move slow' under the heavy and painful thought; wrung, as it were, from the bosom, as when Ajax is heaving his massy rock. It is proper, however, to give some account of the plan of the poem before we pursue these observations.

The subject is the same as in the preceding Cantos of the 'Pilgrimage.' Harold wanders over other fields and amid other scenery, and gives vent to the various thoughts and meditations which they excite in his breast. The poem opens with a beautiful and pathetic, though abrupt, invocation to the infant daughter of the author, and bespeaks at once our interest and our sympathy for the self-exiled Pilgrim.

## I.

'Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child !  
Ada ! sole daughter of my house and heart ?  
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,  
And then we parted,—not as now we part,  
But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me ; and on high  
The winds lift up their voices ; I depart,  
Whither I know not ; but the hour's gone by,  
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye..

## II.

'Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome, to their roar !  
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead !  
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,  
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,  
Still must I on ; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.'

Canto III. pp. 3, 4.

The theme of *Childe Harold* is then resumed, and the stanzas follow which we have already quoted, and which, it must be allowed, identify the noble author with the creature of his imagination more intimately than in the former Cantos. We do not mean to say that all *Childe Harold's* feelings and adventures must be considered

as those of Lord Byron, but merely that there is much of Lord Byron in the supposed Pilgrim.

On the plan itself we may briefly remark, that the localities of which it necessarily treats connect it with the *real* as well as the beautiful. An ingenious friend has well observed, that the plain, the rock, the hillock, which marks the scene of some distinguished event, has frequently an effect more powerful upon the mind than even the monuments of art designed expressly to preserve its memory. These localities have also the merit of imperishability, and carry back their associations to periods far more remote than art can refer to. Pictures fade and statues moulder and temples decay, and cities perish : but the sod of Marathon is immortal—and he who has trode it has identified himself with Athenian story in a manner which neither painter, nor poet, nor sculptor could have accomplished for him. Shakspeare, whom nothing escaped, hints, in the celebrated passage already quoted, that it is one of the highest offices of poetry to connect our ideas with some ‘local habitation.’ In this respect, poetry has been falsely characterized as dealing in fiction. History may do so perhaps too often ; but poetry, at least good poetry, is connected only with realities either of visible or of moral nature. It is therefore with no ordinary pleasure that we follow the Pilgrim through scenes to which his poetry gives new interest, while it recalls that attached to them by historical or moral associations.

He arrives on Waterloo,—a scene where all men, where a poet especially, and a poet such as Lord Byron, must needs pause, and amid the quiet simplicity of whose scenery is excited a moral interest deeper and more potent even than that which is produced by gazing upon the sublimest efforts of Nature in her most romantic recesses.

That Lord Byron’s sentiments do not correspond with ours is obvious, and we are sorry for both our sakes. For our own,—because we have lost that note of triumph with which his harp would otherwise have rung over a field of glory such as Britain never reaped before ; and on Lord Byron’s account,—because it is melancholy to see a man of genius duped by the mere cant of words and phrases, even when facts are most broadly confronted with them. If the poet has mixed with original, wild, and magnificent creations of his imagination, prejudices which he could only have caught by the contagion which he most professes to despise, it is he himself must be the loser. If his lofty muse has soared in all her brilliancy over the field of Waterloo without dropping even one leaf of laurel on the head of Wellington, his merit can dispense even with the praise of Lord Byron. And as, when the images of Brutus were excluded from the triumphal procession, his memory became only

the more powerfully imprinted on the souls of the Romans,—the name of the British hero will be but more eagerly recalled to remembrance by the very lines in which his praise is forgotten.

We would willingly avoid mention of the political opinions hinted at by Childe Harold, and more distinctly expressed in other poems of Lord Byron ;—the more willingly, as we strongly suspect that these effusions are rather the sport of whim and singularity, or at best the suggestion of sudden starts of feeling and passion, than the expressions of any serious or fixed opinion. A French author, (*Le Censeur du Dictionnaire des Girouettes*,) who has undertaken the hardy task of vindicating the consistency of the actors in the late revolutions and counter-revolutions of his country, gives it as his decided opinion, that poets in particular are not amenable to censure, whatever political opinions they may express, or however frequently these opinions may exhibit marks of inconsistency.—  
 ‘ Le cerveau d’un poète est une cire molle et flexible où s’imprime naturellement tout ce qui le flatte, le séduit et l’alimente. La Muse du chant n’a pas de parti : c’est une étourdie sans conséquence, qui folâtre également et sur de riches gazons et sur d’arides bruyères. Un poète en délire chante indifféremment Titus et Thamaspe, Louis XII. et Cromwell, Christine de Suède et Fanchon la Vielleuse.’

We suspect that Lord Byron will not feel much flattered by the opportunity we have given him of sheltering himself under the insignificance which this Frenchman attaches to the political opinions of poets. But if he renounces the defence arising from the difficulty of resisting a tempting subject, and the pleasure of maintaining a paradox, it will be difficult for him to escape from the charge of inconsistency. For to compare Waterloo to the battle of Cannæ, and speak of the blood which flowed on the side of the vanquished as lost in the cause of freedom, is contrary not only to plain sense and general opinion, but to Lord Byron’s own experience, and to the testimony of that experience which he has laid before the public. Childe Harold, in his former Pilgrimage, beheld in Spain the course of the ‘ tyrant and of the tyrant’s slaves.’ He saw ‘ Gaul’s vulture with her wings unfurled,’ and indignantly expostulated with Fate on the impending destruction of the patriotic Spaniards.

‘ And must they fall,—the young, the proud, the brave,  
 To swell one bloated Chief’s unwholesome reign,  
 No step between submission and a grave,  
 The rise of rapine, and the fall of Spain !’

Childe Harold saw the scenes which he celebrates,—and does he now compare to the field of Cannæ the plain of Waterloo, and mourn over the fall of the tyrant and the military satraps and slaves whose arms built his power, as over the fall of the cause of

liberty? We know the ready answer which will be offered by the few who soothe their own prejudices, or seek to carry their own purposes by maintaining this extravagant proposition. They take a distinction: Bonaparte, according to their creed, fell a tyrant in 1814, and revived a deliverer in 1815. A few months' residence in the Isle of Elba had given him time for better thoughts, and had mortified within his mind that gorging ambition for which, Russia was not too great, nor Hamburg too small a morsel; which neither evaporated under the burning sun of Egypt nor was chilled by the polar snows; which survived the loss of millions of soldiers and an incalculable tract of territory, and burned as fiercely during the conferences of Chatillon, when the despot's fate was trembling in the scales, as at those of Tilsit, when that of his adversary had kicked the beam. All the experience which Europe had bought by oceans of blood and years of degradation ought, according to these gentlemen, to have been forgotten upon the empty professions of one whose word, whensoever or wheresoever pledged, never bound him an instant when interest or ambition required a breach of it. Bonaparte assured the world he was changed in temper, mind and disposition; and his old agent and minister (Fouché of Nantes) was as ready to give his security as Bardolph was to engage for Falstaff. When Gil Blas found his old comrades in knavery, Don Raphael and Ambrose de Lamela, administering the revenues of a Carthusian convent, he shrewdly conjectured that the treasure of the holy fathers was in no small danger, and grounded his suspicion on the old adage, 'Il ne faut pas mettre à la cave un ivrogne qui a renoncé au vin.' But Europe—when France had given the strongest proof of her desire to recover what she termed her glory, by expelling a king whose reign was incompatible with foreign wars, and recalling Napoleon, to whom conquest was as the very breath of his nostrils—Europe, most deserving, had she yielded to such arguments, to have been crowned with 'the diadem, high foolscap,' is censured for having exerted her strength to fix her security, and confuting with her own warlike weapons those whose only law was arms, and only argument battle. We do not believe there lives any one who can seriously doubt the truth of what we have said. If, however, there were any simple enough to expect to hail Freedom restored by the victorious arms of Bonaparte, their mistake (had Lord Wellington not saved them from its consequences) would have resembled that of poor Slender, who, rushing to the embraces of Anne Page, found himself unexpectedly in the gripe of a lubberly post-master's boy. But probably no one was foolish enough to nourish such hopes, though there are some—their number is few—whose general opinions concerning the policy of Europe are so closely and habitually linked with their party preju-

dices at home, that they see in the victory of Waterloo only the triumph of Lord Castlereagh; and could the event have been reversed, would have thought rather of the possible change of seats in St. Stephen's, than of the probable subjugation of Europe. Such were those who, hiding perhaps secret hopes with affected despondence, lamented the madness which endeavoured to make a stand against the Irresistible, whose military calculations were formed on plans far beyond the comprehension of all other minds; and such are they who, confuted by stubborn facts, now affect to mourn over the consequences of a victory which they had pronounced impossible. But, as we have already hinted, we cannot trace in Lord Byron's writings any systematic attachment to a particular creed of politics, and he appears to us to seize the subjects of public interest upon the side in which they happen to present themselves for the moment, with this qualification, that he usually paints them on the shaded aspect, perhaps that their tints may harmonize with the sombre colours of his landscape. Dangerous as prophecies are, we could almost hazard a prediction that, if Lord Byron enjoys that length of life which we desire for his sake and our own, his future writings may probably show that he thinks better of the morals, religion, and constitution of his country, than his poems have hitherto indicated. Should we fail in a hope which we cherish fondly, the disgrace of false prophecy must rest with us, but the loss will be with Lord Byron himself.

Childe Harold, though he shuns to celebrate the victory of Waterloo, gives us a most beautiful description of the evening which preceded the battle of Quatre Bras, the alarm which called out the troops, and the hurry and confusion which preceded their march. We are not sure that any verses in our language surpass the following in vigour and in feeling. The quotation is again a long one, but we must not and dare not curtail it.

## XXI.

'There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

## XXII.

'Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;

No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
 But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

## XXIII.

' Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

## XXIV.

' Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;  
 And there was sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

## XXV.

' And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come!  
 they come!"

## XXVI.

' And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!  
 The war-note of Lochial, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

## XXVII.

'And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

## XXVIII.

'Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently-sterne array!  
 The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

A beautiful elegiac stanza on the Honourable Major Howard, a relation of Lord Byron; and several verses in which the author contemplates the character and fall of Napoleon, close the meditations suggested by the field of Waterloo. The present situation of Bonaparte ought to exempt him (unless when, as in the following pages, he is brought officially before us) from such petty warfare as we can wage. But if Lord Byron supposes that Napoleon's fall was occasioned, or even precipitated by a 'just habitual scorn of men and their thoughts,' too publicly and rashly expressed, or as he has termed it in a note, 'the continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling with or for them,'—we conceive him to be under a material error. Far from being deficient in that necessary branch of the politician's art, which soothes the passions and conciliates the prejudices of those whom they wish to employ as instruments, Bonaparte possessed it in exquisite perfection. He seldom missed finding the very man that was fittest for his immediate purpose; and he had, in a peculiar degree, the art of moulding him to it. It was not, then, because he despised the means necessary to gain his end that he finally fell short of attaining it, but because confiding in his stars, his fortune, and his strength, the ends which he proposed were unattainable even by the gigantic means which he possessed. But if we are to understand that the projects of Napoleon intimated, too plainly for the subsistence of his power, how little he regarded human life or human happiness in the accomplishment of his personal views, and that this conviction

heated his enemies and cooled his friends, his indeed may be called a *scorn*, but surely not a *just scorn* of his fellow-mortals.

But bidding adieu to politics, that extensive gulf whose eddies draw every thing that is British into their vortex, we follow with pleasure Childe Harold's wanderings up the enchanting valley of the Rhine :—

' There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
A blending of all beauties, streams, and dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells  
From gray, but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.'

These ruins, once the abodes of the robber-chivalry of the German frontier, where each free count and knight exercised within his petty domain the power of a feudal sovereign, call forth from the poet an appropriate commemoration of the exploits and character of their former owners. In a softer mood, the Pilgrim pours forth his greetings to one kind breast, in whom he can yet repose his sorrows, and hope for responsive feelings. The fall of Marceau is next commemorated; and Harold, passing with a fond adieu from the Rhine-thal, plunges into the Alps, to find among their recesses scenery yet wilder, and better suited to one who sought for loneliness in order to renew

' Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,  
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd "him" in their fold.'

The next theme on which the poet rushes is the character of the enthusiastic, and, as Lord Byron well terms him, 'self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,' a subject naturally suggested by the scenes in which that unhappy visionary dwelt, at war with all others, and by no means at peace with himself; an affected contemner of polished society, for whose applause he secretly panted, and a waster of eloquence in praise of the savage state in which his paradoxical reasoning, and studied, if not affected declamation, would never have procured him an instant's notice. In the following stanza his character and foibles are happily treated.

LXXX.

' His life was one long war with self-sought foes,  
Or friends by him self-banish'd ; for his mind  
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose  
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,  
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.  
But he was phrenzied,—wherefore, who may know ?  
Since cause might be which skill could never find ;  
But he was phrenzied by disease or wo,  
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.'



In another part of the poem this subject is renewed, where the traveller visits the scenery of La Nouvelle Eloïse.

‘Clarens, sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love,  
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought,  
Thy trees take root in love; the snow above  
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,  
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought,  
By rays which sleep there lovingly.’

There is much more of beautiful and animated description, from which it appears that the impassioned parts of Rousseau’s romance have made a deep impression upon the feelings of the noble poet. The enthusiasm expressed by Lord Byron is no small tribute to the power possessed by Jean Jaques over the passions: and to say truth, we needed some such evidence, for, though almost ashamed to avow the truth, which is probably very much to our own discredit,—still, like the barber of Midas, we must speak or die—we have never been able to feel the interest or discover the merit of this far-famed performance. That there is much eloquence in the letters we readily admit; there lay Rousseau’s strength. But his lovers, the celebrated St. Preux and Julie, have, from the earliest moment we have heard the tale (which we well remember) down to the present hour, totally failed to interest us. There might be some constitutional hardness of heart: but like Lance’s pebble-hearted cur, Crab, we remained dry-eyed while all wept around us. And still, on resuming the volume, even now, we can see little in the loves of these two tiresome pedants to interest our feelings for either of them; we are by no means flattered by the character of Lord Edward Bomston, produced as the representative of the English nation,—and, upon the whole, consider the dulness of the story as the best apology for its exquisite immorality. To state our opinion in language much better than our own, we are unfortunate enough to regard this far-famed history of philosophical gallantry as an ‘unfashioned, indelicate, sour, gloomy, ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness; of metaphysical speculations, blended with the coarsest sensuality.’\* Neither does Rousseau claim a higher rank with us on account of that Pythian and frenetic inspiration which vented

‘Those oracles which set the world in flame,  
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more.’

We agree with Lord Byron that this frenzied sophist, reasoning upon false principles, or rather presenting that show of reasoning

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\* Letter to a Member of the National Assembly.

which is the worst pitch of madness, was a primary apostle of the French Revolution; nor do we differ greatly from his lordship's conclusion that good and evil were together overthrown in that volcanic explosion. But when Lord Byron assures us, that after the successive changes of government by which the French legislators have attempted to reach a theoretic perfection of constitution, mankind must and will begin the same work anew, in order to do it better and more effectually,—we devoutly hope the experiment, however *hopeful*, may not be renewed in our time, and that the 'fixed passion' which Childe Harold describes as 'holding his breath,' and awaiting the 'atoning hour,' will choke in his purpose ere that hour arrives. Surely the voice of dear-bought experience should now at length silence, even in France, the clamour of empirical philosophy. Who would listen a moment to the blundering mechanic who should say, 'I have burned your house down ten times in the attempt, but let me once more disturb your old-fashioned chimneys and vents, in order to make another trial, and I will pledge myself to succeed in heating it upon the newest and most approved principle'?

The poem proceeds to describe, in a tone of great beauty and feeling, a night-scene witnessed on the Lake of Geneva; and each natural object, from the evening grasshopper to the stars, 'the poetry of heaven,' suggests the contemplation of the connexion between the Creator and his works. The scene is varied by the 'fierce and fair delight' of a thunder-storm, described in verse almost as vivid as its lightnings. We had marked it for transcript, as one of the most beautiful passages of the poem; but quotation must have bounds, and we have been already liberal. But the 'live thunder leaping among the rattling crags'—the voice of mountains, as if shouting to each other—the plashing of the big rain—the gleaming of the wide lake, lighted like a phosphoric sea,—present a picture of sublime terror, yet of enjoyment, often attempted, but never so well, certainly never better, brought out in poetry. The Pilgrim reviews the characters of Gibbon and Voltaire, suggested by their residences on the lake of Geneva, and concludes by reverting to the same melancholy tone of feeling with which the poem commenced. Childe Harold, though not formally dismissed, glides from our observation; and the poet in his own person, renews the affecting address to his infant daughter:—

## CXV.

'My daughter! with thy name this song begun—  
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end.  
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend

To whom the shadows of far years extend :  
 Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,  
 My voice shall with thy future visions blend,  
 And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—  
 A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.'

He proceeds in the same tone for several stanzas, and then concludes with this paternal benediction:—

' Sweet be thy cradled slumbers o'er the sea,  
 And from the mountains where I now respire,  
 Fain would I waft such blessings upon thee,  
 As with a sigh I deem thou might'st have been to me.'

Having finished the analysis of this beautiful poem, we have the difficult and delicate task before us, of offering some remarks on the tone and feeling in which it is composed. But before discharging this part of our duty, we must give some account of the other fasciculus with which the fertile genius of Lord Byron has supplied us.

The collection to which the Prisoner of Chillon gives name, inferior in interest to the continuation of *Childe Harold*, is marked, nevertheless, by the peculiar force of Lord Byron's genius. It consists of a series of detached pieces, some of them fragments, and rather poetical prolusions, than finished and perfect poems.

Some of our readers may require to be informed, that Chillon, which gives name to the first poem, is a castle on the lake of Geneva, belonging of old to the dukes of Savoy, employed by them during the dark ages, as a state prison, and furnished of course with a tremendous range of subterranean dungeons, with a chamber dedicated to the purpose of torture, and all the apparatus of feudal tyranny. Here the earlier champions of the Reformation were frequently doomed to expiate their heretical opinions. Among the hardiest of these was Bonnivard, whom Lord Byron has selected as the hero of his poem. He was imprisoned in Chillon for nearly six years, from 1530, namely, to 1536, and underwent all the rigour of the closest captivity. But it has not been the purpose of Lord Byron to paint the peculiar character of Bonnivard, nor do we find any thing to remind us of the steady firmness and patient endurance of one suffering for conscience-sake. The object of the poem, like that of Sterne's celebrated sketch of the prisoner, is to consider captivity in the abstract, and to mark its effects in gradually chilling the mental powers as it benumbs and freezes the animal frame, until the unfortunate victim becomes, as it were, a part of his dungeon, and identified with his chains. This transmutation we believe to be founded on fact; at least in the Low Countries, where capital

punishments are never inflicted, and where solitary confinement for life is substituted in the case of enormous crimes, something like it may be witnessed. On particular days in the course of the year, these victims of jurisprudence which calls itself humane, are presented to the public eye upon a stage erected in the open market-place, apparently to prevent their guilt and their punishment from being forgotten. It is scarcely possible to witness a sight more degrading to humanity than this exhibition:—with matted hair, wild looks, and haggard features, with eyes dazzled by the unwonted light of the sun, and ears deafened and astounded by the sudden exchange of the silence of a dungeon for the busy hum of men, the wretches sit more like rude images fashioned to a fantastic imitation of humanity, than like living and reflecting beings. In the course of time we are assured they generally become either madmen or idiots, as mind or matter happens to predominate, when the mysterious balance between them is destroyed. But they who are subjected to such a dreadful punishment are generally, like most perpetrators of gross crimes, men of feeble internal resources. Men of talents like Trenck have been known, in the deepest seclusion, and most severe confinement, to battle the foul fiend melancholy, and to come off conquerors, during a captivity of years. Those who suffer imprisonment for the sake of their country or their religion have yet a stronger support, and may exclaim, though in a different sense from that of Othello—

‘It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul.’

And hence the early history of the church is filled with martyrs, who, confident in the justice of their cause, and the certainty of their future reward, endured with patience the rigour of protracted and solitary captivity, as well as the bitterness of torture, and of death itself. This, however, is not the view which Lord Byron has taken of the character and captivity of Bonnivard, for which he has offered an apology in the following passage in the notes. ‘When the foregoing poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I would have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues.’ The theme of the poem is therefore the gradual effect of protracted captivity upon a man of powerful mind, tried at the same time by the successive deaths of his two brethren.

Bonnivard is represented as imprisoned with his brothers in a terrific dungeon in the Castle of Chillon. The second—

‘————— pure of mind,  
But formed to combat with his kind,’

first drooped under the effects of protracted imprisonment, more bitter to one bred a warrior and a huntsman. The sickness and pining of the other, a youth of a milder and more affectionate character, is feelingly described.

## VIII.

‘But he, the favourite and the flower,  
Most cherish’d since his natal hour,  
His mother’s image in fair face,  
The infant love of all his race,  
His martyred father’s dearest thought,  
My latest care, for whom I sought  
To hoard my life, that his might be  
Less wretched now, and one day free;  
He, too, who yet had held untired  
A spirit natural or inspired—  
He, too, was struck, and day by day  
Was withered on the stalk away.’

The effects of the survivor’s sorrow succeed. At first, furious and frantic at feeling himself the only being ‘in this black spot,’ and every link burst which bound him to humanity, he gradually falls into the stupor of despair and of apathy, the loss of sensation, of light, air, and even of darkness.

‘I had no thought, no feeling—none—  
Among the stones I stood a stone,  
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
As shrubless crags within the mist;  
For all was blank and bleak and gray.  
There were no stars, no earth, no time,  
No check, no change, no good, no crime;  
But silence, and a stirless breath,  
Which neither was of life or death,  
A sea of stagnant idleness,  
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!’

The effects produced on the mind of the captive, by the casual visit of a bird, and by the view of the lake from the loop-hole of his prison, are next described. An extract from the latter shall form our last specimen of the poem.

‘I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O’er channell’d rock and broken bush:  
I saw the white-wall’d distant town,  
And whiter sails go skimming down;  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile,  
The only one in view;  
A small green isle, it seem’d no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,

And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
 And by it there were waters flowing,  
 And on it there were young flowers growing,  
 Of gentle breath and hue.'

Freedom at length comes when the captive of Chillon, reconciled to his prison, had learned to consider it as 'a hermitage all his own,' and had become friends with the very shackles which he wore.

It will readily be allowed that this singular poem is more powerful than pleasing. The dungeon of Bonnivard is, like that of Ugolino, a subject too dismal for even the power of the painter or poet to counteract its horrors. It is the more disagreeable, as affording human hope no anchor to rest upon, and describing the sufferer, though a man of talents and virtues, as altogether inert and powerless under his accumulated sufferings. Yet as a picture, however gloomy the covering, it may rival any which Lord Byron has drawn, nor is it possible to read it without a sinking of the heart, corresponding with that which he describes the victim to have suffered.

We have said that Lord Byron occasionally, though without concealing his own original features, assumes the manner and style of his contemporaries. Of these we have more than one instance in the present collection. It is impossible to read the Prisoner of Chillon without finding several passages—that last quoted, for example,—which strongly reminds us of Wordsworth. There is another, called 'Churchill's Grave,' for which Southey seems to afford the model, not in his epic strains, but in his English eclogues, in which moral truths are expressed, to use the poet's own language, in 'an almost colloquial plainness of language,' and an air of quaint and original expression, assumed to render the sentiment at once impressive and *piquant*. The grave of Churchill, however, might have called from Lord Byron a deeper commination; for though they generally differed in character and genius, there was a resemblance between their history and character. The satire of Churchill flowed with a more profuse, though not a more embittered stream; while, on the other hand, he cannot be compared to Lord Byron in point of tenderness or imagination. But both these poets held themselves above the opinion of the world, and both were followed by the fame and popularity which they seemed to despise. The writings of both exhibit an inborn, though sometimes ill regulated generosity of mind, and a spirit of proud independence, frequently pushed to extremes. Both carried their hatred of hypocrisy beyond the verge of prudence, and indulged their vein of satire to the borders of licentiousness. In the flower of his age Churchill died in a foreign

land,—here we trust the parallel will cease, and that the subject of our criticism will long survive to honour his own.

Two other pieces in this miscellany recall to our mind the wild, unbridled, and fiery imagination of Coleridge. To this poet's high poetical genius we have always paid deference; though not uniformly perhaps, he has, too frequently for his own popularity, wandered into the wild and mystic, and left the reader at a loss accurately to determine his meaning. Perhaps in that called the 'Spell' the resemblance may be fanciful, but we cannot allow it to be so in the singular poem called 'Darkness,' well entitled

'A dream which is not all a dream.'

In this case our author has abandoned the art, so peculiarly his own, of showing the reader where his purpose tends, and has contented himself with presenting a mass of powerful ideas unarranged, and the meaning of which we certainly confess ourselves not always able to attain. A succession of terrible images is placed before us flitting and mixing, and disengaging themselves as in the dream of a feverish man—Chimeras dire, to whose existence the mind refuses credit, which confound and weary the ordinary reader, and baffle the comprehension even of those more accustomed to the flights of a poetic muse. The subject is the progress of utter darkness, until it becomes, in Shakspeare's phrase, the 'burier of the dead,' and the assemblage of terrific ideas which the poet has placed before us, only fail in exciting our terror from the extravagance of the plan. These mystical prolusions do indeed produce upon us the effect described in Henry Mur's lines quoted in Southey's *Omniana*—

'A lecture strange he seem'd to read to me;  
And though I did not rightly understand  
His meaning, yet I deem'd it to be  
Some goodly thing.'

But the feeling of reverence which we entertain for that which is difficult of comprehension, gives way to weariness whenever we begin to suspect that it cannot be distinctly comprehended by any one.

To speak plainly, the framing of such phantasms is a dangerous employment for the exalted and teeming imagination of such a poet as Lord Byron, whose Pegasus has ever required rather a bridle than a spur. The waste of boundless space into which they lead the poet, the neglect of precision which such themes may render habitual, make them, in respect to poetry, what mysticism is to religion. The meaning of the poet as he ascends upon cloudy wing becomes the shadow only of a thought, and having eluded the comprehension of others, necessarily ends

by escaping from that of the author himself. The strength of poetical conception, and beauty of diction, bestowed upon such prelusions, is as much thrown away as the colours of a painter, could he take a cloud of mist, or a wreath of smoke for his canvass.

Omitting one or two compositions of less interest we cannot but notice the 'Dream,' which, if we do not misconstrue it, has a covert and mysterious relation to the tale of Childe Harold. It is written with the same power of poetry, nor have we here to complain of obscurity in the mode of narrating the vision, though we pretend not to the skill or information necessary to its interpretation. It is difficult, however, to mistake who or what is meant in the conclusion, and more especially as the tone too well agrees with similar passages in the continuation of Childe Harold.

The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,  
The beings which surrounded him were gone,  
Or were at war with him; he was a mark  
For blight and desolation, compass'd round  
With Hatred and Contention.

————— he lived

Through that which had been death to many men,  
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars  
And the quick Spirit of the Universe  
He held his dialogues; and they did teach  
To him the magic of their mysteries;  
To him the book of Night was opened wide,  
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd  
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.'—pp. 44, 45.

The reader is requested to contrast these lines with the stern and solemn passage in which Childe Harold seems to bid a long and lasting farewell to social intercourse, and, with exceptions so cautiously restricted and guarded as to be almost none, brands the mass of humanity whom he leaves behind him as false and treacherous.

#### CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;  
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee,—  
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud  
In worship of an echo; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such; I stood  
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud  
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could  
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

#### CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—  
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,



Though I have found them not, that there may be  
 Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,  
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave  
 Snares for the failing: I would also deem  
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;  
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—

That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.'—pp. 61, 62.

Though the last of these stanzas has something in it mystic and enigmatical, yet with the passage already quoted from the 'Dream,' and some other poems which are already before the public, they remove the scrupulous delicacy with which otherwise we would have avoided allusion to the mental sufferings of the noble poet. But to uncover a wound is to demand a surgeon's hand to tent it. With kinder feelings to Lord Byron in person and reputation no one could approach him than ourselves: we owe it to the pleasure which he has bestowed upon us, and to the honour he has done to our literature. We have paid our warmest tribute to his talents—it is their due. We will touch on the uses for which he was invested with them—it is our duty; and happy, most happy, should we be, if, in discharging it, we could render this distinguished author a real service. We do not assume the office of harsh censors;—we are entitled at no time to do so towards genius, least of all in its hour of adversity; and we are prepared to make full allowance for the natural effect of misfortune upon a bold and haughty spirit.

————— When the splitting wind  
 Makes flexible the knee of knotted oaks,  
 And flies fled under shade, the Thing of Courage  
 As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
 And, with an accent tuned in the self-same key,  
 Returns to chiding fortune.'——

But this mode of defiance may last too long, and hurry him who indulges it into further evils; and to this point our observations tend. The advice ought not to be contemned on account of the obscurity of those by whom it is given:—the roughest fisherman is an useful pilot when a gallant vessel is near the breakers; the meanest shepherd may be a sure guide over a pathless heath, and the admonition which is given in well meant kindness should not be despised, even were it tendered with a frankness which may resemble a want of courtesy.

If the conclusion of Lord Byron's literary career were to be such as these mournful verses have anticipated—if this darkness of the spirit, this scepticism concerning the existence of worth, of friendship, of sincerity, were really and permanently to sink like a gulf between this distinguished poet and society, another name

will be added to the illustrious list to whom Preston's caution refers.

'Still wouldst thou write?—to tame thy youthful fire  
Recall to life the masters of the lyre;  
Lo every brow the shade of sorrow wears,  
And every wreath is stained with dropping tears!'

But this is an unfair picture. It is not the temper and talents of the poet, but the use to which he puts them, on which his happiness or misery is grounded. A powerful and unbridled imagination is, we have already said, the author and architect of its own disappointments. Its fascinations, its exaggerated pictures of good and evil, and the mental distress to which they give rise, are the natural and necessary evils attending on that quick susceptibility of feeling and fancy incident to the poetical temperament. But the Giver of all talents, while he has qualified them each with its separate and peculiar alloy, has endowed the owner with the power of purifying and refining them. But, as if to moderate the arrogance of genius, it is justly and wisely made requisite, that he must regulate and tame the fire of his fancy, and descend from the heights to which she exalts him, in order to obtain ease of mind and tranquillity. The materials of happiness, that is of such degree of happiness as is consistent with our present state, lie around us in profusion. But the man of talents must stoop to gather them, otherwise they would be beyond the reach of the mass of society, for whose benefit, as well as for his, Providence has created them. There is no royal and no poetical path to contentment and heart's-ease: that by which they are attained is open to all classes of mankind, and lies within the most limited range of intellect. To narrow our wishes and desires within the scope of our powers of attainment: to consider our misfortunes, however peculiar in their character, as our inevitable share in the patrimony of Adam; to bridle those irritable feelings, which ungoverned are sure to become governors; to shun that intensity of galling and self-wounding reflection which our poet has so forcibly described in his own burning language:

————— I have thought  
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,  
In its own eddy, boiling and o'erwrought,  
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame!—

—to stoop, in short, to the realities of life; repent if we have offended, and pardon if we have been trespassed against; to look on the world less as our foe than as a doubtful and capricious friend, whose applause we ought as far as possible to deserve, but neither to court nor condemn,—such seem the most obvious and certain means of keeping or regaining mental tranquillity.

‘Semita certe  
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.’

We are compelled to dwell upon this subject : for future ages, while our language is remembered, will demand of this why Lord Byron was unhappy? We retort this query on the noble poet himself while it is called ‘to-day.’ He does injustice to the world, if he imagines he has left it exclusively filled with those who rejoice in his sufferings. If the voice of consolation be in cases like his less loudly heard than that of reproach or upbraiding, it is because those who long to conciliate, to advise, to meditate, to console, are timid in thrusting forward their sentiments, and fear to exasperate where they most seek to soothe ; while the busy and officious intrude, without shame or sympathy, and embitter the privacy or affliction by their rude gaze and importunate clamour. But the pain which such insects can give only lasts while the wound is raw. Let the patient submit to the discipline of soul enjoined by religion, and recommended by philosophy, and the scar will become speedily insensible to their stings. Lord Byron may not have loved the world, but the world has loved him, not perhaps with a wise or discriminating affection, but as well as it is capable of loving any one. And many who do not belong to the world, as the word is generally understood, have their thoughts fixed on Lord Byron, with the anxious wish and eager hope that he will bring his powerful understanding to combat with his irritated feelings, and that his next efforts will show that he has acquired the peace of mind necessary for the free and useful exercise of his splendid talents.

‘I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fatis.’

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ART. X. *Letters written on Board His Majesty's Ship the Northumberland, and at St. Helena ; in which the Conduct and Conversations of Napoleon Bonaparte, and his Suite, during the Voyage, and the first months of his Residence in that Island, are faithfully described and related.* By William Warden, Surgeon on Board the Northumberland. London : Published for the Author. No date. 8vo.

**A**NECDOTES of the private life of remarkable persons are one of the most amusing and not least valuable departments of history ; they bring the reader more intimately acquainted with the character of the individual than public events can do. The latter are never entirely a man's own ; a thousand circumstances generally influence or contribute to them ; it is in familiar life alone that a man is himself ; there his character exhibits all its various shades, and thence we become best acquainted with the familiar chivalry of Henry the Fourth—the ingenuous and simple magnanimity of

Turenne—the flegmatic temper and fiery courage of William the Third—and the mean and audacious spirit of Bonaparte. But of this species of history, minute truth and accuracy ought to be, more than any other, the essential characteristics: because the portraits are painted by faint and scattered touches, the falsehood of any one of which tends to destroy the value of the whole; and because the most important anecdote may depend on the single testimony of an individual; and we know, in the most ordinary occurrence of life, how much men are in the habit of colouring their report of any particular event.

It has been under these impressions that we have hitherto\* traced the course of Bonaparte, from the Russian campaign down to his seclusion in St. Helena. While we have admitted all those interesting and authenticated facts, which displayed his real character, we have rejected all that was apocryphal, and have not condescended to repeat even the minutest circumstance, of the truth of which an accurate inquiry had not previously satisfied us. Of the necessity for this precision, Mr. Warden is so convinced, that of the Letters before us, he says ‘every fact related in them is true; and the purport of every conversation correct. It will not, I trust, be thought necessary for me to say more, and the justice I owe to myself will not allow me to say less.’—*Int.* vii.

Now we are constrained to say, that, notwithstanding this pompous asseveration, we shall be able to prove that this work is founded in falsehood, and that Mr. Warden’s profession of scrupulous accuracy is only the first of the many fictions which he has spread over his pages. ‘It will not, we trust, be thought necessary for us to say more, and the justice which we owe to our readers will not allow us to say less.’

Our first proof will astound our readers, and, perhaps, decide the affair.

Mr. Warden’s first letter is dated *at sea*; he has indeed cautiously omitted to prefix to any of his letters the day or the month, the latitude or the longitude; but this prudence will not save him from detection. In this he announces to his correspondent the *surprise* he must feel ‘at receiving a letter which, *instead* of the common topics of a sea voyage, should contain an account of the conduct and information respecting the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, from the personal opportunities which Mr. Warden’s situation so *unexpectedly* afforded him.—(p. 2.) And again he says, ‘such has been the *general* curiosity about Bonaparte, that he feels himself more than justified in *supposing* that particulars relative to him and his suit, will be *welcome* to the correspondent, and

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\* Art. X. Vol. X.—Art. XI. Vol. XII.—Art. XIII. Vol. XIV.

those of their common friends to whom he may choose to communicate the letters.'—p. 3.

From this it is evident that Mr. Warden is addressing a person who had *not* expected such a communication, and he accounts to him for his motive in commencing a series of letters *so different* from what might have been *expected*. All this is very well : but when the second letter, also dated *at sea*, came to be fabricated, Mr. Warden had forgot his first professions, and writes as if he were answering the *inquiries* of a person who had *entreated* him to give a daily journal of Bonaparte's proceedings :

'My dear —,

'I renew my desultory occupation—*la tache journaliere, telle que vous la roulez,*' (p. 27)—'the daily task which you enjoin me.' Mr. Warden did not recollect that between the first letter *at sea* and the second letter *at sea*, he could not possibly have had an answer from his correspondent 'enjoining the daily task.' In a subsequent letter he falls into the same blunder, by calling Bonaparte the *object* of his friend's '*inquisitive spirit,*' (p. 93)—and he in consequence gives a description of his person.

In another letter, dated from St. Helena, but without a date of time, there is this passage :

'I answered Bonaparte, that there was not, I thought, a person in England who received Sir Robert Wilson, or his companions, with a diminution of regard for that part they had taken in La Valette's business.'—p. 165.

Now this answer to Bonaparte must have been made some time prior to the 10th of May, 1816, for a *subsequent* letter states itself to be written after the arrival of the fleet from India in which Lady Loudon was embarked, and this fleet arrived at St. Helena at the time we have just mentioned ; when Sir R. Wilson, so far from being in London, enjoying the congratulations of his acquaintance for his success in La Valette's escape, was still a prisoner in the Conciergerie ; his sentence was pronounced only on the 24th April ; and could not, of course, have been known at St. Helena prior to the 10th of May ; so that all Mr. Warden's statement, and Bonaparte's subsequent reply, (which conveys an infamous imputation against Sir Robert,) must be wholly and gratuitously false ; nay, what makes the matter quite ridiculous, is that Sir Robert did not, we believe, return to England till after the return of Mr. Warden—he returned indeed before these precious letters from St. Helena were concocted ; and Mr. Warden, or the person employed by him to forge the Correspondence, mistook the period at which he wrote for that at which he affected to write.

These are minute circumstances, but it is only by such that imposition can be detected ; a liar arranges all the great course

of his story, and it is only by dates which he omits, and trifles which he records, that he is ever detected. This original imposture throws a general discredit over Mr. Warden's subsequent relations; some of them may be, and we know are, well-founded; but they are to be credited on better grounds than those of Mr. Warden's veracity. In fact we have heard, and we believe, that he brought to England *a few sheets of notes*, gleaned for the most part from the conversation of his better informed fellow-officers, and that he applied to some manufacturer of correspondence in London to spin them out into '*Letters from St. Helena*;' a task which, it must be allowed, the writer has executed with some talent, and for which we hope (as the labourer is worthy of his hire) Mr. Warden has handsomely rewarded him.

Mr. Warden says, that in publishing these Letters 'he has yielded, rather *reluctantly*, to become an author, from persuasion he scarce knew how to resist, and to which he had some reasons to suspect resistance might be vain.' (p. vi.) He consented *reluctantly to become an author!*—if the letters had been written, he was already an author, though his work was unpublished; the fact is, no such Letters existed. We have also reason to believe that he did not *yield reluctantly*, but that he had, from the first moment, resolved to publish, and that he received with great dissatisfaction some advice which was given him to the contrary. How he could be forced by an irresistible power to publish, is more than we can comprehend, unless, as we shrewdly suspect, that irresistible power was a talismanic paper inscribed with certain figures of pounds, shillings, and pence, which were at once the object and reward of the imposture.

He affects to write colloquial French, and relates with great effrontery his *direct* conversations with Napoleon and his suit. The fact is, the surgeon is wholly ignorant of that language; and of this we find positive proof in his own book.

In the first place, no man who understood French could have written the words *tâche journalière* as he has done; in his mode they mean a *spot*, and not a *task*.

In the next place, Mr. Warden lets slip the avowal, (page 130,) that he spoke to Bonaparte by an interpreter, and that this interpreter was the veracious Count de las Cases, a kind of secretary and *ame damnée* of the Ex-emperor, (who is now said to be under arrest for attempting a secret correspondence,) and who seems to be, of the whole suite, the person who is the most careless of truth, and the most ready to say, not what he believes or knows, but what he thinks most convenient at the moment. 'This worthy person,' says Mr. Warden, '*interpreted with great aptitude and perspicuity, and afforded me time to arrange my answers.*' Notwithstanding

this avowal, Mr. Warden describes himself as conversing with ease and *volubility* with Bonaparte, whom he represents as speaking English.

'The moment his eye met mine, he started up and exclaimed in English, "Ah, Warden, how do you do?" I bowed in return, when he stretched out his hand, saying, "I've got a fever." I expressed,' &c. (page 131.) And so on for a long conversation, in which the interpreter is entirely sunk. When the Doctor replies, he replies, not like a person who wanted 'time to arrange his answer,' but '*rather quickly*,' p. 135.—and is so far encouraged by the *easy communicative* manners of the Ex-emperor, (not a word of the interpreter,) that he continues to make his observations *without reserve*. (page 142.) I was resolved (he says) to speak my sentiments with *freedom*; and you may think I did not balk my resolution.'

Again,

'Here Napoleon became very animated, and often raised himself on the sofa where he had hitherto remained in a reclining posture. The interest attached to the subject, and the energy of his delivery, combined to impress the tenor of his narrative so strongly on my mind, that you need not doubt the accuracy of this repetition of it.'—p. 144.

and what follows for four pages is placed within inverted commas, as if Mr. Warden wished us to suppose that he gave the very words of the man.

All these are, we admit, only insinuations and equivocations; but in the second letter there is a direct palpable falsehood.

Bonaparte is represented as inquiring after the health of Madame de Montholon, and attributing her illness to her horror of the idea of St. Helena.—Mr. Warden says he repeated to his doctor the quotation of Macbeth in the following manner:—

'Can a physician minister to a mind diseased,  
Or pluck from memory a rooted sorrow?'

At this time Bonaparte could not have pronounced the three first words of this quotation; he could as well have written Macbeth. Nay, in one of his *last* interviews, Mr. Warden represents his utmost efforts in English to be a stammering attempt to call Madame Bertrand his *love*, or his *friend*.—p. 161.

Mr. Warden says, 'that the British Government proscribed Bertrand from accompanying Bonaparte,' and 'that Lord Keith took on himself the responsibility of including such an attached friend in the number of his attendants.'—p. 20.—This is notoriously false.

Again he says,

'A delicacy was maintained in communicating to Bonaparte the contents of the English Journals. That truth is not to be spoken, or in any way imparted at all times, is a proverb which was now faithfully adhered to on board the Northumberland.'—p. 26.

Mr. Warden here speaks truly as of himself and his French friends; but it is well known that Sir George Cockburn is as much above any such paltry deceit as is here imputed to him, as he is above giving a person in Bonaparte's situation any intentional offence.—The truth, we believe, is that the newspapers, both English and French, were freely sent to Bonaparte; and if the contents of the former were ever kept from him, it must have been by Las Cases, who was his usual interpreter; and upon whose veracity in this office, so much of Mr. Warden's own credit unfortunately depends.

Mr. Warden affects to relate to us the Abbé de Pradt's famous\* account of the interview at Warsaw, and lo! the tall figure who enters the Abbé-Ambassador's hotel wrapped up in fur is—not Caulaincourt—but Cambacérès, poor old gentleman! He cannot even write the name of one of Bonaparte's followers, whom he attended in a dangerous illness, and who studied English under him; he an hundred times calls General Gourgaud, General Gourgond; and lest this should appear an error of the press, he varies his orthography and calls him General Gourgon! (p. 46); but never does he call him by his proper name; *Maret*, Duke of Bassano, he confounds with *Marat*, (p. 209); Count *Erlon* he calls *Erelon*; and Colonel Prontowski is always Piontowski; Doctor Corvisart is Corvesart (pp. 184. 190), and sometimes Covisart (p. 80); the Baron de Kolli, a Swiss, is metamorphosed into the Baron de Colai (p. 70), a Pole; Morbihan is Morbeau; the Duke of Frioul becomes the Duke of Friculi:—in short, there is no end to these errors, which prove Mr. Warden to be very ignorant or very inaccurate, or, what we believe to be the real state of the case—both.

Such is the blundering, presumptuous and falsifying scribbler, who has dared to speak of the sensible and modest pamphlet of Lieutenant Bowerbank, as 'trash which he is ashamed to repeat, and which he wonders that this Review' (which we are sorry to find he calls a respectable work) 'should condescend to notice.'

He takes upon himself even to assert, that some of the facts quoted in our XXVllth Number from that pamphlet and other authentic sources, are mere silly falsehoods, and he endeavours to represent Bonaparte as concurring in this assertion.—We rather wonder that Bonaparte did not; it would have been but a lie the more, an additional drop to the waters, another grain of sand to the shores of the ocean; but unluckily for Mr. Warden, the ex-emperor did not take his bait, and only said, with that kind of equivocation which is his nearest advance to truth, 'Your editors are extremely amusing; but is it to be supposed that they believe what they write?'

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\* Vide Vol. XIV. Art. XXVII. p. 66.



After this detailed exposure of Mr. Warden's ignorance and inaccuracy, it now becomes our duty to say, that though his letters are a clumsy fabrication, and therefore unworthy of credit, yet there are some of his reports which are substantially correct, and which, as we before said, Mr. Warden may have heard from those who had at once the opportunities and the means of holding a conversation with Bonaparte, and who were not obliged to put up, like Mr. Warden, with second-hand stories from M. de Bertrand, General Gourgaud, and the Count de las Cases, who seem, in their conversations with Mr. Warden, to have given a more than usual career to their disposition for fabling; and the simplicity with which this *gobemouche* seems to have swallowed all those fables must have been at once amusing and encouraging to the worthy trio. They evidently saw that the Doctor was a credulous gossip, who would not fail to repeat, if he did not print, all his conversations with them; and they therefore took care to tell him only what they wished to have known—so that even when he means to speak truth, and does actually repeat what he heard, the substance of his story is generally and often grossly false. A few instances of this we shall now offer to our readers.

Count Bertrand is represented as making very pathetic complaints to Mr. Warden on 'the needless cruelty of their allotment' (lot). He stated 'that the ex-emperor had thrown himself on the mercy of England, from a *full* and *consoling* confidence that he should there find a place of refuge.'

'He asked, what worse fate could have befallen him, had he been taken a prisoner on board an American ship, in which he might have endeavoured to make his escape. He reasoned, for some time, on the probability of success in such an attempt; and they might now, he added, have cause to repent that he had not risked it.—He then proceeded.—

'Could not my royal master, think you, have placed himself at the head of the army of the Loire? and can you persuade yourself that it would not have been proud to range itself under his command? And is it not possible—nay, more than probable, that he would have been joined by numerous adherents from the North, the South, and the East? Nor can it be denied that he might have placed himself in such a position, as to have made far better terms for himself than have now been imposed upon him. It was to save the further effusion of blood that he threw himself into your arms; that he trusted to the honour of a nation famed for its generosity and love of justice; nor would it have been a disgrace to England to have acknowledged Napoleon Bonaparte as a citizen. He demanded to be enrolled among the humblest of them; and wished for little more than the Heavens as a covering, and the soil of England, on which he might tread in safety. Was this too much for a man to ask?—surely not.'—pp. 13, 14.

Now as this is a point which affects the national character, and

relates to an event which will be considerable in history, we do not think we should be justified in omitting to repeat the contradiction and refutation which, in a former number, we gave in detail of this impudent charge. We request our readers to turn to the 82d page of our Fourteenth Volume, and they will there see it proved beyond doubt, that Bonaparte had no intention of coming to England—no hopes from the generosity of England—no confidence in English laws:—that General Beker, who was his *keeper*, would have prevented him from joining the army of the Loire, even if he had been inclined to do so; that he left Paris, and arrived and remained ten days at Rochfort, with the intention of escaping to America; and that it was only when he found escape to be impossible, that he reluctantly surrendered to the British navy;—that he attempted to surrender *upon terms*; that these terms were absolutely rejected, and that he had no alternative but to surrender at discretion. But this is not all—for, strange to say, Mr. Warden, who admits this impudent lie of Bertrand's into his book, with a strong intimation of his believing it, allows that Bertrand himself declined to advise Bonaparte to come to England, because 'he thought it not impossible that his *liberty* might be *endangered*.'—(p. 16.)—How does this tally with 'the *full* and *consoling* confidence?' And, again, Mr. Warden gives in another place a complete denial to Bertrand, and a full corroboration of all we have stated, from the lips of the Count de las Cases.

'I shall now proceed to give the account of an interesting conversation which I had with the Count de las Cases on the final resolution of Napoleon to throw himself on the generosity of the English government. He prefaced his narrative with this assurance: "No page of Ancient History will give you a more faithful detail of any extraordinary event, than I am about to offer of our departure from France, and the circumstances connected with it. The future Historian will certainly attempt to describe it; and you will then be able to judge of the authenticity of his materials and the correctness of his narration."

'From the time the Emperor quitted the capital, it was his fixed determination to proceed to America, and establish himself on the banks of one of the great rivers in America, where he had no doubt a number of his friends from France would gather round him; and, as he had been finally baffled in the career of his ambition, he determined to retire from the world, and beneath the branches of his own fig-tree in that sequestered spot, tranquilly and philosophically observe the agitations of Europe.

'On our arrival at Rochfort, the difficulty of reaching the *Land of Promise* appeared to be much greater than had been conjectured. Every inquiry was made, and various projects proposed; but, after all, no very practicable scheme offered itself to our acceptance. At length, as a *dernier resort*, two *chasse-marées* (small one-masted vessels) were procured; and it was in actual contemplation to attempt a voyage

across the Atlantic in them. Sixteen midshipmen engaged most willingly to direct their course; and, during the night, it was thought they might effect the meditated escape.—We met," continued Las Cases, "in a small room, to discuss and come to a final determination on this momentous subject; nor shall I attempt to describe the anxiety visible on the countenance of our small assembly.—The Emperor alone retained an unembarrassed look, when he calmly demanded the opinions of his chosen band of followers, as to his future conduct. The majority were in favour of his returning to the army, as in the South of France his cause still appeared to wear a favourable aspect. This proposition the Emperor instantly rejected, with a declaration delivered in a most decided tone and with a peremptory gesture,—that he never would be the instrument of a *Civil War* in France.—He declared, in the words which he had for some time frequently repeated, that his political career was terminated; and he only wished for the secure asylum which he had promised himself in America, and, till that hour, had no doubt of attaining. He then asked me, as a naval officer, whether I thought that a voyage across the Atlantic was practicable in the small vessels, in which alone it then appeared that the attempt could be made.—I had my doubts," added Las Cases, and I had my wishes: The latter urged me to encourage the enterprise; and the former made me hesitate in engaging for the probability of its being crowned with success.—My reply indicated the influence of them both.—I answered, that I had long quitted the maritime profession, and was altogether unacquainted with the kind of vessels in question, as to their strength and capacity, for such a navigation as was proposed to be undertaken in them; but as the young midshipmen who had volunteered their services, must be competent judges of the subject, and had offered to risk their lives in navigating these vessels, no small confidence, I thought, might be placed in their probable security.—This project, however, was soon abandoned, and no alternative appeared but to throw ourselves on the generosity of England."

'In the midst of this midnight council, but, without the least appearance of dejection at the varying and rather irresolute opinions of his friends, Napoleon ordered one of them to act as secretary, and a letter to the Prince Regent of England was dictated.—On the following day I was employed in making the necessary arrangements with Captain Maitland on board the *Bellerophon*. That officer conducted himself with the utmost politeness and gentlemanly courtesy, but would not enter into any engagements on the part of his government.'—pp. 60—64.

This avowal of Las Cases is quite sufficient to oppose to the falsehoods which Bertrand related to Mr. Warden, and which Bonaparte recorded in the famous protest which we gave in the Article before mentioned. Why, it will be asked, do we, on this occasion, give that credit to Las Cases which we deny him in every other?—We answer, because his account tallies with undisputed facts, and because Bonaparte's and Bertrand's story is irreconcilable with those facts.

Marshal Bertrand is a great favourite with Mr. Warden, and he therefore endeavours to exculpate him from the charge of having, while at Elba, made overtures to the King. On this point Mr. Warden thinks Count Bertrand himself the best witness he could adduce, and he represents him as saying,—‘the report of my having taken the oath of fidelity to Louis XVIII. is groundless; for, I never beheld a single individual of the Bourbon family of France.’—(p. 45.)—Admirable logic! but M. Bertrand misstates the charge—he was not charged with having *sworn allegiance*, but with writing a letter to the Duke of Fitzjames, *promising* allegiance on the honour of a gentleman, and soliciting permission to return to France, where he intended to live as a faithful subject of the King, and under his protection: and it is further charged, that this letter was written at a time when Bonaparte’s return was in preparation, and it is therefore reasonably supposed that this profession of honour and high-minded loyalty was a cloak to cover the conspiracy which was hatching, and an insidious attempt to deceive the King and his ministers. This letter, written to the Duke of Fitzjames, (who has the misfortune to be Bertrand’s brother-in-law,) cannot be denied; it was at the time communicated by the Duke to the King, and it has been since verified and officially published in France, and half the journals of Europe.

The contempt in which these folks must have held poor Mr. Warden, is evident from the absurdities with which they crammed his credulity.

Thus, Bertrand says that ‘Bonaparte was never sensual, never gross.’—(p. 212.) His manners and language were gross in the extreme, and his habits scandalously sensual. We need only recall to our readers’ recollection the anecdote slightly alluded to in our XXVIIth Number, page 96, the authenticity of which (filthy and disgraceful to Bonaparte as it is) is established by the testimony of the Commissioners that attended him to Elba, and his own confessions.

Las Cases completes the picture—

“He never speaks of himself; he never mentions his achievements. Of money he is totally regardless; and he was not known to express a regret for any part of his treasure but the diamond necklace, which he wore constantly in his neckcloth, because it was the gift of his sister, the Princess Hortense, whom he tenderly loved.” This he lost after the battle of Waterloo.—p. 212.

This is no bad instance of Las Cases’s veracity:—the necklace in question was stolen or forced from his sister previously to his leaving Paris, when the generous Bonaparte, contemplating the chances of a reverse, determined to collect about *his own person* as much wealth as possible; he accordingly, as the most portable

took all the jewels he could lay his hands on, and, amongst the rest, this necklace of the Princess Hortense; who wished her brother's anxiety for a *keep-sake* had been contented with a lock of her hair, or a bracelet, or a ring, or any thing, in short, rather than her best diamond necklace, of the value of 20,000*l*.

But there are four topics connected with the character of Bonaparte, on which, above all others, a good deal of interest is naturally excited—we mean the murders of Captain Wright and the Duke d'Enghien, the poisoning of his own sick at Jaffa, and the massacre of the garrison of that place; and as Mr. Warden professes to have heard from Bonaparte himself explanations of each of these events, we shall give them as shortly as we can, but always in his own words; stating, however, that Mr. Warden's reports may be in these instances substantially correct, because we have understood that Bonaparte was forward to give similar explanations to other persons.

“ The English brig of war, commanded by Captain Wright, was employed by your government in landing traitors and spies on the West coast of France. Seventy of the number had actually reached Paris; and, so mysterious were their proceedings, so *veiled in impenetrable concealment*, that although General Ryal, of the Police, gave me this information, the name or place of their resort could not be discovered. I received daily assurances that my life would be attempted, and though I did not give entire credit to them, I took every precaution for my preservation. The Brig was afterwards taken near L'Orient, with Captain Wright, its commander, who was carried before the Prefect of the Department of Morbeau, (Morbihan,) at Vannes: General Julian, then Prefect, had accompanied me in the expedition to Egypt, and recognised Captain Wright on the first view of him. Intelligence of this circumstance was *instantly* transmitted to Paris; and instructions were *expeditiously* returned to *interrogate* the crew, *separately*, and transfer their testimonies to the Minister of Police. The purport of their examination was at *first* very unsatisfactory; but, *at length*, on the examination of *one of the crew*, some light was thrown on the subject. He stated that the Brig had landed several Frenchmen, and among them he particularly remembered one, a very merry fellow, who was called *Pichegru*. *Thus a clue was found* that led to the discovery of a plot, which, had it succeeded, would have thrown the French nation, a second time, into a state of revolution.—Captain Wright was accordingly conveyed to Paris, and *confined in the Temple*; there to remain till it was found convenient to bring the formidable accessories of this treasonable design to trial. *The law of France would have subjected Wright to the punishment of death*: but he was of minor consideration. My grand object was to secure the principals, and I considered the English Captain's evidence of the *utmost consequence* towards completing my object.”—Bonaparte again and again, most solemnly asserted, that Captain Wright died, in the Temple, by his own hand, as described in the *Moniteur*, and at a much earlier period than has been generally believed.’—p. 139—141.

We beg leave to postpone making any observation on this story till we have quoted the Ex-Emperor's denial of the murder of Pichegru, and his defence of that of the Duke d'Enghien.

'Here Napoleon became very animated, and often raised himself on the sofa where he had hitherto remained in a reclining posture. The interest attached to the subject, and the energy of his delivery, combined to impress the tenor of his narrative so strongly on my mind, that you need not doubt the accuracy of this repetition of it.—He began as follows.

"At this time, reports were every night brought me," (I think, he said, by General Ryal,) "that conspiracies were in agitation; that meetings were held in particular houses in Paris, and names even were mentioned; at the same time, no satisfactory proofs could be obtained, and the utmost vigilance and ceaseless pursuit of the Police was evaded. General Moreau, indeed, became suspected, and I was seriously importuned to issue an order for his arrest; but his character was such, his name stood so high, and the estimation of him so great in the public mind, that it appeared, to me, he had nothing to gain, and every thing to lose, by becoming a conspirator against me: I, therefore, could not but exonerate him from such a suspicion.—I accordingly refused an order for the proposed arrest by the following intimation to the Minister of Police. You have named Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau: convince me that the former is in Paris, and I will immediately cause the latter to be arrested.—Another and a very singular circumstance led to the developement of the plot. One night, as I lay agitated and wakeful, I rose from my bed, and examined the list of suspected traitors; and Chance, which rules the world, occasioned my stumbling, as it were, on the name of a surgeon, who had lately returned from an English prison. This man's age, education, and experience in life, induced me to believe, that his conduct must be attributed to any other motive than that of youthful fanaticism in favour of a Bourbon: as far as circumstances qualified me to judge, money appeared to be his object.—I accordingly gave orders for this man to be arrested; when a *summary mock trial* was instituted, by which he was found guilty, sentenced to die, and *informed he had but six hours to live*. This stratagem had the desired effect: *he was terrified into confession*. It was now known that Pichegru had a brother, a monastic Priest, then residing in Paris. I ordered a party of gendarmes to visit this man, and if he had quitted his house, I conceived there would be good ground for suspicion. The old Monk was secured, and, in the act of his arrest, his fears betrayed what I most wanted to know,—'Is it,' he exclaimed, 'because I afforded shelter to a brother that I am thus treated!'—The object of the plot was to destroy me; and the success of it would, of course, have been my destruction. It emanated from the capital of your country, with the Count d'Artois at the head of it. To the West he sent the Duke de Berri, and to the East the Duke d'Enghien. To France your vessels conveyed underlings of the plot, and Moreau became a convert to the cause. The moment was big with evil: I felt myself on a tottering eminence, and I resolved to *hurl the thunder back upon the Bourbons even to the metropolis of the British empire*. My

Minister vehemently urged the seizure of the Duke though in a neutral territory. But I still hesitated, and Prince Benevento brought the order twice, and urged the measure with all his powers of persuasion: It was not, however, till I was fully convinced of its necessity, that I sanctioned it by my signature. The matter could be easily arranged between me and the Duke of Baden. Why, indeed, should I suffer a man residing on the very confines of my kingdom, to commit a crime which, within the distance of a mile, by the ordinary course of law, Justice herself would condemn to the scaffold? And now answer me;—Did I do more than adopt the principle of your government, when it ordered the capture of the Danish fleet, which was thought to threaten mischief to your country? It had been urged to me again and again, as a sound political opinion, that the new dynasty could not be secure, while the Bourbons remained. Talleyrand never deviated from this principle: it was a fixed, unchangeable article in his political creed. But I did not become a ready or a willing convert. I examined the opinion with care and with caution: and the result was a perfect conviction of its necessity.—The Duke d'Enghien was accessory to the confederacy; and although the resident of a neutral territory, the urgency of the case, in which my safety and the public tranquillity, to use no stronger expression, were involved, JUSTIFIED THE PROCEEDING. I accordingly ordered him to be seized and tried: He was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot.—The sentence was immediately executed; and the same fate would have followed had it been *Louis the Eighteenth*. For I again declare that I found it necessary to roll the thunder back on the metropolis of England, as from thence, with the Count d'Artois at their head, did the assassins assail me."—pp. 144—149.

Now we have here, from this most interested witness, some admissions which, so far from exculpating him, increase the presumption against him.

Let it be recollected that the charge relative to Captain Wright was not that Bonaparte had wantonly murdered him, but that he had at first caused him to be *tortured*, in order to obtain the clue of the conspiracy, and afterwards to be murdered to prevent this atrocity from being discovered.

From Bonaparte's own account, it is evident how great his anxiety was to trace this plot.—His police, he says, were in an ignorant perplexity—his life was supposed to be in imminent danger—seventy conspirators were at Paris, but neither their names, persons, nor haunts can be discovered: fortunately in *this moment of perplexity*, Captain Wright is taken—the intelligence, is *instantly* transmitted to Paris—instructions *immediately* returned to interrogate the crew *separately*, i. e. *secretly*, and by the *police*. These examinations, however, produced nothing *at first*; but *at length one of the crew* threw some light on the subject: he stated that the brig had landed several Frenchmen on the coast, and among others, a merry fellow called Pichegru. To all those who

knew any thing of General Pichegru's mind and manners—to all these who have been accustomed to weigh probabilities, and to reason on evidence, it will be evident that this particular must be false. Pichegru was, by character and habit, sedate—he could never have been the buffoon of the seamen—he could never have betrayed his name to the gossiping merriment of a ship's crew, who would have repeated it on their return to England, where it would have soon found its way into the newspapers, and through them into France. No—Bonaparte knew mankind too well, and he was well aware that the only *one of the crew* who was worth interrogating was Captain Wright. The conclusion then to be drawn from all this is inevitable, that the Captain, to be made of use, must be forced to speak. It would be too much to assert positively that Captain Wright would have resisted all the extremities of torture. We must not reckon so confidently on the firmness of human nature; but at least the generous character of that gallant officer induces us to think him as capable as any other man of a noble resistance;—yet, to prove how uncertain are all deductions of this kind, Bonaparte afterwards tells us that he found Pichegru was in France, not by *one of the crew*, but by a surgeon to whom he was miraculously directed, and from whom, because he was *avaricious*, he contrives to obtain a confession, not by *money*, but by *terror*! These contradictory statements prove, at least, one thing,—that Bonaparte was not telling truth, and that there was some part of the transaction which he chose to involve in obscurity. We have seen his anxiety for information, the vast importance he attached to the capture of Captain Wright, and the necessity in which he was to obtain his evidence: let us now see whether there is reason to suppose he was a man to be deterred from endeavouring to obtain this evidence by torture.

In the first place, he does not deny that, contrary to the laws of nations, he subjected the English crew to secret interrogatories before the Police—this is the first step towards torture. In the second place, it is admitted that Capt. Wright was placed in solitary confinement in a state prison—this is the next—nay, it is of itself a species of torture. Thirdly, he confesses that he employed the direct and overwhelming terror of immediate death upon the mind of the surgeon. And, finally, he avows and boasts, that—for the purpose of defeating the very plot in which Captain Wright was implicated—he seized a prince, no subject of his, in a neutral territory, hurried him from his bed before a military midnight tribunal, and thence to a sudden and ignominious death—Nay, says this monster, 'the same fate should have followed had it been Louis XVIII.' And he justifies this atrocious violence 'because he found it necessary to roll the thunder back on the metropolis of'



*England.* This excuse, it is evident, would be as good, for torturing Captain Wright, as for the seizure and murder of the Duke d'Enghien.

For our own parts we had never *much* doubt that Captain Wright had been tortured and subsequently murdered; now—if we are to believe that Mr. Warden gives an accurate report of Bonaparte's explanation—we can have *none* at all.

Our opinion of the natural atrocity of Bonaparte's mind is confirmed by the avowal which he makes to Mr. Warden, and, what is of more importance, which he has made to others, in whose veracity we place more faith than in the Doctor's—that he suggested the poisoning of his own sick, and the massacre of the garrison of Jaffa. The charge of perpetrating these crimes (which was first made by Sir Robert Wilson, on what we have always thought very sufficient authority) had been vehemently denied by Bonaparte's admirers: they are now set at rest by the confession of Bonaparte himself; a confession accompanied with explanations which take little or nothing from the guilt of the wretch who proposed the one, and executed the other of these atrocities.

‘On raising the siege of St. Jean d’Acre, the army retired upon Jaffa. It had become a matter of urgent necessity. The occupation of this town for any length of time was totally impracticable, from the force that Jezza Pacha was enabled to bring forward. The sick and wounded were numerous; and their removal was my first consideration. Carriages the most convenient that could be formed were appropriated to the purpose. Some of them were sent by water to Damielta, and the rest were accommodated, in the best possible manner, to accompany their comrades in their march across the Desert. Seven men, however, occupied a quarantine hospital, who were infected with the plague; whose report was made me by the chief of the medical staff; (I think it was Degenette). He further added, that the disease had gained such a stage of malignancy, there was not the least probability of their continuing alive beyond forty-eight hours.

“I said, tell me what is to be done! He hesitated for some time, and then repeated, that these men, who were the objects of my very painful solicitude, could not survive forty-eight hours.—I then suggested, (what appeared to be his opinion, though he might not choose to declare it, but wait with the trembling hope to receive it from me,) the propriety, because I felt it would be humanity, of *shortening the sufferings of these seven men by administering Opium*. Such a relief, I added, in a similar situation, I should anxiously solicit for myself. But, *rather contrary to my expectation*, the proposition was opposed, and consequently abandoned.”—p. 156—159.

It is thus put out of all doubt that, of this crime, as far as *first suggesting*, and being *anxious to execute it*—which, in fact, are the real constituents of a crime—Bonaparte is guilty. If the men were not poisoned, or, as he and the Doctor gently express it, if

*opium was not administered*, it was no merit of his. With respect to Bonaparte's cowardly insinuation that the mind of the chief physician anticipated his determination, and waited with trembling *hope*, for orders to poison his fellow creatures—it is clear, from his own account, that he suggested, that he pressed, that he insisted on this abomination, and that it was only prevented (if it was prevented) by the courageous and humane resistance of the medical staff of the army.

The massacre of part of the garrison of Jaffa is thus related:

'At the period in question General Desaix was left in Upper Egypt; and Kleber in the vicinity of Damietta. I left Cairo, and traversed the Arabian Desert in order to unite my force with that of the latter at El Arish. The town was attacked, and a capitulation succeeded. Many of the prisoners were found, on examination, to be natives of the Mountains, and inhabitants of Mount Tabor, but chiefly from Nazareth. They were immediately released, on their engaging to return quietly to their homes, children, and wives: at the same time, they were recommended to acquaint their countrymen the Napolese, that the French were no longer their enemies, unless they were found in arms assisting the Pacha. When this ceremony was concluded, the army proceeded on its march towards Jaffa.—That city, on the first view of it, bore a formidable appearance, and the garrison was considerable. It was summoned to surrender: when the officer, who bore my flag of truce, no sooner passed the city wall, than his head was inhumanly struck off, instantly fixed upon a pole, and insultingly exposed to the view of the French army. At the sight of this horrid and unexpected object, the indignation of the soldiers knew no bounds: they were perfectly infuriated; and, with the most eager impatience, demanded to be led on to the storm. I did not hesitate, under such circumstances, to command it. The attack was dreadful; and the carnage exceeded any action I had then witnessed. We carried the place, and it required all my efforts and influence to restrain the fury of the enraged soldiers. At length, I succeeded, and night closed the sanguinary scene. At the dawn of the following morning, a report was brought me, that five hundred men chiefly Napolese, who had lately formed a part of the garrison of El Arish, and to whom I had a few days before given liberty, on condition that they should return to their homes, were actually found and recognized amongst the prisoners. On this fact being indubitably ascertained, I ordered the five hundred men to be drawn out and instantly shot.—p. 161—163.

Here again we have two or three remarks to make on the palliative circumstances adduced by Bonaparte.

We will say nothing of the perfidy of the war which he was himself waging;—we will not attempt to show that the poor peasants of Mount Tabor might be supposed to be ignorant of the etiquette of European capitulations and paroles;—we shall not insist on the impossibility of the French recognizing the men found in

Jaffa as the very individuals who capitulated in El Arish;—we shall not state, as Sir Robert Wilson states, the massacre to have been of more than as many thousands as Bonaparte confesses hundreds;—we shall not urge against Bonaparte that he actually obliged officers to serve against us who had been released from England, on parole, not to serve:—we shall give up all these topics, and only insist upon the plain facts of the case which prove this transaction to be one of the foulest and most inexcusable massacres that was ever perpetrated.

These poor people were taken at El Arish; their homes were Nazareth and Mount Tabor; they were bound to return thither; from El Arish to Nazareth, the high road passes through Jaffa. Bonaparte describes himself as having lost no time in marching to Jaffa; he could not, therefore, be far behind the Nazarites; and must, indeed, have arrived before the town almost as soon as they entered it: the place was summoned—an atrocity is committed—the assault is *immediately* given—and Jaffa is taken; but in it, on their way home, were found the garrison of El Arish; and, because they were found *there—where* Bonaparte must have known them to be, if they adhered to the capitulation—he ordered 500 of his fellow-creatures to be drawn out and instantly shot!—and this too the next morning after a carnage which exceeded all that this tiger had ever before witnessed. If Jaffa had been ever so little out of the way, or if it had been besieged long enough to allow the poor people to get away from it, or if they had been found in it after a lapse of time which ought to have carried them beyond it, something, though, God knows but little, might be said in defence of Bonaparte; but as the fact is stated by himself, the bloody perfidy is clear, and the whole of Bonaparte's conduct is proved, by his own confession, to have been detestably and infamously base.

We have now done with the 'Letters from St. Helena!'—We have felt it on this occasion necessary to enter into minute, and often, we fear, tedious details, because Mr. Warden's pretences and falsehoods, if not detected on the spot and at the moment when the means of detection happen to be at hand, might hereafter tend to deceive other writers, and poison the sources of history. And for the honour of our country, and for the dignity of human nature, we are unwilling that it should be supposed that the falsehood and flatteries of Bonaparte and his followers could obliterate from the minds of Englishmen the atrocities with which he had for twenty years ensanguined and desolated the civilized world.

- ART. XL.** 1. *An Inquiry into the Causes of the General Poverty and Dependence of Mankind; including a full Investigation of the Corn Laws.* By William Dawson. Edinburgh. 1814.
2. *A Plan for the Reform of Parliament, on Constitutional Principles.* Pamphleteer. No. 14.
3. *Observations on the Scarcity of Money, and its effects upon the Public.* By Edward Tatham, D. D. Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. 1816.
4. *On the State of the Country in December, 1816.* By the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.
5. *Christian Policy, the Salvation of the Empire. Being a clear and concise Examination into the Causes that have produced the impending, unavoidable National Bankruptcy; and the Effects that must ensue, unless averted by the Adoption of this only real and desirable Remedy, which would elevate these Realms to a pitch of Greatness hitherto unattained by any Nation that ever existed.* By Thomas Evans, Librarian to the Society of Spencean Philanthropists. Second Edition. London. 1816.
6. *The Monthly Magazine.*
7. *Cobbett's Political Register.*

**I**F the opinions of profligate and of mistaken men may be thought to reflect disgrace upon the nation, of which they constitute a part, it might verily be said that England was never so much disgraced as at this time. Never before had the country been engaged in so long or so arduous a struggle; never had any country, in ancient or in modern times, made such great and persevering exertions; never had any country displayed more perfect magnanimity, and scarcely ever had any contest been terminated with such consummate and transcendent glory:—this at least is universally acknowledged;—it is confessed as much by the rage and astonishment of the ferocious revolutionist, and the ill-disguised regret of a party whom the events of the war have stultified as well as soured, as by the gratitude and admiration of all true Britons, and of the wise and the good throughout the civilized world. Yet at this time, when the plans of government have been successful beyond all former example—when the object of a twenty years war—the legitimate object of a just and necessary war—has been attained, and England, enjoying the peace which she has thus bravely won, should be left at leisure to pursue with undistracted attention those measures, which, by mitigating present evils and preventing crimes in future, may, as far as human means can be effectual, provide for an increasing and stable prosperity;—at this time a cry of discontent

is gone forth, the apostles of anarchy take advantage of a temporary and partial distress, and by imposing upon the ignorance of the multitude, flattering their errors and inflaming their passions, are exciting them to sedition and rebellion.

During the great struggle between Charles I. and his parliament, the people required an appearance at least of devotion and morality in their leaders; no man could obtain their confidence unless he observed the decencies of life, and conformed in his outward deportment to the laws of God and man. There was much hypocrisy among them as well as much fanaticism, but the great body of the nation were sincerely religious, and strict in the performance of their ordinary duties; and to this cause, more than any other, is it owing that no civil war was ever carried on with so few excesses and so little cruelty, so that the conduct of the struggle was as honourable to the nation as the ultimate consequences have been beneficial. It is a melancholy, and in some respects an alarming thing, to observe the contrast at the present crisis, when the populace look for no other qualification in their heroes than effrontery and a voluble tongue. Easily deluded they have always been; but evil-minded and insidious men, who in former times endeavoured to deceive the moral feelings of the multitude, have now laboured more wickedly and more successfully in corrupting them. Their favourite shall have a plenary dispensation for as many vices as he can afford to entertain, and as many crimes as he may venture to commit. Among them sedition stands in the place of charity, and covereth a multitude of sins.

Were it not that the present state of popular knowledge is a necessary part of the process of society, a stage through which it must pass in its progress toward something better, it might reasonably be questioned whether the misinformation of these times be not worse than the ignorance of former ages. For a people who are ignorant and know themselves to be so, will often judge rightly when they are called upon to think at all, acting from common sense, and the unperverted instinct of equity. But there is a kind of half knowledge which seems to disable men even from forming a just opinion of the facts before them—a sort of squint in the understanding which prevents it from seeing straightforward, and by which all objects are distorted. Men in this state soon begin to confound the distinctions between right and wrong—farewell then to simplicity of heart, and with it farewell to rectitude of judgment! The demonstrations of geometry indeed retain their force with them, for they are gross and tangible:—but to all moral propositions, to all finer truths, they are insensible—the part of their nature which should correspond with these is stricken with dead palsy. Give men a smattering of law, and they become litigious; give them a

smattering of physic, and they become hypochondriacs or quacks, disordering themselves by the strength of imagination, or poisoning others in the presumptuousness of conceited ignorance. But of all men, the smatterer in philosophy is the most intolerable and the most dangerous; he begins by unlearning his Creed and his Commandments, and in the process of eradicating what it is the business of all sound education to implant, his duty to God is discarded first, and his duty to his neighbour presently afterwards. As long as he confines himself to private practice the mischief does not extend beyond his private circle,—his neighbour's wife may be in some danger, and his neighbour's property also, if the distinctions between *meum* and *tuum* should be practically inconvenient to the man of free opinions. But when he commences professor of moral and political philosophy for the benefit of the public,—the fables of old credulity are then verified—his very breath becomes venomous, and every page which he sends abroad carries with it poison to the unsuspecting reader.

We have shown, on a former occasion,\* how men of this description are acting upon the public, and have explained in what manner a large part of the people have been prepared for the *virus* with which they inoculate them. The dangers arising from such a state of things are now fully apparent, and the designs of the incendiaries, which have for some years been proclaimed so plainly, that they ought, long ere this, to have been prevented, are now manifested by overt acts. On this point, therefore, it cannot be necessary to enlarge. But there is a class of political reformers who profess, according to Horne Tooke's expression, that they mean to *stop at Brentford*; and as these gentlemen, as far as they go, use the same arguments by which their more eager allies are stimulated to go the whole way and push forward for the Bank and the Tower, it may not be a useless task to detect their fallacies and expose their falsehood.

It is boldly asserted, that the late war was undertaken and carried on against the wishes of the people, and in support of despotic governments against the liberties of mankind; that it is the cause of the existing distress, being itself a consequence of the corrupt state of the representation; and that the remedy for all our evils is a Reform in Parliament. The first of these assertions is in direct opposition to the truth. The second imputes the evil to a cause in itself inevitable, and which has only incidentally and partially operated in producing it. The third recommends a remedy which could no more mitigate the disease, than the demolition of Tenterden Steeple could remove Goodwin Sands.

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\* No. XVI. Inquiry into the Poor Laws.

If ever there was a war begun and carried to its close with the hearty concurrence of the nation, it was the late war with France. We appeal to every person who remembers the beginning of the French Revolution, whether, if the question of peace or war had been referred to the people of England and decided by universal suffrage, Mr. Pitt would have found one dissentient voice in a thousand? The question completely broke up an opposition, which, till then, had nearly equipoised the weight of the ministry; the few who remained with Mr. Fox sunk at once from the rank and character of a party to that of a faction as feeble as they were unpopular,—so feeble, indeed, and so utterly insignificant in the scale, that they took the memorable step of seceding from Parliament. The principle of loyalty was triumphant even to intolerance: in most parts of England the appellations of republican and jacobin were sufficient to mark a man for public odium, perhaps for personal danger, persecution and ruin: government was supported and even impelled by public opinion; and there is perhaps no instance in history wherein a nation has been more unanimous than the British nation in the great and decisive measure of declaring war against the French republic. The records of parliament, the addresses and associations are unanswerable proofs of this. None but they who are entirely unacquainted with the transactions of those times can believe that the war was undertaken against the opinion of the people; and the writers and orators who assert it, make the impudent assertion either in utter ignorance or in utter contempt of truth.

Thus much concerning the commencement of hostilities, at which time, if the government of England had been a pure democracy, and the people had given their votes by themselves instead of their representatives, the majority in favour of that measure would have been even more apparent than it was. As for the justice of the war, had it been undertaken for no other purpose than that of weakening France, by dismembering it, England would have been justified by the conduct of France in the struggle with America. But it rests upon better ground. It has been asserted, with reference to this subject, that one nation has no right to interfere with the internal arrangements of another; and this assertion is to this day repeated, as if it were an axiom in political morality. But as M. de Puisaye, who demolishes the arguments built upon this sandy foundation, has well observed—it is with the independence of nations as with the liberty of individuals—they have a right to do every thing which involves no wrong to others. So long as my neighbour demeans himself conformably to the laws, his conduct is no concern of mine: but if he convert his house into a brothel, or commence a manufactory there which should poison my family

with its unwholesome stench, I prosecute him for a nuisance. If he should think proper to take an air bath in the street before my windows, his natural liberty would be restrained by the wholesome discipline of Bedlam or of the beadle; and if he were to set his house on fire, the services of the finisher of the law would be required. Just such are the relations of one country to another. With the internal arrangements of any neighbouring people we have nothing to do, as long as their arrangements have nothing to do with us. Should they be seized with madness, bite one another, and turn the whole land into one miserable Bedlam, God restore them to their senses, we cannot. But if this Bedlam breaks loose, and its inhabitants insist upon biting us, there is no alternative but that of resorting to those measures which unhappily are the only substitute for law between nations when they differ; wars, as Lord Bacon says, being 'suits of appeal to the tribunal of God's justice, when there is none on earth to decide the cause.' That the French were in a state of madness, is what all Frenchmen of every party have confessed since they came to their senses after the reign of terror,—or of cowardice, as one of their own countrymen has more properly called it: and that they invited other nations to follow their example by a decree, promising assistance to any people who should rise to vindicate the rights of men, can be no matter of dispute, for the fact is recorded in history.

There may be some who question the policy of the war, however just the motives for which it was commenced, and there may be some ground for criticising the manner in which it was conducted, with a view to what was, or ought to have been its main, or rather exclusive object; but only those persons who set truth at defiance and are incapable of shame will assert that it was unpopular. It was a war by acclamation in which the people went with the government heart and hand. In its progress many errors were committed; so that if men had looked to the conduct of the allies, their discordant views and their deplorable counsels, they might, without hesitation, have pronounced the contest hopeless, had they not perceived on the other hand a constant and reasonable cause for hope in the condition of France itself. For in the course of the French revolution one excess succeeded another, each more extravagant than that which went before it; follies were generated by follies, crimes begot crimes, and horrors were produced by the monstrous intermixture of both, such as former times had never seen, not in the most barbarous countries, not in the fiercest ages of superstition, not under the most execrable tyrannies. If depletion be a remedy for raging madness, it might have been thought that blood enough was let by their own executioners to restore this frantic nation to its senses. It was impossible that so unnatural a



state should be permanent, certain that the great body of the people must desire rest and security above all other things, more than probable that when they were wearied with sufferings and with changes, they would look to a restoration of the exiled family as the easiest and surest means of putting an end to them. Many occasions offered in which this object might have been effected had there been less treachery and less imbecility in the counsels of the emigrant princes, and more wisdom and more decision in the allied cabinets. These opportunities were lost; and when in the tenth year of the war, the spirit of jacobinism was burnt out in France, and in the regular progress of revolutions a military government had been established upon the wreck of principles and institutions, the peace of Amiens was made.

As the war had been eminently popular at its commencement, so was the peace of Amiens made in entire concurrence with the general wishes of the people. Not that the great majority believed it would be permanent, but because they thought it on every account proper that the experiment should be made. The minority which followed Lord Grenville and Mr. Windham in condemning it, was even smaller than that which had sided with Mr. Fox in reprobating the war: but the weight of their arguments was felt, and they manifested a sensibility for the honour of the country, and a warmth for its interests, which sunk deep in the public mind. The danger from jacobinism seemed to be gone by; there remained no other vestige of it in France than the wreck which it had brought about: the French nation was returning to its old fondness for tinsel and gold chains; the Eternal Republic had already past from the despotism of many to the despotism of one; it was evident that the First Consul might exchange his mongrel title whenever he thought fit for that of *Grand Monarque*, Emperor, or Arch-emperor, if it liked him better; and there was good reason for supposing, or rather no reason to doubt, that his inclinations were taking that course. There was therefore nothing to apprehend from France on the score of political contagion; the practical lectures which had been read upon jacobinism in that country might have been thought sufficient to undeceive mankind till the very end of time. But a new danger had grown out of the war to which that principle had given rise. What was the position in which France was left at its termination? What were the views of the French government, and what was the personal character of the individual by whose sole will it was directed?

The political system of Europe had been fearfully dislocated by the war. France had accomplished that which for a century and a half it had been the great object of English policy to prevent. She had obtained possession of the Netherlands, extended her fran-

tier to the Rhine, and held Holland on one side and Italy on the other, in actual dependance. Switzerland also—unoffending and happy Switzerland, the asylum of literature, liberty, and peace, which during three centuries of contention had been respected as the sacred territory of Christendom—Switzerland also had been added, by an act of atrocious aggression, to the dependencies of France. All or more than all that Louis XIV. attempted had been effected. Was it likely, was it in the nature of things, that France should stop here? Ambition is one of those passions which are stimulated, not satiated by indulgence. And this nation was habitually ambitious, habitually fond of war, politic in council, acting fervently and perseveringly amid all internal changes upon one system of aggrandizement, and pursuing its purposes, even in the best ages of its history, equally without faith and without remorse. The French were now surrounded with their trophies and intoxicated with their triumphs; had there been no other cause, their national character and the known policy which had so long actuated all their governments, must have made reflecting persons doubt the continuance of a peace concluded under such circumstances with such a people. But to increase these apprehensions France possessed a portentous military force, the greatest which had ever been seen in the civilized world, perfectly organized, in the highest state of discipline, and under generals whose talents were believed to be incomparable, and who were at the very height of military renown. ‘If the clouds be full of rain,’ says Solomon, ‘they empty themselves upon the earth.’ War, to which the French, more than any other people, had always been inclined, had become the national passion, the preferable—or rather the only road to wealth, honour, and distinction: and there no longer existed upon the continent any counterpoise to the power of this restless, politic and elated people. Austria had come out of the struggle with loss of territory, diminished reputation, and exhausted resources. But the contest which had impoverished Austria and loaded England with an enormous debt, had been to France a source of revenue as well as power; for the French, beginning with bankruptcy at home, had proceeded abroad upon the maxim of Machiavelli, that men and arms will find money and provide for themselves. And as the officers and soldiers had been trained in the revolution, the principles which they had learnt in that ferocious school might render them as dangerous at home to the adventurer for monarchy as they would be powerful instruments for carrying into effect his wider plans of foreign usurpation. It was to be apprehended then, that both from motives of political and personal prudence the First Consul would employ these turbulent spirits in their vocation. he mo XVI. the most benevolent, the most truly religious, the most

conscientious of the Bourbon kings, engaged in hostilities against this country for no other reason than that the contest in America offered an opportunity for aggrandizing France by weakening England. Could we suppose that the First Consul would be more scrupulous, and let pass any occasion of gratifying the old enmity of France, and avenging himself upon the only people by whom he had ever been baffled in his career? Was he so just, so pious, so humane, that we might rely upon his faithful observance of treaties, and his love of peace?

Sir William Temple, a man of great sagacity and much political experience, observes, that he 'never could find a better way of judging the resolutions of a state, than by the personal temper and understanding, or passions and humours of the princes or chief ministers that were for the time at the head of affairs.' This observation holds good even in free governments: with how much greater force must it apply to a country where every thing is decided by the will and pleasure of an individual! In such a country the course of its politics can be inferred solely from the character of that individual. How far then had the character of Bonaparte been developed at this time?

The English are a generous people. However much they might regret the course of adverse fortune in which they had been engaged, they did not regard the First Consul with any invidious feeling because he had been their successful enemy. They had rendered full justice to Washington under more humiliating circumstances: even those persons who disapproved in principle the cause in which he triumphed, regarded this excellent man with admiration and reverence. There were causes also which might make men of opposite parties agree in the wish that Bonaparte should not be found wanting in the scale; so that when they weighed him in their own judgment, there was a bias given, perhaps unconsciously, to the balance in his favour. The disciples of the revolution reconciled themselves to the disappointment of their republican hopes, by considering that the First Consul was a child of the revolution—the Jupiter of that Saturn which had devoured its elder children—that he prevented the restoration of the Bourbons, governed in the name, at least, of the people, and still talked of liberty and philosophy. The enemies of the Revolution saw more accurately that Bonaparte had destroyed republicanism in France, and as they had now given up the Bourbons, whose cause indeed they had never supported either wisely or consistently, it would be some consolation for the failure of their plans, if the man with whom they had treated should prove worthy of the rank in which they had recognized him as legitimately established. But with what aspects had this Lucifer of the age risen above the horizon? His career

had been not more remarkable for boldness in enterprise than for audacity in crimes. His conduct in Italy had been alike distinguished by perfidy, rapacity, insolent usurpation, and cold calculating systematic inhumanity. Here he began that system of military murder which before his time was unknown in civilized Europe. Three\* of the most honourable inhabitants of Verona were condemned by one of his military tribunals, and executed in sight of the whole city, because their countrymen had been provoked to resist the intolerable exactions and outrages of the French. One of these victims was in his hands upon the faith of a treaty, another as an ambassador, and the third had received a solemn assurance of security. So far from having acted as enemies towards the French, one of them had saved Frenchmen during the insurrection, and another had many times removed their wounded soldiers from the field, when their brutal comrades, and more brutal generals, had left them there to perish. With the same contempt of the law of nations, the usages of war, and the common feelings of humanity, Bonaparte put the municipal officers of Pavia to death. Military executions were inflicted without remorse upon the slightest pretext; and giving full scope to the brutal passions and corrupted principles of his soldiers, he suffered them to perpetrate every kind of havoc, cruelty, and abomination.

Such had been Bonaparte's conduct in Italy. His Egyptian expedition was characterized by deeper horrors. The massacre at Jaffa, and the poisoning of his own wounded men have frequently been denied, and there have been authors who with felicitous ingenuity have attempted upon these charges to prove a negative in his behalf. Both charges are now established beyond all possibility of further denial, by the avowal of the criminal himself, and by the full testimony of eye-witnesses to the massacres, and of men who were in the camp. These had been his actions before the peace of Amiens; they proved him to be alike destitute of truth, honour, religion, and humanity. 'That which is crooked cannot be made straight'—Was peace likely to be durable when it depended upon this man's faith? Was it reasonable to suppose that we should gather olives from this upas tree?

During the short continuance of peace, Bonaparte annexed Piedmont to France; he made himself president of the Italian republic; he formed a new constitution for Switzerland, and

\* The names of these victims were Emili, Verità, and Malenza.—A monument should be erected to them on the spot where they suffered. For the history of these transactions, and a view of Bonaparte's character as it was developed during his first Italian war, the reader is referred to an Account of the Fall of Venice, translated from the Italian by Mr. Hinckley. It is to be regretted that so interesting a story should be so ill told.

marched an overpowering force into the country to establish it. The nominal independence of Holland was as little respected; troops were kept there to hold it in subjection, and exact such loans as he thought proper to demand. When England remonstrated against these acts of aggrandizement, and declared her intention of retaining Malta as some counterpoise, inadequate as it was, he replied that England had nothing to do with any arrangements of France; she was *hors du continent*,—excluded from continental affairs; and so she must remain—for this was now to be the first principle of European policy. The relations between France and England were the Treaty of Amiens, the whole Treaty of Amiens, and nothing but the Treaty of Amiens: and as for her retaining Malta, he said, he would rather see her in possession of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine.

*Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futura—*

he has lived to see her in possession of both. Little dreaming of such an issue, he threatened us with immediate invasion, and the vengeance which five hundred thousand men were ready to inflict. As a mercantile power, supposing, he said, that those words (*puissance marchande*) were ever again to be allied, England was prosperous, but those Englishmen who knew that a nation never can lose its glory with impunity, had good reason to perceive nothing but disasters before them. He required the British government to send the members of the Bourbon family, and all such emigrants as wore their orders, out of the country; and to put a stop to the unbecoming and seditious publications with which the newspapers and other works printed in \*England were filled. The answer of the British government to this latter demand is well worthy of being held in remembrance,—for the honour of those ministers by whom it was dictated, and the instruction of those simple men who are taught to believe that the war against Bonaparte was a war against liberty. ‘His Majesty cannot and never will, in consequence of any representation, or any menace from a foreign power, make any concession which can be in the smallest degree dangerous to the liberty of the press, as secured by the constitution of this country.’ The laws, they stated, were as open to the French government as to themselves. They neither had, nor wanted, any other protection than what those laws afforded; and never would they

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\* Among the improvements which the French government at that time was obliging enough to suggest in our constitution, one was, that all ministers, upon going out of office, should be disqualified for sitting in parliament during the next seven years: another proposed that any member of parliament who should insult an allied power (or, in other words, who should express an unfavourable opinion of the designs of the First Consul) should be debarred from speaking for two years.

consent to new model them, or change their constitution, to gratify the wishes of any foreign power. His Majesty, it was added, expected that the French government would not interfere in the manner in which the government of his dominions was conducted, or call for any change in those laws with which his people were perfectly satisfied.—Is it to be imputed to an entire ignorance of the state of England, or to an insolent belief that every thing must be subservient to his pleasure, that after this decisive reply Bonaparte returned to the subject, and formally proposed that ‘means should be adopted to prevent in future any mention being made, either in official discussions, or in polemical writings, in England, of what was passing in France; as in like manner in the French official discussions and polemical writings, no mention whatever should be made of what was passing in England? England desired no such reciprocity. There was no part of her history, no part of her conduct, no part of her intentions, which required concealment. Was she to put out her eyes, because Bonaparte wished to keep France in darkness?

It is not unseasonable to recall these facts to remembrance, as also the appointment of military spies in our seaports, under the character of commercial agents,—Sebastiani’s report upon Egypt, indicating clearly a design of repeating the attempt upon that country,—the declaration of Bonaparte that Egypt sooner or later must belong to France, either by an arrangement with the Porte, or by a partition of the Turkish empire,—and finally the memorable assertion that England was not able to contend single handed with France. Were we indeed so fallen, so changed? Were we actually, according to the new public law which was now enunciated, excluded from all concern in the affairs of the continent? Had we lost not only our rank, but even our place, among the powers of Europe; and were we to be thankful for the moderation which permitted us still to exist as a mercantile community? If so, it behoved us to demolish Blenheim, to prohibit all books of English history, and teach the whole rising generation the use of French as their common speech, that they might be prepared for the decree which should include Great Britain among the dependent provinces of France,—and London among the ‘good cities’ of the Great Empire!—The alternative proposed to us was war, or such submission as, if it were not necessitated by utter helplessness, could be imputed only to cowardice or fatuity; a submission which would have given Bonaparte time to create a navy, and make invasion practicable; which would have delayed the war for no longer a time than suited his convenience—that is—till that navy should have been completed, and which would have rendered the war infinitely more formidable when the hour was come. Nor would the

interval have been peace ;\* it could only have been an armed truce, a state of feverish suspicion, harassed insecurity, and exhausting vigilance. This the people understood ; they had been desirous that the experiment of peace should be tried ; they saw plainly that the experiment had failed ; that no danger could be so great and certain as that of continuing on such terms with such an enemy : when, therefore, the government, in perfect accordance with the sound judgment, the common sense, and the honest honourable feelings of the nation, determined upon renewing hostilities, the news was welcomed in the city of London with huzzas.

There were writers and speakers at the time who affected to regard this manifestation of public opinion with horror, and represented it as proceeding from a brutal insensibility to the evils of war, or a more brutal delight in anticipating its gains. They libelled their countrymen because party-feeling made them incapable of understanding the right English spirit which looked danger in the face, and thus cheerfully defied it in reliance upon God and a good cause. But had the city statesmen forgotten this memorable and notorious fact when they *resolved* that the war had been undertaken in opposition to the wishes of the people ? We have heard of the omnipotence of Parliament, but the town and country petitioners in their omnipotence attempt to go beyond it ; they enact for the past as well as the future, and vote unanimous resolutions which are to alter what *has been*. A French historian was one day relating some circumstances which had recently occurred, when a person, better informed of the transaction, told him that the facts were not as he represented them : ‘ *Ah Monsieur !* ’ he replied, ‘ *tant pis pour les faits,* ’ so much the worse for the facts ! It was honestly said,—and is characteristic of French historians : but when men either in public or private assert things in opposition to the truth, and their assertions are disproved, the common consent of mankind has determined that it is so much the worse for the assertors :—a loss of character and of credit is incurred ;—they are convicted either of ignorance, or of wilful misrepresentation, and in such cases ignorance is as poor a plea in morals and in politics, as in law.

The little opposition which was made to the renewal of the war was of a very different character from that which had been manifested at its commencement. There was a deep, though mistaken

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\* ‘ War,’ says Hobbes, ‘ consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting, but is a tract of time wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known ; and therefore the notion of time is to be considered in the nature of war, as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of good weather lieth not in a shower of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together, so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto, during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary.’

principle in the opposers of the anti-jacobine war,—a passionate persuasion that England was engaged in a bad cause. They who thought thus, believed the declarations of the French, overlooking their actions, or regarding them through a false medium, and being, for the most part, ill-read in history and ignorant of human nature. But after the peace of Amiens there was nothing of this delusion; no man dreamt that the liberties of France were invaded, or the rights of men in danger. They who had wished most sincerely for the triumph of those rights, desired now with equal sincerity that the adventurer might be overthrown, who, having it in his power to establish free governments in France and Italy, had chosen to erect a military tyranny for himself. They who loved liberty, knowing what they loved and wherefore they loved it, could have no other wish: experience had shown them how widely their principle had been misled, and that very principle having rubbed off the rust of its error, pointed to the true north, and directed them in the right course. The few who opposed the war, opposed it upon the score of its inexpediency, and the inadequacy of the plea which had been assigned to indicate the approaching rupture. The plea however was a mere official form, like a fiction in law, in no degree affecting the merits of the cause. The question was placed by the minister upon its true grounds, when he said we were at war because we could not be at peace:—and it is absurd to call that inexpedient which is inevitable.

The popular character of the war was further manifested by the numbers who immediately enrolled themselves as volunteers. Bonaparte had expected no such unanimity, no such enthusiasm. His generals from Egypt had informed him of what materials the British army was composed, and he had himself received a memorable lesson from the navy at Aboukir and at Acre. Loudly therefore as he had threatened to invade us, the spirit which was displayed upon our shores intimidated him from attempting to put the threat in execution; and he turned away to the easier course of continental aggrandizement; hoping to effect the overthrow of England by excluding her merchandise from Europe, and thus ruining her finances. His operations were now carried on upon a greater scale than had ever before been witnessed in European warfare; his victories were more decisive, his successes more rapid; for having men at command, and being his own general, his progress was never retarded for want of an adequate force, or embarrassed by vacillating counsels; and as for means,—being troubled with no scruples of any kind, he not only supported his troops upon the countries in which they were quartered, but exacted contributions from his allies as well as his enemies. One campaign was followed by another, each more destructive than the last; till



the peace of Tilsit left him undisputed master of the continent from the Elbe to the Adriatic, with Spain in vassalage, Denmark for his ally, and Russia moving like a puppet as he pulled the wires. That he aspired at universal empire was now scarcely disguised; it even seemed as if some drama of religious imposture was in preparation, and that he meant to enact the part of Mahomed as well as of Charlemagne. As in Egypt he had proclaimed that destiny directed all his actions, and had decreed from the beginning of the world that *after beating down the Cross* he should come into that country to fulfil the task assigned him; so now he was addressed as the anointed Cyrus of the Lord—the living image of the divinity—the mortal after God's own heart, to whom the fate of nations were intrusted;—and in a catechism, which was to be the first thing taught throughout the French empire, it was inculcated in direct terms, that to honour and serve the Emperor was the same thing as to honour and serve God himself! Under these circumstances peace appeared more remote than ever. An attempt was made to obtain it under the motley administration of Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox, but even the Foxites while they were in power felt that peace was impossible. And on this occasion the opinion of the citizens of London was again manifested, as at the beginning of the war; for when the Lord Mayor communicated, on the Royal Exchange, the failure of the negotiations, the persons who were present gave three cheers, expressing their preference of open war to an insidious peace, as any peace with Bonaparte must have been, and their approbation of the only course which was consistent with the safety and honour of the country. The usurpation of Portugal followed, and at the close of the year 1807, every state upon the continent had declared war against Great Britain, with the single exception of Sweden. The enemy was undisputed master of the land, but England retained the empire of the seas, and two mighty powers were thus opposed to each other which could not be brought in contact. There was no other hope at this time than what wise men derived from a conviction, that such a system of tyranny as that which Bonaparte had established could not possibly be permanent; but nothing like dismay was felt, nothing like despondency; the people were convinced that the continuance of the war was inevitable, and they knew that while it continued the country was safe.

Things were in this state when Bonaparte kidnapped the royal family of Spain, and appointed his brother Joseph to reign in their stead. If error and guilt may be compared, the political blunder in this nefarious transaction was not inferior to the moral wickedness: it gave us the most persevering nation in Europe for our ally, and it gave us also a fair field. From that time the war as-

sumed a new character. They who were acquainted with the country which was now to become the scene of war, and the people with whom we were thus connected by no ordinary bond of alliance, but by inseparable interest as well as by the loftiest sympathy, felt a calm and settled assurance, that to whatever time the struggle might be prolonged, it could only end in the full and entire deliverance of Spain. An impulse of the most generous, the most animating, the most inextinguishable hope was excited in every heart which was not withered by faction, or corrupted by a false and foul philosophy even to rottenness. There were such among us, but they were not numerous; and for a while the general and ebullient feeling with which all Britain overflowed imposed silence upon the lying lips. Even now it is delightful to look back upon that exhilarating time, when after so long and unmitigated a season, hope came upon us like the first breath of summer;—when we met with gladness in every countenance, congratulation in every voice, sympathy in every heart, and every man felt prouder than in all former times of the name of Englishman, of the part which his country had acted, and was still called upon to act. These very men who now tell us that the present distress is the effect of wars unjustly commenced and pertinaciously persisted in, when no rational object was to be obtained—these very men who tell us that the war was not popular, that it was the work of a corrupt Parliament and not of the people,—these very men belie themselves as well as their country. They knew that no object could be more rational than that for which the war was persisted in, no object more just, more necessary, more popular; they were not such idiots as to think otherwise, not such traitors to human nature, not such stocks or stones as to be unmoved: they partook the popular joy, the popular enthusiasm; they joined in the unanimous expression of public opinion, which called upon Government to assist the Spaniards with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the strength of England.

It would be superfluous to retrace, however briefly, the course of the Peninsular war, fresh as it is in recollection, and recorded for everlasting remembrance, as the noblest portion of British history. During its progress we had indeed our ‘battle critics’ at home, who in ‘their deliriums of dissatisfaction upon any advantage obtained by their country,’ as Steele says of their predecessors in Marlborough’s day, fought every action over again as the enemy’s allies, represented our victories as defeats, and triumphantly proved that Lord Wellington was no general. And we had our wise men of the North, who came forward, like the son of Beor, to take up their prophecy in behalf of the Moabite; but the voice of the

country was in accord with its own honour and its duty; with its own dearest interests and with those of mankind.

If the character of the enemy against whom we were contending had been any ways doubtful before the peace of Amiens, subsequent events had now cleared it from all ambiguity. Having touched upon the former part of Bonaparte's conduct, we will here complete the delineation; and for the benefit of those eminent patriots among us who look upon the Emperor Napoleon as the model of an enlightened prince, in as summary a manner as possible, enumerate some of the acts of this their *beau idéal* of a philosophical sovereign,—this Perfect Emperor of the British *Liberals*. It shall be no counterfeit likeness, nor heightened by any false colours; the man is depicted in his actions and in those of the government which was directed by his single will. There is no necessity for insisting upon the murder of Pichegru and of Captain Wright; faith depends in no little degree upon volition,—these things were done in a corner, and damning as the proofs are, the *Liberals* do not choose to believe them. Letting therefore these counts of the indictment pass among other acts of supererogatory wickedness, we will enumerate only some of those deeds of individual cruelty and guilt which were committed in the face of the world, in open defiance of God and man, and which no person except an English mob-orator has ever dared either to deny or to defend:—the detention of the English travellers in France; the betrayal and imprisonment of Toussaint; the murder of the Duc d'Enghien; the murder of Palm; the murder of Hofer. These were the individual deeds of Bonaparte, his own peculiar acts, the cold and cowardly crimes of a heart incapable in its very nature of magnanimity, and malignant upon settled system. The tyranny of his home government extended to every thing. His merciless conscription placed all the youth of France at his disposal, and so largely did he draw upon this fund, and so lavishly did he squander it, that great as the population of France is, it was at length unable to answer the demand, and support his enormous expenditure of blood. The system of education was determined by law, and conducted upon the explicit maxim that all public education ought to be regulated on the principle of—military discipline. The plan was framed partly in imitation of the Jesuits, partly of the Mamelukes; and as no person was permitted to act as tutor to another, except upon this plan of instruction, the study of Greek, the mother-tongue of liberty, was so far proscribed throughout France, that no person could acquire it by any other means than self-tuition. Every servant in Paris was registered, that the police might have a spy in every house. The number of printers was limited; only four newspapers in the capital were

permitted to touch on political events, and no newspaper or writing of any kind could be published without the inspection and approbation of the government.\* To complete the tyranny, as the Bastille had been demolished at the beginning of the Revolution, Bonaparte appointed eight Bastilles in different parts of France, for the reception of persons whom it was convenient to hold in durance, and not convenient to bring to trial. Such was the system of government established in France by the Perfect Emperor of the Ultra-Whigs and Extra-Reformers.

The foreign policy of Bonaparte united falsehood, treachery, frantic pride, and remorseless barbarity. Witness the *noyades* at St. Domingo; witness the commandant at Cerigo, who in his official correspondence with his superior, informed him that being inconvenienced with about 600 Albanian refugees, he had disembarrassed himself of them by poisoning their wells. Witness Holland, impoverished, deceived, oppressed, and finally usurped! Witness Germany, partitioned and re-partitioned, plundered, ravaged, and insulted, her children forced into the service of their enemy, and sacrificed by myriads to his insatiable lust of conquest! Witness Prussia, her wrongs, her long sufferings, her holy hatred, her glorious resurrection and revenge! Witness the black tragedy of the Tyrol! Witness Portugal, where, when the French entered professedly in peace and without the slightest opposition, they exacted a contribution, the amount of which was equal to a poll-tax of a guinea and a half per head, upon the whole population; and where, when they left it, they committed crimes and cruelties of so hellish a character, that it might almost be deemed criminal to recite them. Witness Spain! A certain great authority, indeed, to whose predictions we have before alluded, has said that 'the hatred of the name of a Frenchman in Spain has been such as the reality would by no means justify;' and that 'the detestation of the French government had, among the inferior orders, been carried to a pitch wholly unauthorized by its proceedings towards them.' The treacherous seizure of their fortresses, the kidnapping of their royal family, to whom, whatever might be the merits of that family, the Spaniards were devotedly attached, and the usurpation of their throne and their country, might in the judgment of ordinary men be thought to authorize a considerable degree of detestation for the government by which such acts had been committed: so it should appear at first sight:—to politicians gifted with the faculty of second sight, it may

\* Incredible as the fact may appear, for its absurdity as well as the perverse disposition which it discovers, proposals were circulated in 1813 for reprinting the French *Moniteur* in London, because 'the English press was nearly in the same state of degradation as the press of Russia, and because important facts were often suppressed, coloured, and distorted in the English papers.'—Thus it is that faction makes men look.

† The evidence for this atrocious fact may be seen in our Third Volume, p. 294.

appear differently. But if to these wrongs we add the detail of this struggle so inexpiable and ineffaceably disgraceful for France, practised as these advocates may be in the defence of bad causes, this would not be found one of those cases which can be 'tolerably plastered over with light cost of rough-cast rhetoric.' Let us not, however, lacerate the feelings of the reader with particularizing the horrors of that most atrocious warfare,—suffice it to mention as public, notorious, undeniable, and official acts, the wholesale murders committed by the military tribunal at Madrid, under that General Grouchy whom the friends of liberty are now honouring with public dinners in America; the cruelties of Marshal Ney in Galicia; the fore-purposed massacres of Marshal Suchet; the decree of Marshal Soult for putting to death all persons who should be taken in arms against the intrusive government; and the decree of General Kellerman, by which, after all horses of a certain standard were seized for the use of the French, the owners of those which were left, as being below the standard, or as being mares pregnant for more than three months, were ordered to put out the left eye of their beasts, or render them by other proper means unfit for military service!—Such was the system carried on in foreign countries by the Perfect Emperor of the Ultra Whigs and Extra Reformers. That any man should raise his voice in behalf of such a tyranny and such a tyrant is wonderful,—that any Englishman should do so is monstrous. The distinctions between right and wrong are broad and legible, and all men who have sufficient use of reason to be moral and accountable, beings, are enabled by God to read them. But society has its idiots as well as nature; and the poor natural of the village workhouse, who excites the mockery of brutal boys, is less pitiable, in the eyes of thoughtful humanity, than he who, drunk with faction and inflamed with discontent, renders himself a fool at heart.

It was against the tyrant by whom these infernal measures were enjoined, and against the atrocious army by which they were enforced in full rigour, that our war was waged, not against the French people. We and our allies fought, as the Common Council truly expressed it in their address to the Emperor of Russia, 'not to subdue but to deliver a misguided people;' and our efforts were crowned (to use the language of the same address) by 'the deliverance of the afflicted nations of Europe from the most galling oppression and unprecedented tyranny that ever visited the human race.' Who does not remember the universal joy which the overthrow of that tyranny produced? The sense of the country cannot be more faithfully expressed than it was by the same Common Council of London in their address to the Prince Regent.

'We cannot, Royal Sir,' said they, 'upon such an occasion, but look back with the highest admiration at the firmness, the wisdom, and the

energy which have been exercised by our beloved country during this long and arduous struggle. Had not Britain persevered, the liberties of Europe might have been lost. Had not her valiant sons been foremost in victory both by sea and land, it is too probable that the glorious emulation exhibited by her great allies would have been still dormant. Had not her triumphant armies under the immortal Wellington co-operated with the brave inhabitants in rescuing the Peninsula from the grasp of an unprincipled invader, Germany and Holland might yet have groaned under the iron despotism of the oppressor, and the efforts of the magnanimous Alexander been ineffectual to relieve them. These astonishing energies we believe to have been called forth by that admirable constitution of government which Britons possess as the best inheritance derived from their fathers, and which with proud satisfaction we observe is considered as affording the true basis of civil liberty by surrounding nations.'

Here the Common Council unequivocally and in the strongest terms deliver their opinion that the policy of the war was wise; that the object was in the highest degree important and desirable, being nothing less than the liberties of Europe; that that object had been accomplished through the exertions of this country, and that its happy accomplishment was owing to the firmness and wisdom with which the contest had been pursued, and to the advantages which we derived from the possession of a free constitution. And in thus saying they spoke the genuine sentiments of the people of England. But lo—this very Common Council of London, before the shoes were old in which they followed their former address, make their appearance at court with another, in which they tell the Prince Regent, that the war was 'rash and ruinous, unjustly commenced and pertinaciously persisted in, when no rational object was to be obtained;' and that this as well as sundry other evils has arisen from the corrupt state of the representation by which the people had been deprived of their just share and weight in the legislature. If the Prince had been, like Charles II., disposed to jest with men of this stamp, in what a situation might he have placed them by desiring that the first address might have been read for their edification, as the second had been read for his; and then requesting them to reconcile the two!—The invention of printing in parallel columns was a happy one for consistency like this—e. g.

PHILIP SOBER.

1814.

We cannot but look back with the highest admiration at the firmness, the wisdom, and the energy which have been exercised by our beloved country during this long and arduous struggle.

PHILIP DRUNK.

1816.

'Our grievances are the natural effect of rash and ruinous wars, unjustly commenced and pertinaciously persisted in.

‘ Had not Britain persevered, the liberties of Europe might have been lost.      ‘ No rational object was to be obtained.

‘ These astonishing energies we believe to have been called forth by that admirable constitution of government which Britons possess.’      ‘ All constitutional control over the servants of the crown has been lost, and parliaments have become subservient to the will of ministers.’

It may be proper to show cause why we should have affirmed that Philip was sober in 1814, and drunk in 1816, when Philip himself might choose to reverse the statement, and plead drunk on the former occasion, having, at that time, been dining with kings and emperors. But Philip himself cannot be admitted as a fair judge of his own condition; and as persons, who, when in possession of their reason, are sensible, well-disposed, and decently behaved, will, when in liquor, talk nonsense, and become mischievous, quarrelsome, and insulting, it is clear, that Philip was sober when the first address was composed, and *non compos mentis* on the latter occasion.

In reality, as Great Britain never before had been engaged in so long or so arduous a war, so never was any war so constantly approved by the great body of the people, because none was ever more unequivocally just. It was a cause to which the strong language of old Tom Tell-troth might be applied, as being ‘ so just and so religious in all humane and divine respects, that if the noble army of martyrs were sent down upon earth to make their fortunes anew, they would choose no other quarrel to die in, nor hope for a surer way to recover again the crown of glory.’

While the war continued, the large expenditure which it occasioned at home\* kept all things in activity; the landlord raised his rents as the government increased its imposts; the farmer demanded higher prices for his produce, and every man who had any thing to sell advanced the price of his commodities in like manner and in full proportion. Upon annuitants, and other persons,

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\* There is a passage in Bishop Burnet which is strikingly applicable to recent times. He is speaking of Marlborough's war, and showing how the nation abounded both in money and zeal. ‘ Our armies as well as our allies were every where punctually paid: the credit of the nation was never raised so high in any age, nor so securely maintained: the treasury was as exact and as regular in all payments as any private banker could be. It is true a great deal of money went out of the kingdom in specie; that which maintained the war in Spain was to be sent thither in that manner:—by this means there grew to be a sensible want of money in our nation; this was in a great measure supplied by the currency of Exchequer bills and bank notes; and this lay so obvious to the disaffected party, that they were often attempting to blast, at least to disparage this paper credit; but it was still kept up. It bred a just indignation in all who had a true love to their country, to see some using all possible methods to shake the administration, which, notwithstanding the difficulties at home and abroad, was much the best that had been in the memory of man: and was certainly not only easy to the subjects in general, but gentle even towards those who were endeavouring to undermine it.’

who, from their sex or age and habits, had no way of improving their limited fortunes, the burden bore with its whole weight ;— a most respectable class, who suffered severely, but without complaining. It was shown in our last Number, in what manner the transition from a state of war to a state of peace produced, inevitably, great embarrassment and extensive distress. The war, a customer to the amount of more than fifty millions annually, left the markets,—it would be absurd to ask whether or not this must affect the innumerable persons who were employed in providing the articles which it required. The extent to which machinery has been carried has thrown many hands out of employment at home ; and the use of that machinery, which was at one time almost exclusively our own, and most of which is of our invention, has been introduced abroad ; both inevitable consequences of the improved state of knowledge. The continental nations have learnt to manufacture many articles of necessity for themselves, for which they formerly were, in a great degree, dependent upon us ; and they have no money to spare for articles of luxury :—they have suffered too much during twenty years of warfare and oppression. To these causes must be added, what is perpetually operating as a cause of partial distress, the fluctuation of our own capricious fashions, which, as they vary from muslins to silks, and from silks to stuffs, injure alternately the looms of Glasgow and Manchester, of Spitalfields and of Norwich. Add also the consequences of a season which has been more unfavourable to agricultural produce of every kind than any within the memory of man ; and whatever difficulties and distresses may exist either in the agricultural or manufacturing part of the people, may be explained without referring them to corrupt parliaments, profligate ministers, and the Prince Regent.

We have before us the resolutions of sundry meetings held in the city of London, to consider the propriety of petitioning the Prince Regent and the Legislature for a reform in Parliament.— The resolutions from Bishopsgate assert, that the people are 'goaded with an army of remorseless tax-gatherers, urged on by the cravings of a rapacious, oppressive, and imbecile administration :' they remind us that our history exhibits the patriotic sons of England as 'dismissing and chastising those kings and counsellors, whose profligacy and arbitrary attempts had rendered them obnoxious ;' they say that 'the most profligate expenditure among the people's servants, from the lowest to the highest rank, and an unfeeling disregard of the people's wants and miseries, are among the lightest subjects of complaint.' They tell us, that 'statesmen, living upon the public spoil and holding places of high trust, are found in this day to advocate the accursed doctrine of legitimacy :' in



other words, the Divine right of kings. They tell us, that the British Government have employed 'their base engine, the standing army,' to assist in establishing the Inquisition. They say, the said resolutioners of Bishopsgate-ward,—'We claim, we demand and insist that we may have a constitutional voice in the House of the people. A full, fair, and free representation of the people and parliaments of short duration will immediately tend to restore the country to health, happiness, and vigour.' And then they say, they 'shall no longer hear of Habeas-corpus suspension bills, of gagging and treason bills;'—measures, be it observed, which they seem very naturally and properly to apprehend. The resolutions from Farringdon-without complain of 'the long, desolating, and profligate war against the French people, a war whose object, character, and consequences, they both reprobate and deplore.' They complain also of 'a standing army, wholly unnecessary and dangerous;' and an 'intolerable horde of state and of parish paupers.' They require a 'complete and radical reform,' assuring us however that they wish it to be 'peaceable and tranquil,' and they are 'convinced that corruption will not dare refuse, or policy misunderstand the prayers and wishes of an united people.' Mr. Coates was the mover of these resolutions,—not Mr. Romeo Coates, the amateur of fashion,—but Mr. Coates, the amateur of gin, who recommends his gin as a wholesome and strengthening beverage, and inveighs in his advertisements against those canting moralists who represent gin-drinking as a vice! Mr. Coates is strong in his resolutions,—strong and fiery,—they smack indeed of the still,—but certainly not of the right British spirit. Mr. Hitchins of Cripplegate-without is even stronger. He tells us that 'the causes which blight all the hopes of the merchant, the manufacturer, the agriculturist, the peasant and the artist, are principally if not altogether to be traced to a system alike hostile to the interests of this country, the progress of freedom, and the welfare of the human race; a system first directed to crush the rising energies of freedom in France, and since employed as fatally in eradicating almost every trace of comfort, and every spark of independence at home.' He tells us 'it is in vain to expect that the friends and parties of abuses who now disgrace the honourable House of Commons will ever be brought to sit in judgment upon their own iniquities, or pass the sentence of condemnation upon their own misdeeds.' The inhabitants of this ward disclaim all party-feeling, all violent ebullitions of personal resentment,—they wish to avoid all excesses and disturbances; but they are convinced that nothing short of a radical reform will be effectual, and they recommend this measure as the only one which can save the state or satisfy the people:—'as the only means to prevent the country from experiencing the danger of

*anarchy and the horrors of civil war, which appears to be the inevitable tendency and result of a further neglect of that constitutional method of restoring lost confidence.*'—Cripplegate has outdone Bishopsgate,—and Billingsgate may not be able to go beyond it.

'We asked bread,' says an orator at one of the mob-meetings in the country, 'and they gave us a stone, by voting so many thousands for a monument to commemorate *that fatal day Waterloo.*' At the same meeting, a man asserted, that 'the horrors of the Inquisition had been restored at the point of the British bayonet.' He, perhaps, in his ignorance, believed upon the authority of Bishopsgate-ward, the infamous and detestable falsehood which he thus repeated. Truth, says a Jewish proverb, stands upon two legs, and a lie upon one;—but this lie has not a leg to stand on. The British government has, on one occasion—the only occasion in its power—interfered respecting the Inquisition, and it was to stipulate in solemn treaty with its ally, the Prince of Brazil, that he would take measures for abolishing it in his dominions. But the men who invent or repeat every kind of calumny against their country have neither ears to hear, nor understanding to comprehend, nor hearts to feel any thing to its honour. With them Bonaparte is no tyrant, Marshal Ney no traitor, and Waterloo a fatal day. The Monthly Magazine tells us that this country has occasioned the death of 5,800,000 persons, in Calabria, Russia, Poland, Germany, France, Spain, and Portugal. Not Bonaparte—but this country, reader, England!—our country,—our great, our glorious, our beloved country, according to this Magazine, has been the guilty cause of all this carnage! And the worthy editor bawls out for condign punishment upon the authors of the war;—not meaning Bonaparte—he, injured man! being, in the opinion of the Pythagorean knight,\* innocent of this blood! The said Sir Pythagoras has founded a society for preventing war—he should apply to his friend, the Ex-emperor, to become the patron of the society.

More than a century has elapsed since Steele expressed his wonder 'that men should be malecontents in the only nation which suffers professed enemies to breathe in open air;' and he observed, that the newspapers were as pernicious to weak heads in England, as ever books of chivalry had been in Spain: would that the madness which they engender was as harmless in its kind! What

\* Mr.—we beg his pardon, Sir Richard Phillips, Knight, informs us, that he is a follower of the Pythagorean school, and has an utter aversion to all animal food. So had his fellow-disciple Oswald, the most ferocious and bloody agent of the French Revolution. So had the Egyptians:—

*animalibus abstinet omnis  
Mensa, nefas illic fœtum jugulare capellæ;  
Carabibus humanis vesci licet!*

would he have said, had he seen the fearful humour of these distempered times, when men, 'who, of all styles, most affect and strive to imitate Aretine's,' are continually addressing the worst passions of the worst part of the community for the purpose of bringing the worst of all imaginable calamities upon their country?

Among the infirmities to which a state is liable, Hobbes reckons the agitations produced 'by pretenders to political prudence, who though bred for the most part in the lees of the people, yet animated by false doctrines, are perpetually meddling with the fundamental laws to the molestation of the commonwealth, like the little worms which physicians call ascarides'—an odd but congruent similitude! Of publications similar to the venomous diatribes which these men send abroad, Mr. Burke has truly said that—'if we estimate the danger by the value of the writings, it would be little worthy of our attention: contemptible these writings are in every respect. But they are not the cause; they are the disgusting symptoms of a frightful distemper. They are not otherwise of consequence than as they show the evil habit of the bodies from whence they come. *In that light the meanest of them is a serious thing.* If, however,' he adds, 'I should underrate them, and if the truth is that they are not the result but the cause of the disorders,—surely those who circulate operative poisons are to be censured, watched, and, if possible, repressed.' This great statesman has cautioned us also against despising the leaders of factious societies as being too wild to succeed in their undertakings. 'Supposing them wild and absurd,' he says, 'is there no danger but from wise and reflecting men? Perhaps the greatest mischiefs that have happened in the world have happened from persons as wild as those we think the wildest. *In truth they are the fittest beginners of all great changes.*'

This also should be remembered, that men of real talents, when those talents are erroneously or wickedly directed, prepare the way for men of no talents, but of intrepid guilt, and more intrepid ignorance. Marat and Hebert followed in the train of Voltaire and Rousseau; and Mr. Examiner Hunt does but blow the trumpet to usher in Mr. Orator Hunt in his tandem, with the tri-colour flag before him and his servant in livery behind.

We are assured that many 'intelligent men,'—by which term is meant persons who can see farther than others into a mill-stone,—believe that the late attempt at insurrection was planned and directed by Ministers. In what manner they explain this curious plot has not been clearly stated; whether Lord Sidmouth hired persons to shoot at the Lord Mayor in order to revenge himself upon that magistrate for having ridden in triumph through the streets of Westminster; or whether, as appears more probable from the subsequent proceedings and correspondence between them, the Lord

Mayor has acted in collusion with Lord Sidmouth, and agreed to be shot at.—Upon this politic speculation, the hand-bills which instructed the mob to break open the gunsmiths shops were printed and circulated by order of Government, and young Watson is no doubt at this time concealed in the Secretary of State's Office. In sad and sober truth such absurdities are gravely advanced,—and no absurdities are too gross to be believed by men who are thoroughly possessed with the spirit of faction.

Is it then our opinion that there was a plan for overthrowing the Government by force? It might suffice to reply that those who ordered the flags, that those who circulated the hand-bills, that those who went to the meeting provided with arms, and they who broke open the gunsmiths shops in order to seize arms, as the hand-bills directed—acted as if they thought so, and as if there was. This we infer—

'That many things having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows loosed several ways  
Fly to one mark;  
As many several ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
So many thousand actions once aloft  
End in one purpose.'

The circumstances which render the multitude more dangerous and more apt instruments for madmen and villains to work with than they ever were in other ages, have been indicated in this Journal on more than one occasion. We are treading upon gunpowder, and if we suffer the insane or the desperate to scatter fire-brands,—it will be but a miserable consolation to know that the explosion by which we perish, will bury them also in the ruin which they produce. It would be a perilous inference, that because the design of overthrowing the British Government would be to the last degree extravagant as well as wicked, therefore no such design can have been formed. Men who are under the influence either of political or religious fanaticism are not to be deterred from their purpose either by reason or remorse. What could be more absurd and at the same time more atrocious than the Gunpowder Plot? There were Papists in that day who spoke of it, some as of an accident, others as an extravagance of juvenile zeal, others as a ministerial plot, just as the anarchists reason at present. But the history of that conspiracy is authenticated beyond all future controversy;—the mine was made ready, and the train was laid. We had an able and vigilant administration—England has never produced greater statesmen than those who directed her counsels at

that time, and yet when the intended victims were preserved it was by the providence of God, for the vigilance of man had been effectually eluded.

Are we then actually in danger of rebellion and revolution? What say the Bishopsgate statesmen to this question? They tell us that Englishmen are accustomed to *dismiss and chastise obnoxious kings and counsellors*:—whether they conceive the Prince Regent and his counsellors to be in this predicament may be readily understood from the whole tenor of their resolutions; and they *claim, demand, and insist* upon such a reform as may seem good to the sages of Bishopsgate-ward who moved and voted them. What says Mr. Coates of Farringdon-without and the gin-shop? Mr. Coates informs us that corruption *will not dare refuse*, or policy misunderstand the prayers and wishes of an united people. What say the statesmen of Cripplegate-without?—they declare that Parliamentary Reform is the only means *to prevent anarchy and civil war*. A speaker at one of the Westminster meetings said, he trusted ‘that under the guidance of Lord Cochrane, they would not scruple, if the load of taxation was still continued, to imitate the example of Hampden, *and refuse to pay it*:’—and this speech, it is added, was received with loud applauses. It is not for a court of criticism to take cognizance of such language as this, nor for us to say to what penal statute the men who have uttered it have made themselves amenable. Yet it was by mere accident that the Lord Mayor, who presided at one of these meetings, did not sanction its language in person as well as by deputy: and he with the aldermen and commons of the City of London in Common Council assembled, asserted in that address which called forth so well deserved and dignified a reproof from the Prince—that nothing but reform could allay the irritated feelings of the people:—‘the corrupt and inadequate state of the representation’ being, they said, the cause of all these evils:—all,—the war,—the progress of manufactures abroad,—the fluctuations of fashion at home,—and the unkindly season which has been experienced every where,—the state of the representation occasioned them all.

Let us here transcribe an apposite tale to which we have before alluded,—it was related by Bishop Latimer in the last sermon which he preached before Edward VI. An assertion as logical as that the state of the representation has been the cause of the late war and the present embarrassments in trade, had been made against this father of the English Church. ‘Here now,’ said he, ‘I remember an argument of Master More’s which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney; and here by the way I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to try out (if it might be) what was the cause of Goodwin-sands, and

the shelves that stopt up Sandwich-haven. Thither cometh Master More and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stoppage of Sandwich-haven. Among others came in afore him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than an hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter, for being so old a man it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him and said, 'Father, said he, 'tell me if ye can, what is the cause of this great arising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most in it, or at least wise more than any other man here assembled.'" "Yea forsooth, good master, (quod this old man,) for I am well nigh an hundred years old, and no man here in this company any thing near unto mine age.'" "Well then, quod Master More, how say you in this matter? What think ye to the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich-haven?" "Forsooth, sir, quoth he, I am an old man. I think that Tenterton steeple is the cause of Goodwin-sands. For I am an old man, sir, (quod he,) and I may remember the building of Tenterton steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterton steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenterton steeple is the cause of the destroying and decaying of Sandwich haven.'

How often in private and in public transactions may this anecdote be recollected! Just so the corrupt state of the British Parliament has occasioned the events of the last six and twenty years, and produced the distress in Spitalfields, Birmingham, Staffordshire, and wherever else it exists. Who does not see that when the French abolished monarchy and the Christian religion, expelled their nobles, persecuted their priests, murdered their king and queen, guillotined more than 18,000 of their countrymen, and invited the people of other countries to follow their example, by promising to support them in the attempt,—who does not see that all this proceeded from the corrupt state of the British Parliament! This also is the secret clue to Bonaparte's policy,—the *cause causative* of all his measures. If he went to war with Mr. Addington's administration and refused peace from Mr. Fox's,—it was in consequence of the state of representation in England. He detained the British travellers, he proscribed our manufactures, he enslaved the Dutch, he oppressed the Germans, he plundered the Portuguese, he massacred the

Spaniards, he aspired openly and avowedly at universal empire, he spread havoc and misery from Lisbon to Mosco, and from the Elbe to the Adriatic, because—'it has been offered to be proved that the great body of the people of England are excluded from all share in the election of members.'—The men who ascribe the war and all its consequences to the corrupt state of Parliament, should take their text from Rousseau, and say as he did, when advancing an opinion not more absurd and destitute of truth, 'let us begin by throwing all the facts aside, for they do not at all concern the question.'

All the reasoners, or rather the no-reasoners in favour of parliamentary reform, proceed upon the belief of Mr. Dunning's or Mr. Burke's famous motion, that the influence of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Whether that position was true when the motion was made and carried, might with great justice be controverted. That it had ceased to be so at the beginning of the French revolution in Mr. Burke's judgment, we know; he himself having recorded his opinion in works which will endure as long as the language in which they are written; and the converse of that proposition is now distinctly and decidedly to be maintained. The three possible forms of government, each of which, when existing simply, is liable to great abuses, and naturally tends towards them, have been in this country, and only in this country, blended in one harmonious system, alike conducive to the safety, welfare, and happiness of all. That safety, welfare, and happiness, depends upon the equipoise of the three component powers, and is endangered when any one begins to preponderate. At present it is the influence of the democracy which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Whatever additional influence the crown has obtained by the increased establishments which the circumstances of the age have rendered necessary, is but as a feather in the scale, compared to the weight which the popular branch of the constitution has acquired by the publication of the parliamentary debates.

But what is meant by Parliamentary Reform? Whenever this question has been propounded among the reformists at their meetings, it has operated like the apple of discord—the confusion of Babel has been renewed,—with this difference, that the modern castle-builders are confounded in their understandings and not in their speech. One is for triennial parliaments, another for annual; and one, more simple than honest, proposes to petition for triennial only as a step toward obtaining annual. One will have a qualification for voters, another demands universal suffrage. Mr. Orator Hunt proposes voting by ballot, and one of the Penny Orators says, that if *Magna Charta* were made the bulwark of a General Re-

form the country would be speedily relieved. He knows as much about Magna Charta as about bulwarks,—and as much about the philosopher's stone as of either. They talk of restoring the constitution;—what constitution? Every one must have seen a print of the mill for grinding old women young;—these state-menders might as reasonably take poor old Major Cartwright to a mill, and expect to see him come out as green in years as he is in judgment, as think that any country can go back to its former state. There are things which are not possible even by miracle. But if the impossible miracle were conceded, at what age would the restorers have their renovated constitution? Would they prefer that of the Norman kings, or of the Plantagenets with all its feudal grievances? Or the golden days of Elizabeth, when parliament trembled as the virago asserted her prerogative? Or would they have it as under James I. when the Commons 'did on their hearts' knees agnize' his condescension in making his royal pleasure known? Or as under William the Deliverer, and his successor Queen Anne, with all the corruption and treason which arrested Marlborough's victories, and betrayed Europe at Utrecht? Or would they accept it as it was even at the commencement of the present reign, when the debates were published in a mutilated and fictitious form, confessedly by sufferance? The multitude being ignorant are at all times easily deceived, and therefore sin through simplicity. But if any man who possesses the slightest knowledge of English history, asserts that the people of England, at any former time, possessed so much influence as during the present reign, and more especially during the last twenty years, he asserts what is grossly and palpably false, and what he himself must know to be so.

The British constitution is not the creature of theory. It is not as a garment which we can deliver over to the tailors to cut and slash at pleasure, lengthen it or curtail, embroider it or strip off all the trimmings, and which we can at any moment cast aside for something in a newer fashion. It is the skin of the body politic in which is the form and the beauty and the life,—or rather it is the life itself. Our constitution has arisen out of our habits and necessities; it has grown with our growth, and been gradually modified by the changes through which society is always passing in its progress. Under it we are free as our own thoughts; second to no people in arts, arms and enterprise; during prosperous times exceeding all in prosperity, and in this season of contingent, partial and temporary distress, suffering less than any others, abounding in resources, abounding in charity, in knowledge, in piety and in virtue. The constitution is our Ark of the Covenant;—wo to the sacrilegious hand that would profane it,—and wo be to us if we suffer the profanation! Our only danger arises from the abuse of



freedom, and the supineness with which that abuse is tolerated by those whose first duty it is to see that no evil befall the commonwealth. Accusations are heaped upon them with as little sense as truth, and as little moderation and decency as either; let them, however, take heed lest posterity have bitter reason for ratifying the charge of imbecility, which it will have, if they do not take effectual means for silencing those demagogues who are exciting the people to rebellion. Insects, that only 'stink and sting,' may safely be despised,—but when the termites are making their regular approaches it is no time to sit idle; they must be defeated by efficacious measures, or the fabric which they attack will fall.

But it has been offered to be proved at the bar of the House of Commons 'that the great body of the people are excluded from all share in the election of members, and that the majority of that House are returned by the proprietors of rotten boroughs, the influence of the Treasury, and a few powerful families.' This has been said by all the reformers since Mr. Grey presented his memorable petition, and the Lord Mayor, with the Aldermen and Commons of his party, have repeated it in their addresses to the Prince Regent. Supposing that the assertion had been proved, instead of 'offered to be proved'—does the Lord Mayor—or would the Lord Mayor's fool, if that ancient officer were still a part of the city establishment, suppose that in a country like this it would be possible to deprive wealth and power of their influence, if it were desirable? or desirable, if it were possible? That the great landholders have great influence is certain; that any practical evil arises from it is not so obvious. The great borough-interests have been as often on the side of opposition as with the government; Sir Francis Burdett even makes use of this notorious fact as an argument for reform, and talks of the strength which the crown would derive from diminishing the power of the aristocracy. But that influence has been greatly diminished in the natural course of things. A great division of landed property has been a necessary consequence of the increase of commercial wealth. Large estates produce much more when sold in portions than in the whole, and many have been divided in this way, owing to the high price which land bore during the war, more especially in the manufacturing and thickly peopled counties. Thus the number of voters has increased, and the influence of the great landholders has in an equal degree been lessened. In Norfolk, for instance, though chiefly an agricultural county, the voters have been nearly doubled; in Yorkshire they have more than doubled; and in Lancashire the increase has been more than three-fold. This is mentioned not for the purpose of laying any stress upon it, but to show that such a change is going on; and that in more ways than one the wealth of the country

lessens the power of the landed interest. It ought thus to do : and that purchase of seats, which is complained of as the most scandalous abuse in parliament, is one means whereby it effects this desirable object.

If the reformers will show in any age of history, and in any part of the world, or in this country at any former time, a body of representatives better constituted than the British House of Commons—among whom more individual worth and integrity can be found, and more collective wisdom ; or who have more truly represented the complicated and various interests of the community, and more thoroughly understood them, then indeed it may be yielded that an alteration would be expedient, if such an alteration were likely to produce an amendment. But in a state of society so infinitely complicated as that wherein we exist, where so many different interests are to be represented, and such various knowledge is required in the collected body, no system of representation could be more suitable than that which circumstances have gradually and insensibly established. Of the revolutionist, secret or avowed, adventurer or fanatic, knave or dupe, (for there are of all kinds,) we shall say nothing here but address ourselves to the well-meaning reformer, who has no intention farther than what he openly professes. What alteration would he propose in our county elections—to begin with these as being of most apparent importance. He would neither alter the basis nor the superstructure ;—the means nor the end. He would desire, perhaps, to improve the manner of election, to extend the qualification for voters in some respects, and limit it in others—things which might be desirable, if in reality they were not very unimportant. It might be well that copyhold estates, as is frequently proposed, should confer the same right as freeholds ;—that the qualification should be raised from forty shillings to as many pounds, or at least to half as many ; and that persons leasing lands to a certain amount, or assessed in direct taxes to a given sum, should be entitled to vote. It might be well also if the votes were taken in the respective parishes. Nothing is so easy as to propose slight alterations of this kind ; and in times of perfect tranquillity when they are not demanded with insults and menaces of civil war, it is exceedingly probable that such things may be taken into consideration among the numerous plans for promoting the public good, in which parliament, by means of its committees, is continually employed. They might be conceded for the sake of those who fancy them of importance. The representatives would still be what they are and what they ought to be—men of large landed property, whose families are as old in the country as the oaks upon their estates, having hereditary claims to the confidence of their constituents,—in a word, true English gen-

lemen, well acquainted with local interests, liable to error like other men, but above all suspicion of sinister motives ; perfectly independent, and, unless they are stricken with fatuity, sincerely attached to the existing institutions of their country. Such are the men whom the counties must always return upon any plan of representation : unless the frantic scheme of universal suffrage were adopted, which would inevitably and immediately lead to universal anarchy.

As men of family and large estates are the natural representatives of the counties, so are the great towns, with equal fitness, represented by men of eminence in the commercial world, or persons distinguished for ability in the senate, or for their services in the fleets and armies of their country ; the first class well known on the spot, and therefore possessing that local influence which wealth and respectability properly confer—the two latter standing upon the high ground of honourable popularity. When county elections are contested, it is usually, as far as the great body of the freeholders are concerned, less a struggle between parties than between families ; the colours of the candidates serve as sufficient distinction, and cause enough for as hearty an animosity while it lasts as that between Moor and Christian, or Portuguese and Jew. Unbounded license is given to libels in which truth and decorum are disregarded on both sides, and there is a plentiful expenditure of ale, ribands, and small wit. But in those large towns, where elections, strictly speaking, are popular, the fever is of a more malignant type. Here the contest is between parties, and is frequently carried on in a manner not unlike those private wars which are sometimes waged in London on successive Sundays, between the county of Cork men and the county of Tipperary men, or other tribes of the same nation, till heads and *shillelahs* enough have been broken on both sides to satisfy the point of honour, or till peace is concluded under the mediation of the constables and the magistrates. These elections are more passionate and infinitely more corrupt than those for the counties—in proportion as influence has less power, direct bribery has more ; nor is there an imaginable device by which it can be performed, nor an imaginable form of deceit and perjury which is not put in practice. In one of the largest cities of England, the man who marries a freeman's daughter becomes free in right of his wife. When that city was contested, it was a common thing for one woman to marry half a dozen men during the election. The parties adjourned from the church to the church-yard, shook hands across a grave, and pronounced a summary form of divorce, by saying ' now death do us part ;' away went the man to give his vote, and the woman remained in readiness to confer the same privilege in different parishes upon as many more husbands as the

committee thought it prudent to provide;—receiving her fee for each. In that same city, before the act which limited the duration of elections, (a measure of real reform,) we remember a contest which continued for more than six weeks, and not a day past without bludgeon work in the streets. But the ferocious spirit of a mob election has never been manifested so strongly in any other place as at Nottingham; and it has been asserted that the present state of that city, so ruinous to itself, and so inexpressibly disgraceful to the country, is attributable, in no slight degree, to the manner in which the excesses and outrages of party spirit have been tolerated, and even encouraged at such times.

It is exceedingly proper that the mode of election should be purely popular in some places, and that the populace and the ultra-liberty men should return such representatives as Wilkes and Sir Francis Burdett—or even Paul, if they will degrade themselves so far:—remembering what Lord Cockrane has been, we will speak of what he is in no other terms than those of undissembled compassion and regret. As for Mr. Orator Hunt, there is no likelihood that any place should return such a representative—unless Garratt were chartered to choose a member as well as a mayor. It is not undesirable, in ordinary times, that we should hear exaggerated notions of liberty from men of ready language and warm heads, and in perilous seasons the gallery may always be cleared when harangues are made for the manifest purpose of circulating sedition through the country and inflaming discontent. But there is quite enough of this mixture in the House.

Money and faction bear about an equal share in great popular elections; it is in the small open boroughs where bribery and corruption have full play; where guineas during the golden age were served out of a punch-bowl; and where the voters paid their apothecaries' bill according to received custom after an election, from the thirty pounds which were the price of a vote. The law has provided pains and penalties against such practices; and why should government be reproached with a \*corruption which exists wholly and exclusively among the people themselves? It is a transaction between Mr. Goldworthy the giver, and Mr. Freeman Bull the taker, of whom the former may be a staunch whig, and the latter a staunch patriot and honest Englishman, though the one is ready to pay thirty pounds for a vote, and the other to sell it at that price; and Mr. Goldworthy is just as likely to be found in the list of the opposition, or of the reformers, as of the ministerial members. There are indeed very few who sanction the silly question of

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\* As far as any good can be derived from counteracting false and pernicious doctrines by exposing them, it could not be done better than by circulating Mr. Windham's masterly speech upon this subject.

Reform; but few as they are, the number would be lessened, if those among them who have come into parliament by means which that question attempts to stigmatize, were to abstain from voting upon it. Undoubtedly such practices are scandalous, as being legally and therefore morally wrong; but it is false that any evil to the legislature arises from them. When Mr. Curwen brought in his bill for more effectually preventing them, his main argument was that the bill would introduce a larger proportion of the landed interest into the House: that it would be an advantage to exclude all other influence from elections, except that of government, will not be admitted by the other branches of the community.

A laudable and useful ambition leads into parliament the opulent merchant and manufacturer; the lawyer high in his profession; the man who has returned with affluence from the East or West Indies, and is conversant with the customs, wants, and interests of our conquests and colonies; the military and naval officer, who in the course of their services have acquired a competent knowledge of affairs upon which the legislature must often be employed. It is for the advantage of the republic also that from a like ambition, men liberally educated, but more richly endowed with the gifts of nature than of fortune, should sometimes prefer the service of the state to that of the army or navy, or of the three professions, as an honourable path to distinction. These persons possess no landed or local interests; they owe their seats therefore to some one into whose hands such interests through the changes of time and circumstances have devolved, and with whom they coincide in political opinions. Agreeing thus upon the general principle, it is not likely that any difference should arise upon a great question; if it should, the member vacates his seat; and whether he who accepts a seat upon this implied condition, be not as unshackled, as independent, as conscientious, and as honourable a member, as the man who keeps away from the discussion of a question upon which his own opinion differs from that of the populace whose favour he courts, is a question which a child may answer. Others there are who have made a direct purchase of their seats, and these may thus far be said to be the most independent men in the House, as the mob-representatives are undoubtedly the least so. In one or other of these ways the House obtains some of its most useful, most distinguished, and most intelligent members.

The Ultra Whigs differ widely in the means of reform which they propose; the object however in which they generally agree, is that of rendering all elections popular. The principle that the representative must obey the instructions of his constituents, which many of the reformers profess, would follow as a necessary consequence; and the moment that principle is established, 'chaos is come again.'

anarchy begins, or more truly an ochlocracy, a mob-government, which is as much worse than anarchy, as the vilest ruffians of a civilized country are more wicked than rude savages.

But supposing it were possible to avoid 'the great and broad bottomless ocean-sea-full of evils,' which popular reform would let in upon us, what is the good which it is expected to produce?—what are the proposed advantages for which we are to hazard the blessings we possess? First in the list the Common Council reckon the abolition of 'all useless places, pensions, and sinecures.' Supposing the whole abolished, to what might the public relief, or in other words, the diminution of taxes, amount?—not to a yearly tax of twopence-halfpenny a head upon the population! So groundless and so senseless is the clamour which would take away from the sovereign the power of reward, and from the government that of paying the public services. And the consequence would be, that every person who was not born to a large estate, would be excluded from political life, and the government must fall exclusively into the hands of the rich. These things may sometimes be unworthily bestowed, and some of them may be unreasonably great, though be it remembered that those which are so (the tellerships) expire with the lives of the present holders. But their existence is indispensable to the very frame of government. Those persons who tell the credulous and deluded people that taxes are levied for the good of administration, and who represent our statesmen as living and fattening upon the public spoil, must either be grossly ignorant, or wicked enough to employ arguments which they know to be false. The emoluments of office almost in every department of the state, and especially in all the highest, are notoriously inadequate to the expenditure which the situation requires. Mr. Pitt, who was no gambler, no prodigal, and too much a man of business to have expensive habits of any kind, died in debt, and the nation discharged his debts, not less as a mark of respect, than as an act of justice. But as it is impossible from the emoluments of office to make a provision for retirement, no man of talents, who is not likewise a man of fortune, could afford to accept of office, unless some reasonable chance (and it is no more than a chance) of permanent provision were held out; and this is done in the cheapest manner by the existence of sinecures. Mr. Perceval, for instance, could not have abandoned his profession to take that part in political affairs which has secured for him so high a place in the affections of his countrymen and in the history of his country, if a sinecure had not been given him to indemnify him in case he should be driven from office,—an event which might so probably have occurred in the struggle of parties. In this instance there was an immediate possession; but in general the

prospect of succeeding to one when it may become vacant suffices; and in no other way could men of talents be tempted so frugally into the service of the state. Whether it would be an improvement upon the government to have it administered only by the rich, is a question which needs no discussion.

'A delusive paper currency' is enumerated by the Lord Mayor and Common Council, in their unfortunate petition, as one cause of our 'grievances.' What! is the ghost of Bullion abroad?—buried as it was 'full fathom five' beneath reams of forgotten disquisitions, colder and heavier than any marble monument, what conjuror hath raised it from the grave? No fitter person could be called upon to lay a ghost than the Rector of Lincoln, who could talk Greek to it if necessary. He truly tells us, that the difficulty does not consist in there being *too much*, but *too little* money; that the sudden subtraction of so much paper currency has been a direct and obvious cause of the stagnation of industry; and he recommends an increase of the circulating medium to a great amount as the first measure necessary for meeting the exigency of the times.

The main objects then which it is proposed to effect by Parliamentary Reform are these: the abolition either of all influence in elections, (which is just as possible as it would be to abolish the east wind, or annul the law of gravitation by act of parliament;) or of all monied influence, (which would take away all counterpoise from the landed interest in the legislature;) the abolition of pensions and sinecures, whereby every man who is not born to a large fortune would be excluded from state affairs, and the government must necessarily become an oligarchy of the rich; and a further subtraction of currency, (too much having already been subtracted). As far as a Reform in Parliament could effect any of these objects, (supposing it were possible that it should stop here,) it would aggravate every ill which it pretends to cure; and instead of relieving the distress of any one branch of the community, bring infinite distress upon all. How indeed is it possible that it could relieve them? Could it increase the consumption of iron, and thereby set the foundries at work, and give activity to the collieries? Could it compel the continental nations to purchase more of our goods, and encourage English manufacturers while their own are starving? If experience has failed to teach our manufacturers and merchants the ruinous folly of making the supply exceed the demand, and glutting those markets where they have no competition, would a Reform in Parliament make them wiser? Could it repair the ruin which has been extended over the whole continent by Bonaparte's frantic tyranny, and enable those customers who now are in want of necessities themselves to purchase from us those

superfluities wherein, in better days, they were accustomed to indulge? Can it regulate the seasons, and ensure the growth of corn?—when we know to our cost how utterly unable it is to regulate even its price!

But the petitioners tell us that a Reform in Parliament will calm the apprehensions of the people, and allay their irritated feelings! Their apprehensions! Of what are they apprehensive? Are their liberties threatened? Is Parliament, then, about to be suspended or disused, and ship-money levied by virtue of the prerogative? Do they apprehend that arbitrary power is to be established by that 'base engine of our profligate statesmen, the standing army,' and the bayonets of the Hanoverians? Or do they apprehend that there is a design to bring back popery, and that the beautiful works of art with which England has recently been enriched, not from the plunder, but by the gratitude of Italy, may prove to be saints in disguise, to be installed each upon his altar as soon as the plot is perfect! Of this danger, at least, the Ultra Whigs stand in no fear.—Of what then are they apprehensive? This is a question for which the Caledonian Oracle has happily already uttered a response. That high and veracious authority affirms that there exists among us 'a servile tribe' composed of 'enemies of liberty,' 'cold-blooded sycophants of a court,' 'vulgar politicians,' 'impostors,' and persons of 'extreme bad faith,' all of whom the said Oracle designates by the apt and convenient name of Quietists, because they assert that the British people are at this time living under a free government, and that their freedom is in no danger, an opinion which, if it continues, to use the very oracular words, '*bids fair to naturalize among us even now the worst abuses of foreign despotisms.*'—Indeed! We have heard of nothing so alarming since the conspiracy between Dr. Bell and the Archbishop of Canterbury was revealed from the same infallible shrine. Yes, the Oracle tells us that it is our duty to keep alive a jealousy of royal encroachments:—that '*confidence in our rulers is as foolish as it is unworthy of a free people.*' 'We may rest assured,' it says, 'that a sovereign will be too apt to exchange his duty for the very easiest and basest of employments—the sacrifice of all a nation's interests to his own.' It tells us that we have seen the Crown 'calling upon Parliament to support the expenses of the war, and withdrawing from Parliamentary control and from all participation, *the whole profits of the victory.*' It says, 'this servile tribe (the Quietists) have contrived to borrow the authority of Mr. Burke for their bad cause, and to persuade the unthinking mass of mankind that they act in concert with that great man in their warfare (*the warfare of the Quietists*) against the rights of the people, and their mockery of the champions of the constitution. But it is fit to be remarked how unfairly he is



called in to their assistance.' If that great man could speak from the grave, with what a voice of thunder would he give the lie to this impostor who tells us that our danger at this time is from the Crown, not from the spirit of revolution and anarchy; and that he, were he living, would throw his weight into the popular scale! 'At home and abroad,' the Oracle tells us, '*we are in profound peace*;' and it adds, 'now then let us, instead of *crouching before domestic oppression*, bethink us in good earnest of repairing in that constitution which our triumphs have saved, the breaches which the struggle itself has occasioned.' Who but must smile to find the Oracle, which *Philippized* during the contest, confessing now that the country had been 'saved' by that triumph which the cowardly counsels of the tripod would have rendered impossible!

But are we in such perfect peace at home as is thus gravely asserted?—If so, with what reason is it, that one set of City Resolutioners 'contemplate with the deepest dismay and agony the too probable issue of such a state of things'—that others menace us with 'anarchy and the horrors of civil war, as the inevitable result if Parliamentary Reform be further neglected?'—that tavern-orators and mob-orators tell us 'a crisis is at hand,' and that the demagogues, in their weekly and daily diatribes, are stimulating the people to bring into practice what the Oracle at this precise time, with its usual felicity, calls the *sacred principle of Resistance*? A provincial paper is before us, in which 'every mechanic in the county who has legs to carry him, is invited to a general meeting to embrace the glorious opportunity of manfully asserting his rights in a peaceable and constitutional manner, and to hoist the flag of general distress.' And the petitioners of the Common Council assert that nothing but Parliamentary Reform will allay the irritated feelings of the people.' By *the people*, of course, the discontented faction is meant—the deceivers and the deceived—according to that figure of speech by which a part is put for the whole—a political synecdoche. Upon the propriety of concession to a faction in this temper, Burleigh has left us his opinion, when in reference to the factions of his days, he asked Elizabeth whether she would 'suffer them to be strong to make them the better content, or discontent them by making them weaker,—for what the mixture of strength and discontent engenders,' says the veteran statesman, 'there needs no syllogism to prove.'

The Oracle would be satisfied with a simple change of situation between the Ins and the Outs. How much would satisfy the petitioners of all classes, the London citizens who prepare their own grievances, and the poor deluded mechanics in the country who receive them ready-made in one of Major Cartwright's three hundred circulars,—it would be difficult to say; nor can they themselves

tell. And if all these parties were contented,) than which, the mind of man can imagine nothing more impossible,) there remain the Spencean Philanthropists,—a set of men not to be confounded with any of whom we have hitherto spoken;—men who know distinctly what they mean, and tell us honestly what they aim at,—infinitely more respectable than the shallow orators who declaim about Reform ‘with many words making nothing understood,’ and far more dangerous, inasmuch as great and important truths, half understood and misapplied, are of all means of mischief the most formidable. It is fit that our readers should have their political confession of faith before them.

**SPENCE’S PLAN.**

For Parochial Partnerships in the Land

Is the only effectual Remedy for the  
Distresses and Oppressions of the People.

The Landholders are not Proprietors in Chief; they are but the  
Stewards of the Public;

For the LAND is the PEOPLE’S FARM.

The Expenses of the Government do not cause the misery that  
Surrounds us, but the enormous exactions of these

‘Unjust Stewards.’

Landed monopoly is indeed equally contrary to the benign

Spirit of Christianity, and destructive of

The Independence and Morality of Mankind.

‘The Profit of the Earth is for all;’

Yet how deplorably destitute are the great Mass of the people!

Nor is it possible for their situations to be radically amended, but

By the establishment of a system

Founded on the immutable basis of Nature and Justice.

Experience demonstrates its necessity; and the Rights of Mankind

Require it for their preservation.

To obtain this important object, by extending the knowledge of the above system, the society of Spencean Philanthropists has been instituted. Further information of its principles may be obtained by attending any of its sectional meetings, where subjects are discussed calculated to enlighten the human understanding; and where also the regulations of the Society may be procured, containing a complete developement of the Spencean system. Every individual is admitted, free of expense, who will conduct himself with decorum.

The Meetings of the Society begin at a quarter after eight in the evening, as under:

First Section every Wednesday, at the Cock, Grafton-street, Soho.

Second, Thursday, Mulberry Tree, Mulberry-st. Wilson-st. Moorfields.

Third, Monday, Nags Head, Carnaby-market.

Fourth, Tuesday, No. 8, Lumber-street, Mint, Borough.

In all the schemes which have been devised for a perfect society since men first began to speculate upon such subjects, the principle

of a community of goods has in some degree entered; and certain approaches toward it, though under many modifications, have been made both in ancient and modern times, as in Crete and in Sparta.—among the Peruvians, and by the Jesuits in Paraguay. Such a community prevailed among some of the primitive Christians, though no law of the Gospel enjoined it; the Moravians in Germany approach very nearly to it at this time. The mendicant orders were established on the same principle, and have thriven upon it, *nihil habentes et omnia possidentes*—The Papal Church, with its usual wisdom, (for that church assuredly possesses the wisdom of the serpent.) having prevented the principle from becoming dangerous, by thus sanctioning, and taking it into its service. In America also it is acted upon by many obscure sects living inoffensively and industriously in small communities. A religious influence has prevailed in all these instances,—Lycurgus could not have succeeded without the assistance of Apollo, and Mango Capac was the son of the sun. The doctrine becomes formidable when it is presented as a political dogma, with no such feeling to soften and sanctify it. Joel Barlow, the American republican, who died when lackeying the heels of Bonaparte on his expedition into Russia, perceived that the fashionable doctrines of liberty, of which he was so warm an advocate, tended this way, and must end there; but he thought proper to adjourn *sine die* the time for carrying these ultimate principles into effect. There is reason for supposing that Robespierre at the time of his overthrow had formed some extravagant project of this kind; he spoke of ‘momentous secrets which a kind of pusillanimous prudence had induced him to conceal,’ and promised to disclose in his will, if he should be cut off prematurely, the object to which what he called the triumph of liberty tended. If Babeuf may be believed, this object was an equalization of property, an object which Babeuf\* attempted by the most atrocious means to bring about, but perished in the attempt. Happily it was made too late;—sick of horrors and satiated with blood, the people were weary of revolutions, and France escaped a convulsion more dreadful than any which it had experienced.

This, however, is not the theory of the Spencean philanthropists. These root-and-branch reformers take their name from a poor man, who, if he had unluckily lived in the days of the French Revolution, might have been a very inoffensive member of society, and remembered only, if he had been remembered at all, among those writers who have amused themselves by building constitutions in the air, instead of castles. ‘When I began to study,’ says he, ‘I found every thing erected on certain unalterable principles. I

\* An account of this conspiracy, collected from the official documents, is in our series, volume, p. 417—422. It is a curious part in the history of the French Revolution.

found every art and science a perfect whole. Nothing was in anarchy but language and politics. But both of these I reduced to order: the one by a new alphabet, and the other by a new constitution.' The new alphabet of this modest reformer we have not had the fortune to see; it seems, however, that the first edition either of his *New Constitution*, or his *Trial*, was printed in what he calls his 'natural or philosophical orthography.' His political opinions were first propounded in the form of a Lecture, read before the Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1775, and printed immediately afterwards; from which time, he says, 'he went on continually publishing them in one shape or other.' They are fully and harmlessly explained in his '*Constitution of Spensonia*, a country in Fairy Land; situated between Utopia and Oceana.' 'The Spensonian Commonwealth is one and indivisible; and, 'the Sovereign People is the Universality of Spensonian citizens.' Divested of such nonsensical language, which was then in full vogue, and too much of which still passes current, his scheme is,—That the soil belongs to the state, and that individuals should rent their lands and tenements from their respective parishes; the rent being the revenue, and the surplus, after all public expenses are defrayed, to be divided equally among all the parishioners; every kind of property being permitted except in land. The larger estates are to be leased for one and twenty years, and at the expiration of that term re-let by public auction; the smaller ones by the year: and larger ones subdivided as the increase of population may require. The legislative power is vested in an annual parliament, elected by universal suffrage, women voting as well as men,—the executive is in the hands of a council of twenty-four, half of which is to be renewed annually. Every fifth day is a sabbath of rest,—not of religion; for though this constitution is proclaimed in the presence of the Supreme Being, no provision is made for worshipping Him. All the Spensonians are soldiers; and in the Spensonian Commonwealth, 'Nature and Justice know nothing of illegitimacy.' To the end of this Constitution an Epilogue is annexed, in decent verse, saying that the Golden Age will no longer be accounted fabulous, now that mankind are about to enjoy

'—All that prophets e'er of bliss foretold,  
And all that poets ever feigned of old.'

And these verses,—to show the strange humour of the man, and the vulgarity which adhered to him, are followed by a '*Chorus*,' to the tune of '*Sally in our Alley*':—

'Then let us all join heart in hand  
Thro' country, town, and city,  
Of every age and every sex,  
Young men and maidens pretty;

To haste this Golden Age's reign  
 On every hill and valley,—  
 Then Paradise shall greet our eyes  
 Thro' every street and alley !'

In any other age this might have gone quietly to the family vault. But the French Revolution made Spence suppose that the time for realizing his speculations was arrived; and the manner in which he proposed to do this, brought him under the cognizance of the Attorney General,—how deservedly, a brief specimen of his philanthropical proposals will show :—

'We must destroy,' he says, 'all private property in land. The Landholders are like a warlike enemy quartered upon us for the purpose of raising contributions; therefore any thing short of a total destruction of the power of these Samsons will not do; and that must be accomplished, not by *simple shaving*,—(look to it, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk!) 'not by simple shaving, which leaves the roots of their strength to grow again;—no: we must *scalp*\* them, or else they will soon recover, and pull our Temple of Liberty about our ears. Nothing less than a complete extermination of the present system of holding land will ever bring the world again to a state worth living in. But how is this mighty work to be done? I answer, it must be done at once. For the public mind being suitably prepared by my little tracts, a few contiguous parishes have only to declare the land to be theirs, and form a Convention of parochial deputies: other adjacent parishes would immediately follow the example; and thus would a beautiful and powerful New Republic instantaneously arise in full vigour. In fact, it is like the Almighty saying, Let there be light, and it was so:—So the people have only to say, Let the land be ours, and it will be so. For who, pray, are to hinder the people of any nation from doing so, when they are inclined? Are the landlords more numerous in proportion to the people than the officers in our mutinous fleets were to their crews? Certainly not. Then landsmen have nothing to fear more than the seamen, and indeed much less; for after such a mutiny on land, the masters of the people would never become their masters again.'

For this publication the Scalping Philanthropist was most deservedly prosecuted; having before richly entitled himself to this distinction by a periodical farrago called 'Pig's Meat,' wherein the same doctrines were promulgated, and circulated in the cheapest form among the lower classes of tradesmen and mechanics. We remember to have heard that he excited compassion at his trial

\* This, as may be supposed, was a favourite passage with the author. He adds in a note, that 'the overbearing power of great men by their revenues, and the power of Samson by his hair, are strikingly similar, and show such men to be dangerous companions in society, till scalped of their hair, or revenues. For it is plain, that if the Lords of the Philistines had scalped Samson, instead of only shaving him, they might have saved both their lives and their temple.' The Philistines in France were of this opinion, and to make short work as well as sure, they employed a machine which took off head and all.

by his wretched appearance, and the pitiable fanaticism with which he was possessed: for the man was honest; he was not one of those demagogues who, like Cobbett, make mischief their trade because they find it a gainful one; he asserted nothing but what he believed, and would have suffered martyrdom for his opinions. He called himself, in his defence, 'The unfeud advocate of the disinherited seed of Adam.'

'This, Gentlemen,' said he, 'is the Rights of Man! and upon this rock of Nature have I built my Commonwealth, and the Gates of Hell all not prevail against it.' I solemnly avow,' he continued, 'that what I have written and published has been done with as good a conscience, and as much philanthropy, as ever possessed the heart of any prophet, apostle, or philosopher, that ever existed. And indeed I could neither have lived or died in peace, having such important truths in my bosom unpublished.'

—A tough fellow: one that seemed to stand  
Much on a resolute carelessness, and had  
A spice of that unnecessary thing  
Which the mysterious call Philosophy.

He stood alone, he said, unconnected with any party, and considered as a lunatic, except by a thinking few. Even the professed friends of liberty kept aloof from him, and would rather, if they could consistently, join in the suppression than the support of his opinions. He pleaded his own cause, being too poor to retain either attorney or counsel. And when he was brought up to judgment, the simple statement which he gave of his treatment in Newgate, ought to have produced some reform in the scandalous state of our prisons.

'Perhaps, my lords,' said he, 'I have entertained too high an opinion of Human Nature, for I do not find mankind very grateful clients. I have very small encouragement indeed to rush into a prison, on various accounts. For, in the first place, the people without treat me with the contempt due to a lunatic; and the people within treat me as bad, or worse, than the most notorious felon among them. And what with redeeming and ransoming my toes from being pulled off with a string while in bed, and paying heavy and manifold fees, there is no getting through the various impositions.'

But he excused the Keeper of Newgate, saying these things were unknown to him, because it was dangerous to complain; 'for nobody could conceive what dreadful work went on among such ruffians, but those who have had the misfortune to be locked up with them.'

It is fortunate that this man was not a religious as well as a political enthusiast. He was poor and despised, but not despicable; for he was sincere, stoical, persevering, single-minded, and self-approved; with means less powerful, doctrines less alluring,

in far less favourable times, and under circumstances equally or more discouraging, Francis of Assisi and Loyola succeeded in establishing those orders which have borne so great a part in the history, not only of the Romish Church, but of the world. No doctrine could be more directly subversive of the peace and welfare of society, than those which he was disseminating in the way which was most dangerous. The appropriate punishment (for they who can be blind to the danger, and who assert that such doctrines should be suffered to circulate unrestrained, are fitter inhabitants for Anticyra than for England) would have been transportation; at once doing justice to the community by preventing a repetition of the offence, and dealing mercifully with the offender by removing him to a country where he would be inoffensive, if not useful. He was sentenced to a fine of twenty pounds, and one year's imprisonment at Shrewsbury; a sentence so lenient as to show that Lord Kenyon very properly regarded the individual with pity: the mildness of the sentence is honourable to the judge—its inadequacy is not so to the laws. Having suffered it, he became an itinerant vender of books and \*pamphlets, chiefly his own works, and which he carried about in a vehicle constructed for the purpose, and he supported himself, whilst all his leisure was devoted to the promotion of his plan, till his death, which happened about two years ago. Thus it appears that for more than twelve years after the termination of his confinement, he was constantly employed in sowing the dragon's teeth! The harvest is now beginning to appear.

Let us hear the evidence of the Monthly Magazine upon this subject. This Journal asserts, that the late rioters were 'actuated by their convictions in favour of a plan published by one Spence, for the more equal occupation of land; to introduce which plan societies seem to have been formed throughout the metropolis.' It also claims for itself the merit of advancing the same principles as those of the Scalping Philanthropist: for these are its words:—

'Much curiosity being excited in regard to the Spencean Plan of Public Economy, it will be useful to state, that the details of the system may be found in a small pamphlet called Christian Policy, by Thomas Evans, Librarian to the Society of Spencean Philanthropists, at No. 8, Newcastle-street, Strand. Mr. Evans appears to have been most cruelly used by the Pitt administration: and having been drilled into the science of politics in the school of persecution, his pamphlet is written with considerable energy. We collect from it that the main object of the Society is a more equal occupation (not proprietorship) of

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\* The second edition of his Trial (now before us) was one of these pamphlets: it contains the whole of the work for which he was prosecuted.

land. A principle which has often been urged in the pages of this Magazine. Something must be radically wrong, if industry should suffer from want in a country in which there are but two and a half million of families to forty-two millions of acres of cultivated land, affording, under a wise policy, the produce of seventeen acres to every family, or four times as much as it could consume. Skilful labour in any branch of useful industry ought therefore to yield abundance, even though the proprietary in land should remain exactly as it does at present.'

Thus far the Magazine of Sir Richard Phillips, Knight and Ex-Sheriff, Bonapartist, Lamentor for the Battle of Waterloo, Chief-mourner for Marshal Ney, Member of the Society for Abolishing War, Pythagorean and Spencean Philanthropist.

There is however another person to be examined in this cause—Thomas Evans, the librarian, himself. And here, the first thing which appears is, that Mr. Evans, instead of having been drilled into the science of politics in the school of persecution, as the Pythagorean Journal asserts, was in reality sent to that school in consequence of being too forward as a volunteer in the said science; Mr. Evans telling us that he was arrested during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, as being at that time Secretary of the London Corresponding Society, and having given in his present pamphlet good reason for concluding that he was not arrested without good cause. Though this librarian has affixed the title of Christian Policy to his book, he makes no other pretension to the character of Christian himself than as a Spencean philanthropist, and informs us, that 'this man, Christ, was a Roman slave, crucified as a slave (the mode of execution peculiar to Roman slaves) for preaching the seditious doctrine that God was the proprietor of the earth, and not the Romans; that all men were equal in his sight, and consequently ought not to be slaves to another, nor to the Romans, for which he was crucified by the Romans.' Mr. Evans is equally well read in history and in the Gospel! This is quite enough of his religion; let us look now at his political information. France, he says, at the beginning of the Revolution, supplicated peace upon bended knees, and would have conformed to just and reasonable restraints:—the authority for this important fact must be in the Spencean library, for it certainly exists no where else. England, however, went to war, and in the course of the war discovered that the export of grain was the most lucrative branch of trade. This produced the blockading system, and the orders in council; and this monopoly having been lost, all the means of greatness on which the empire depended are passed away as it were in a moment, never to return. Such has been the effect of the impolicy of putting down Napoleon to elevate Alexander.



The connexion of this reasoning is as clear as the facts themselves are original.—

‘Napoleon was a mere pigmy to Alexander; his boasting served to talk about, but he could have been managed and guarded against. Alexander is a still steady man of business, laying firm hold of all he can get and relinquishing nothing.—We are at present under the influence of the Vienna Congress of Kings. The annihilation of the Irish parliament, and the establishment of a military government, have obliged the Irish people to exist almost entirely upon potatoes (potatoes, of course, not having been known in that country before the Union.) Here, in England, we are even worse, expiring, writhing and agonizing at every pore under the torturing domination of the Pagan flesh-mongers of the Continent. Courts, and kings, and lords, and landlords, and priests, are all pagans: they adhere with pertinacity to Paganism at this time; for you find in their dwellings, the pictures, the statues, the busts of their Jupiters, Junos, Apollos, Dianas, Venuses,’ &c. &c.

Such is the pamphlet which Sir Pythagoras recommends as being written with considerable energy; and such the science of politics into which Mr. Evans has been drilled.

Let us proceed to its practical part.—

‘Landlords, and landlords only, are the oppressors of the people.—The time is come that something must be done; then let that something be effectual; remember that had the French people established a partnership in the land, no imperial tyranny ever could have raised its head in that country, nor could the present Pagan restoration have taken place. Now is the time to cancel Domesday-book, and establish a partnership in the land; there is no other means to prevent the establishment of a military despotism, or all the horrors of a bloody revolution. Great as this undertaking is, it can be easily effected. The easy process is to declare that the territory of these realms shall be the people’s farm; thus transferring all the lands, waters, mines, houses, and all feudal permanent property to the people. This will injure no one, and benefit all,—the alteration which is proposed being only that all persons possessed of houses or lands shall in future pay rent for them instead of receiving it. The government is to remain as it is; pensions to be allotted to the King, Princes, and Nobles, Clergy, and House of Commons, and the remaining balance of the whole rent-roll to be divided among the whole people,—to every man, woman, and child, being the profit of their natural estate, without tax, toll, or custom; which would be near four pounds a-head annually!’

The great barons, it is admitted, may object to this; but they must submit quietly: and all ranks and conditions are called upon to form affiliated societies to bring into effect this revolution of the Spencean or Scalping Philanthropists. There is, indeed, as Sir Pythagoras observes, *considerable energy*

in these proposals. Let not this be despised and overlooked for its extravagance.\*

The reader will have observed, that king, lords, and commons, are tolerated in the librarian's scheme, whereas, according to the original system, 'the Spensonian Republic is one and indivisible,' a trifling concession to existing prejudices; or, more probably, to existing laws. The Ultra Whigs and Extra-Reformers disclaim the Spenceans, and with perfect sincerity. These levellers are not to be confounded with the factious crew who clamour they know not why, for they know not what, and huzza any blockhead with a brazen face and a bell-metal voice, who will talk nonsense to them by the hour. The Spenceans are far more respectable than these, for they have a distinct and intelligible system; they know what they aim at and honestly declare it. Neither is the Agrarian system so foolish, or so devoid of attraction, that it may safely be despised. It has found a miserable advocate in the quondam Secretary of the Corresponding Society; under such auspices the levellers have organized themselves into regular sections; they are increasing in numbers, and they are zealously spreading their opinions. But if the system were taken up by some stronger hand, (whether an enthusiast should embrace it, or some profligate journalist think it a profession to thrive by,) compared to all other weapons of discontent, it would be found as Thor's mallet to a child's pop-gun. If the English Revolution were once commenced it would go on to this point, before it reached its inevitable termination in an iron military tyranny. Let the Ultra Whigs make the breach, and the Spenceans will level the wall: what the shavers begin the scalpers will finish: but Samson is neither shorn nor blinded, and the Philistines have given him fair warning.

We have now examined the grounds upon which some weak men, some mistaken or insane ones, and other very wicked ones, are endeavouring to excite rebellion. We have shown that it was not in the power of the British Government to avoid the war in the first instance, or at any time to conclude it. It was a war undertaken not for ambition, not for the lust of conquest, not, as is lyingly asserted, for the interests of a particular family, but from a cause of just fear, as Bacon describes it, '*that justus metus qui cadit in constantem senatum in causâ publicâ*': not out of umbrages, light jealousies, apprehensions afar off, but out of clear foresight of imminent danger. And as long as reason is reason, a just fear will be a just cause of a preventive war.'

\* The last edition of the Spencean hand-bill says,

\*\* Read!—'Christian Policy, the Salvation of the Empire.' Price 1s. 6d. Published by T. Evans, 8, Newcastle-street, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers.

At the commencement it was popular beyond all former example, as being most unequivocally inevitable and just ; and that popularity continued till its triumphant close. It is then impudently false, as well as egregiously absurd, to charge that war as a crime upon the Government, and arraign Government for the distress which is unavoidably felt upon withdrawing from circulation the war expenditure, and the other changes incident upon a transition from the state of war to the state of peace ; that distress too, resulting in great part from the fluctuation of fashions, from the extent to which machinery has been carried abroad as well as at home, from the blind avidity of our manufacturers and merchants, who have overlooked this fact, and glutted the market when they had no competition,—from the state of the continent, impoverished by a grinding tyranny and laid waste by repeated campaigns,—and, lastly, from the state of the seasons, which is not more completely out of the control of Government than most of the other causes which have been indicated.

We have shown also that as the constitution of Parliament has not been the cause of the existing distress, so no change in that constitution could in the slightest possible degree alleviate that distress or otherwise benefit the people. If every office, sinecure, and pension, which the boldest reformer has yet ventured to prescribe, were abolished, the whole saving would scarcely be felt as a feather in the scale ; and, as directly tending to exclude talents from the government, and confine places of great trust to the aristocracy, such an abolition would be most injurious to the commonwealth. They who seek to lessen the influence of the crown, keep out of sight the increased power which has been given to public opinion by the publication of the parliamentary debates and the prodigious activity of the press.—The first of these circumstances alone has introduced a greater change into our government than has ever been brought about by statute ; and on the whole, that change is so beneficial as to be worth more than the additional expense which it entails upon us during war. This momentous alteration gives, even in ordinary times, a preponderance to the popular branch of our constitution : but in these times, when the main force of the press is brought to bear like a battery against the Temple of our Laws ; when the head of the government is systematically insulted for the purpose of bringing him into contempt and hatred ; when the established religion is assailed with all the rancour of theological hatred by its old hereditary enemies, with the fierceness of triumphant zeal by the new army of fanatics, and with all the arts of insidious infidelity by the Minute Philosophers of the age ; when all our existing institutions are openly and fiercely assaulted, and mechanics are breaking stocking-frames

in some places, and assembling in others to deliberate upon mending the frame of the government,—what wise man, and what good one, but must perceive that it is the power of the Democracy which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished?

Of all engines of mischief which were ever yet employed for the destruction of mankind, the press is the most formidable, when perverted in its uses, as it was by the Revolutionists in France, and is at this time by the Revolutionists in England. Look at the language which is held by these men concerning the late transactions, and see if falsehood and sedition were ever more audacious! 'Perhaps,' says the Examiner, 'there may be a plot somewhere,—in some tap-room or other; like the plot of Despard, who was driven to frenzy by ill-treatment, and then conspired with a few bricklayers in a public-house, for which he was sent to the gallows, instead of the care of his friends!' 'We feel,' says this flagitious incendiary, 'for the bodily pains undergoing by Mr. Platt, and think his assassin (unless he was mad with starvation) a scoundrel; and some of the corruptionists, who in luxury and cold blood can provoke such excesses, greater scoundrels!' As if of all 'scoundrels' the man who can in this manner attempt to palliate insurrection, treason, and murder, were not himself the greatest. Mr. Cobbett goes farther than this: with an effrontery peculiar to himself, notorious as it is that the rioters were led from Spafields by the man who harangued them there, and that the tricolour flag which they followed, was carried to Spafields to be hoisted there for their banner,—he says, 'it is well known to every one in London, that the rioters had no connexion whatever with the meeting in Spafields:' And though the existence of St. Paul's Church is not more certain than that an attempt was made to murder Mr. Platt, whose recovery is at this moment doubtful, this convicted libeller has the impudence to express a doubt of the fact, for the purpose of making his ignorant readers in the country disbelieve it. 'The rioters,' he says, 'consisting chiefly of starving sailors, though they had arms in their hands, did no violence to any body, except in the unlawful seizure of the arms, and in the wounding (if that really was so) of one man who attempted to stop them, and who laid hold of one of them!' Another of this firebrand's twopenny papers is before us, in which he says that the ministers, the noblesse, and the clergy of France, wilfully made the revolution, in order to prevent the people from being fairly represented in a national council. 'It was *they* who produced the confusion; it was *they* who caused the massacres and guillotinings; it was *they* who destroyed the kingly government; it was *they* who brought the king to the block!' And in the same spirit which dictated this foul and infamous falsehood, he asks, 'was there any thing too violent, any thing too severe, to be inflicted

on these men? He says that 'Robespierre, who was exceeded in cruelty only by some of the Bourbons, was proved to have been in league with the open enemies of France.' He asks whether the Americans gained their independence by quietly sitting by the fire-side? Oh! no—these were all achieved by *action*, and amidst bustle and noise.' He says, 'the quiet fire-side gentry are the most callous and cruel, and therefore the most wicked part of the nation.' Towards the close of this epistle he says, 'I will venture my life that you do not stand in need of one more word to warm every drop of blood remaining in your bodies;'—and a few lines lower he tells the journeymen and labourers to whom this inflammatory paper is addressed, that he has neither room nor desire to appeal to their passions upon this occasion. With equal consistency this firebrand concludes a letter to the Birmingham printer whose house was attacked by the mob, by expressing 'a sincere wish that no further violences may be committed on him;' and prints in the title-page these words in large letters, that all who run may read: 'A letter addressed to Mr. Jabet of Birmingham, showing that he richly merits the indignation of all the labouring people in the kingdom, and of his townsmen the people of Birmingham in particular.'

No city in the kingdom is at this time experiencing such difficulty and distress as Birmingham; for this obvious reason, that no other place received so much direct employment from government during the war. This great annual expenditure was suddenly withdrawn, and there are now nearly a fifth part of the population receiving weekly relief; the masters being no longer able to employ the men, very many indeed having been ruined themselves. This is a deplorable state of things, but it has not been occasioned by any misconduct or impolicy; it is the plain unavoidable consequence of events over which no man or body of men could have any control. In such a case what is to be done? Any man that is not either a madman or a villain, must see that there is but one course,—to mitigate the evil by giving as much temporary relief as possible, till new means of subsistence can be provided, by opening new channels of employment. To this accordingly the inhabitants have applied themselves with a zealous liberality of which no example is to be found in other countries, and which perhaps has never been equalled in this. Every parish, every religious congregation of whatever description, has its Benevolent Society. There are subscriptions for providing soup, for blankets, for clothing, for coats, for the relief of the sick, for women in child-bed, for the wants of infancy. There are above an hundred guardians of the poor, who go through the town, which is divided into districts for their superintendence, and see where relief is wanted, what relief, and that it be properly ap-

plied. It is scarcely too much to affirm, that beneficence was never more liberally, more generally, or more strenuously employed, than it is at this time in Birmingham, where all who have any thing to spare from their own necessities, are doing whatever can be done by human and Christian charity for the relief of those who are in need. And it is to the journeymen and poor of this town at this time that Mr. Cobbett addresses himself, seeking to irritate and inflame them, by the most seditious language, and the most calumnious falsehoods, and telling them that they are 'coaxed and threatened, with a *basin of carrion soup* in one hand, and a *halter* in the other!'

Why is it that this convicted incendiary, and others of the same stamp, are permitted week after week to sow the seeds of rebellion, insulting the government, and defying the laws of the country? The press may combat the press in ordinary times and upon ordinary topics, a measure of finance, for instance, or the common course of politics, or a point in theology. But in seasons of great agitation, or on those momentous subjects in which the peace and security of society, nay the very existence of social order itself, is involved, it is absurd to suppose that the healing will come from the same weapon as the wound. They who read political journals, read for the most part to have their opinions flattered and strengthened, not to correct or enlighten them; and the class of men for whom these pot-house epistles are written, read nothing else. The Monthly Magazine asserts that from 40 to 50,000 of the two-penny Registers are sold every week, and the editor thinks it his duty to assist the sale by recommending it to his 'liberal and enlightened readers. The statement may probably be greatly exaggerated,—this being an old artifice;—but if only a tenth of that number be circulated among the populace, for it is to the populace that this ferocious journal is addressed, the extent of the mischief is not to be calculated. Its ignorant readers receive it with entire faith: it serves them for law and for gospel—for their Creed and their Ten Commandments. They talk by it, and swear by it;—they are ready to live by it; and it will be well if some of these credulous and unhappy men are not deluded to die by it; they would not be the first victims of the incendiary press. We have laws to prevent the exposure of unwholesome meat in our markets, and the mixture of deleterious drugs in beer.—We have laws also against poisoning the minds of the people, by exciting discontent and disaffection;—why are not these laws rendered effectual and enforced as well as the former? Had the insolence of the French journalists been checked at the commencement of the Revolution, those journalists would not have brought their king to the guillotine, and have perished themselves among the innumerable victims of their folly, their falsehood, their extravagance, and

their guilt. Men of this description, like other criminals, derive no lessons from experience. But it behoves the Government to do so, and curb sedition in time; lest it should be called upon to crush rebellion and to punish treason. The prayer in the Litany will not deliver them from these things, unless they use the means which God and man have intrusted to them for delivering us and themselves.

How often have we heard that the voice of the people is the voice of God, from demagogues who were labouring to deceive the people, and who despised the wretched instruments of whom they made use! But it is the Devil, whose name is Legion. *Vox Populi, vox Dei!* When or where has it been so? Was it in England during the riots in 1780? Has it been in France during the last six and twenty years? Or was it in Spain when the people restored the Inquisition?—for it *was* the people who restored that accursed tribunal, spontaneously and tumultuously—not the government, which only ratified what the people had done; still less were they assisted by that ‘base engine of our corrupt statesmen, the standing army,’ by which is meant the soldiers who fought and conquered with Wellington, as some of the city resolutioners have asserted with equal regard to truth, and to the honour of their country—What will not these men traduce! *Vox Populi, Vox Dei!*—Was it so in the wilderness when the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us Gods which shall go before us? Was it so at Athens when Socrates and Phocion were sacrificed to the factious multitude? Or was it so at Jerusalem when they cried, Crucify Him! crucify Him! The position is not more tenable than the Right Divine, not less mischievous, and not less absurd. God is in the populace as he is in the hurricane, and the volcano, and the earthquake!

What then are the prospects of the country under the awful dispensation with which it is visited? and what is the course which the government and the parliament are bound, or competent to pursue?

Of distresses, such as now pervade the mass of the community, small indeed is the part which parliaments or governments either create or cure. The causes of them, as we have abundantly shown, either lie without the limits of human control, or have been carried beyond our reach by the tide of time. We cannot command the seasons whose unkindness has aggravated the pressure bequeathed us by a long and exhausted war; we could not annul the consequences of that war even if we were unsteady enough to recant its policy, or recreant enough to repudiate its glories. But what little might have been in our power (may we venture to say it?) has unhappily, perhaps inadvertently, been thrown away. In passing from

a state of war to a state of peace, the shock of the revulsion might not improbably have been lessened to all orders of society by somewhat graduating the transition. The die is now cast,—the results, be they what they may, must be abided ; and we speak therefore with the freedom of history, when we say that had the government been left a short time longer in the possession of the extraordinary resources confided to them during the war, some of the evils which (to the surprise of so many well meaning persons) have been found associated with peace, might possibly have received mitigation. To speak words of kind omen,—of *hailing and farewell*,—to the spirit of the departed Property-tax, is, we know, to incur the anathema of those who have been shouting over its grave. But it did good service in its time : and though he would be a mad politician indeed who should now think of reviving it, we suspect that there are not wanting some among the persons that laboured most eagerly in its extinction, who doubt whether the use of it, or of a portion of it, during the present year, might not have been attended with advantages to the country. It might not have been unwise to ascertain by a little experience, on what portion of our system the pressure of a new state of things would be most sensibly felt, and where relief might be most usefully administered :—and to have made this experiment with the means of such relief in our hands.

If stagnant manufactures, and languishing agriculture, and a population suddenly turned loose from the military or naval services of the country, produce a supply of hands for which there is no work, a partial and temporary remedy might perhaps have been found in undertakings of public utility and magnificence,—in the improvement of roads, the completion of canals, the erection of our National Monuments for Waterloo and Trafalgar—undertakings which government might have supplied, if the means had been at their disposal. To attempt to raise money for such a purpose in the present state of the country would be, indeed, an adventurous policy. The clamour against the new burden would be echoed from the very mouths which it was intended to provide the means of filling.

The sudden reduction of establishments cannot well be denied to aggravate in a degree, and for a time, some of the evils, which it is ultimately to cure. It throws, as has been already observed, new hands into the overstocked market of labour. By a singular and whimsical injustice, it brings a new odium upon the government, exactly the opposite of that which they had incurred from the suspicion of a desire to prevent or avoid reduction. Parliament cuts down the naval estimates, and then the Mansion-house cries shame upon the Admiralty for the distresses of the discharged seamen !



These consequences of peace, however, it will be said, are unavoidable. True; but they *are* the consequences of peace,—they are produced by that transition from war to peace which has at once taken a customer for millions sterling out of the market of labour and consumption, and thrown into it thousands of competitors for agricultural and manufacturing employment. They *are* as clearly the consequences of that revulsion which is asserted to have had no operation in producing the present derangement in all sorts of prices and property—as the absolute inability of the Government to come to the aid of the suffering classes is the consequence of that defalcation of their means which was forced upon them by the House of Commons, and upon the House of Commons by the clamours of the country.

Whether Parliament can devise the means of alleviation, is what we would not willingly decide beforehand in the negative; though, we confess, our hopes are very faint of any immediate and sensible good from legislative interference. The revision of the Poor-Laws—a work now of crying necessity—may lead to such corrections and improvements in that system, as shall at once extend its efficacy and lighten its almost intolerable burden. But this is an operation for distant—comparatively distant—effect. To the actual pressure of the moment, what remedy could even a reformed House of Commons apply that would not ultimately resolve itself into taxation?

Of this we may be tolerably sure: that if, after the most anxious consideration of every plausible suggestion, Parliament should reluctantly come to the conclusion that there is nothing effectual to be done till the tide shall turn in our favour; the House of Commons will be held up to detestation, as insensible to the distresses of their constituents: while, on the other hand, indications are not wanting that all the batteries of political economy are ready to open against any plan of relief which may be found liable (as what plan for such a purpose must not be?) to objections of theoretical science, and that any assistance which should be proposed to be given to individuals on the part of the public, would be stigmatized as a project of corruption.

In the midst of all these difficulties, however, one duty there certainly is which government and Parliament are both competent and called upon to discharge. They cannot stay the pestilence; but they can take care that, while it rages, the city is not plundered. They cannot (would to God they could!) charm away the embarrassments of the rich, and the privations of the poor; but they may, and they *must*, save both the poor and rich from the common curse and misery of a Revolution.

\*. Mr. David Hume, nephew to the historian of that name, has written to us respecting the anecdote of his kinsman, extracted, in our last Number, from Mr. Silliman's Travels. That anecdote he has shown to be false, by unquestionable dates, and by a circumstance related in the Manuscript Memoirs of the late Dr. Cartlidge; 'an eminent clergyman of the Scottish Church,' and friend of the Historian. The circumstance, interesting in itself and decisive upon the subject, we transcribe, in the words of the Manuscript, from the letter before us: 'When David and he (the Hon. Mr. Boyle, brother of the late Earl of Glasgow) were both in London, at the period when David's mother died, Mr. Boyle hearing of it, soon after went into his apartment, for they lodged in the same house, where he found him in the deepest affliction, and in a flood of tears. After the usual topics of condolence, Mr. Boyle said to him, "My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to your having thrown off the principles of religion: for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief, that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was completely happy in the realms of the just." To which David replied, "though I throw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet, in other things, I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you imagine."

Mr. Silliman relates the anecdote on the authority of a very venerable and respectable man to whom he was introduced at Edinburgh, 'who was an early and intimate friend of Dr. Witherspoon,' and to whom 'those letters on the education of children which are printed in Witherspoon's Works were originally written.' This person, who may probably be easily recognised at Edinburgh, is stated to have been well acquainted with Hume. On his authority Mr. Silliman contradicts the received opinion of the composure with which the sceptical philosopher died. Mr. D. Hume expostulates with us for having lightly given credit to the anecdote which we extracted, as if we had acted from bigotry. We believed the anecdote, and in that belief quoted it,—not to detract from the character of Hume, but as showing in what manner the philosophy which he sent abroad restored the sting to death. The story concerning his own death we did not extract, knowing, whether true or false, how very little such stories are worth, how often they are feigned, and how easily delirium is interpreted according to the notions of the by-standers.

Mr. Hume requires, as he had a right to do, that we shall repair the wrong which we have done to his uncle's fame. The publicity which we gave to the anecdote, we cheerfully give to the refutation of it: this refutation will reach America; when Mr. Silliman will see that he has been misinformed, and will doubtless correct the statement which he has sent into the world.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1817.

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ART. I. *An Authentic Narrative of the Loss of the American brig Commerce, wrecked on the Western Coast of Africa, in the month of August, 1815; with an Account of the Sufferings of her surviving Officers and Crew, who were enslaved by the wandering Arabs on the Great African Desert, or Zahahrak, &c.* By James Riley, late Master and Supercargo. 8vo. New-York. 1816.

WE do not remember to have met with a personal narrative more deeply distressing or more painfully interesting, than that of which we hasten to present an outline to our readers; an outline which we are disposed to fill up as much in detail as our limited space will allow, from the consideration that ours is probably the only copy that has reached this country.

If we were not abundantly satisfied with regard to the general veracity of Mr. Riley's narrative,—if we were not in possession of well authenticated documents from many respectable citizens of New-York, from the Russian consul of that place, the Honourable De Witt Clinton, and several others, all bearing testimony to the good moral character, the intelligence and unquestionable veracity of Mr. Riley,—if we did not know that Mr. Willshire, who effected his release, is partner in trade with Mr. Renshaw of London, and a most respectable man, who was then acting as the British vice-consul at Mogadore—that Riley and his four unfortunate companions remained in his house till they had recovered from the effects of their unparalleled sufferings—and that Mr. Monroe, the American secretary of state, on his return to America, repaid the ransom money, and urged the publication of the Narrative,—we should have felt inclined to withhold our belief from some parts of it, on the simple ground that human nature, on the one hand, was utterly incapable of inflicting, and on the other, of enduring such hardships and sufferings as these poor shipwrecked mariners had to undergo,—sufferings which, as Mr. Riley truly says, have been as great and various as ever fell to the lot of humanity. Of Mr. Riley's intelligence, to which his American friends bear testimony, we shall have to say a word hereafter.

Mr. Riley was appointed master and supercargo of the brig Commerce, of Hartford, and sailed from the mouth of Connecticut River on the 6th May, 1815, on a voyage to New-Orleans.

The vessel was nearly new, well fitted, about 220 tons burden, and belonged to Messrs. Riley and Brown, Josiah Savage & Co. and Luther Savage of that city. Her crew consisted of George Williams, chief mate, Aaron R. Savage, second mate, William Porter, John Hogan, James Barrett, Archibald Robbins, Thomas Burns, and James Clark, seamen, Horace Savage, cabin-boy, and Richard Deslisle, (a black man.) cook. Having taken on board a cargo of tobacco and flour, they sailed from New Orleans on the 24th June, arrived at Gibraltar on the 9th August, and after taking in some brandies and wines, about two thousand hard dollars, and an old man named Antonio Michel, a native of New Orleans, they proceeded on the 23d for the Cape de Verd islands; passed Cape Spartel on the 24th—and, on the 28th, after much thick weather, found, by observation, that they were in lat.  $27^{\circ} 30'$ ; that the current had set them 120 miles, and that they had passed the Canaries without seeing them. The dark and foggy weather increased, the sea ran high, night came on, and they suddenly found themselves among breakers, from which they in vain endeavoured to extricate themselves, and the ship struck with such violence 'as to start every man from the deck.' She soon bilged; but they succeeded in getting out of her hold five or six barrels of water and as many of wine, three barrels of bread, and three or four of salted provisions. All their clothing, chests, trunks, &c. were got up, and the books, charts, and sea instruments stowed in them, in the hope that they might prove useful to them in future.

Having now got a glimpse of the land at no great distance, Riley and Porter ventured into the small boat, to take a rope on shore; they were presently swamped, and covered with the billows, which, says the author, 'following each other in quick succession, scarcely gave us time to catch a breath, before we were again literally swallowed by them, till at length we were thrown, together with our boat, upon a sandy beach.' They fastened the rope to pieces of wood which had floated from the wreck, and which they drove into the sand. By means of this rope part of the crew got on shore with the long boat and the provisions and water; but the boat was stove against the beach; and the remainder of the crew were landed one by one with the assistance of the hawser, but not without imminent peril of their lives.

Their first care was to secure their provisions and water, 'knowing it was a barren and thirsty land;' and with this view they formed a tent at fifty yards from the water's edge, by means of their oars and two steering-sails. Their next object was to repair the boats, in the hope that, when the weather moderated, they might put to sea, and by the help of the compass, find some friendly vessel, or

some European settlement down the coast, or reach the Cape de Verd islands. But while thus employed, something like a human being was observed at a little distance, intent on plunder. Mr. Riley approached him with signs of peace and friendship, but those he received in return were repulsive—however, as he appeared to be unarmed, Riley says he continued to approach him. The description of this being is so picturesque, that we cannot refrain from giving it in the author's words.

‘He appeared to be about five feet seven inches high, and of a complexion between that of an American Indian and a negro. He had about him, to cover his nakedness, a piece of coarse woollen cloth that reached from below his breast nearly to his knees; his hair was long and bushy, resembling a *pitch mop*, sticking out every way six or eight inches from his head; his face resembled that of an ourang-outang more than a human being; his eyes were red and fiery; his mouth, which stretched nearly from ear to ear, was well lined with sound teeth; and a long curling beard, which depended from his upper lip and chin down upon his breast, gave him altogether a most horrid appearance, and I could not but imagine that those well-set teeth were sharpened for the purpose of devouring human flesh; particularly as I conceived I had before seen, in different parts of the world, the human face and form in its most hideous and terrific shape. He appeared to be very old, yet fierce and vigorous; he was soon joined by two old women of similar appearance, whom I took to be his wives. These looked a little less frightful, though their two eye-teeth stuck out like hog's tusks; and their tanned skins hung in loose plaits on their faces and breasts; but their hair was long and braided. A girl from eighteen to twenty, who was not ugly, and five or six children of different ages and sexes, from six to sixteen years, were also in company—these were entirely naked.’—p. 20.

This grotesque group were armed with an English hammer, an axe, and long knives suspended from their necks; and they commenced an indiscriminate plunder; broke open trunks, chests, and boxes; and carried off all their clothing and bedding without any molestation, as it was deemed prudent to forbear hostilities with these wretches, weak as they were, since all escape either by sea or land was utterly impossible; their provisions, however, they were determined to defend to the last extremity.

They now set about repairing the long-boat, but found her in a most miserable condition; however, with a little oakum and some pieces of planks, they contrived to patch her up so as to float. The robbers retired towards the evening, but not before they had contrived to steal one of the sails of the tent; on departing they made signs that they would see them again in the morning. With the fire that one of the Arab children had kindled, the shipwrecked mariners roasted a drowned fowl which the surf had thrown up, and

with the addition of some salt pork and a little bread and butter, made a hearty meal, 'little thinking,' says Mr. Riley, 'that this was to be the last of our provisions we should be permitted to enjoy.'

In such a situation, the reflections that night brought with them may readily be imagined; a few hours had reduced a sound and comfortable ship to a wreck; from that wreck they had been thrown on a barren and inhospitable coast; a tempestuous ocean before them; behind, a set of savage beings, bearing nothing human but the form, and even that of the most terrific appearance:—on the one side, almost certain destruction to attempt, with so frail and shattered a boat, the tremendous surges that broke on the shore with such violence as to make the whole coast tremble;—on the other, slavery, and all the miseries of a cruel and protracted death.

'This,' says Riley, 'was the first time I had ever suffered shipwreck. I had left a wife and five young children behind me, on whom I deoted, and who depended on me entirely for their subsistence. My children would have no father, and perhaps no mother's care to direct them in the path of virtue, to instruct their ripening years, or to watch over them, and administer the balm of comfort in time of sickness—no generous friend to relieve their distresses, and save them from indigence, degradation, and ruin. These reflections harrowed up my soul, nor could I cease to shudder at these imaginary evils, added to my real ones, until I was forced mentally to exclaim—"Thy ways, Great Father of the Universe, are wise and just, and what am I!—an atom of dust, that dares to murmur at thy dispensations!"'—p. 25.

At daylight the old Arab, according to promise, made his appearance with his two wives, and two young men; he brandished a spear as if to hurl it at the party, motioned them to the wreck, and pointed to a drove of camels that were descending the heights; towards which the women ran off, at the same time 'whooping and yelling horribly, throwing up sand in the air, and beckoning to those who had charge of the camels to approach.' The crew, alarmed, made for the boat, and Riley defended himself against the old man's spear, with a spar of wood; the boat, however, immediately filled and was bilged: the camels approached fast; the long-boat was launched into the water, and in her the whole crew got safe to the wreck. The camels were immediately loaded with the provisions and the tent, after which the old villain stove in the heads of the water-casks, and casks of wine, emptying their contents on the beach; he then collected all the trunks, chests, instruments, books and charts, and set fire to them in one pile. No alternative was now left, but to try the sea in their leaky boat, for, whether they remained to be washed off the wreck in the course of the night, or to fall into the hands of the barbarians, to stay was inevitable death; they had no

water; the bread was completely soaked; and a few bottles of wine and as many pieces of salt pork were all they could procure; they had but two oars left, and those were on shore; with a plank split into two pieces, however, they attempted to shove off; but a surf struck the boat, and 'nearly filling her with water, drifted her again alongside the wreck.'

The Arabs now appeared to pity their deplorable situation, and made signs of peace and friendship, inviting Riley, whom they knew to be the Captain, to return to the shore; they carried their arms behind the sand hills to allay their fears, and brought down a skin full of water, which they held up; all of them then retired, except the old man, who waded with it into the surf up to his armpits. At length Riley ventured by the hawser, took the water, and returned with it on board. He again went on shore; the women and children approached, seemed very friendly, laced their fingers within his, and made use of all the means that occurred to them likely to inspire confidence. Instantly however he found himself seized by two young men, 'who grasped his arms like lions,' and the women and children 'presented their daggers, knives and spears to his head and breast.' Their faces assumed the most horrid and malignant expression; 'they gnashed their teeth at him, and struck their daggers within an inch of every part of his head and body.' The old man laid hold of his hair, and, seizing a scimitar, held it to his throat, giving him to understand there was money on board, and that it must instantly be brought on shore.

When the ship was wrecked, Mr. Riley had divided the dollars among the crew. On being informed of their demands, he hailed the men and told them what the savages required; accordingly a bucket was sent on shore with about one thousand dollars. The old man instantly laid hold of it, and forcing Riley to accompany him, they all went behind the sand hills to divide the spoil. In this situation Riley felt himself uneasy, and in order to regain the beach, he made signs that there was still more money remaining in the ship: this hint succeeded; and, in the idea of getting it, they allowed him again to hail his people, when, instead of money, he desired them to send the old man Antonio Michel on shore, as the only possible means left for him to effect his own escape. The Arabs, finding on his reaching the shore, that he had brought no money with him, struck him with their fists, pricked him with their sharp knives, and stripped him of all his clothes; and at this moment, while they were busy with this poor old man, Riley seized the opportunity of springing from his keepers, and plunged into the sea. On rising through the surf, he perceived the old Arab within ten feet of him, up to his chin in water, with his uplifted spear; but another surf rolling at that instant over him, saved his life, and he reached the



lee of the wreck in safety ; but the remorseless brutes wreaked their vengeance on poor Antonio, by plunging a spear into his body which laid him lifeless at their feet.

The wreck was by this time going rapidly to pieces ; the long-boat writhed like an old basket ; they had neither provisions nor water ; neither oars nor a rudder to the boat ; neither compass nor quadrant to direct her course :—yet, hopeless as their situation was, and expecting to be swallowed up by the first surf, they resolved to try their fate on the ocean, rather than to encounter certain death from the relentless savages on shore. By great exertion they succeeded in finding a water cask in the hold, out of which they filled a keg of about four gallons. One of the seamen, Porter, stole on shore by the hawser, and brought on board the two oars, with a small bag of money which they had buried on their first landing, containing about four hundred dollars ; they also contrived to get together a few pieces of salt pork, a live pig weighing about twenty pounds, about four pounds of figs that had been soaking in the salt water since the time they were wrecked, a spar for the boat's mast, a jib and a main sail.

Every thing being ready, and every man having made up his mind that it was better to be swallowed up all together, than massacred one by one by the ferocious savages, they prepared for launching the boat through the breakers, trembling with dreadful apprehensions, and each imagining that the moment of passing the vessel's stern was to be the last of his life.

"I then said, "Let us pull off our hats, my shipmates, and companions in distress." This was done in an instant ; when lifting my eyes and my soul towards Heaven, I exclaimed, "Great Creator and Preserver of the Universe, who now seest our distresses ; we pray thee to spare our lives, and permit us to pass through this overwhelming surf to the open sea ; but if we are doomed to perish, Thy will be done ! We commit our souls to the mercy of thee our God who gave them : and Oh, Universal Father, protect and preserve our widows and children."

"The wind, as if by divine command, at this very moment ceased to blow. We hauled the boat out ; the dreadful surges that were nearly bursting upon us, suddenly subsided, making a path for our boat about twenty yards wide, through which we rowed her out as smoothly as if she had been on a river in a calm, whilst on each side of us, and not more than ten yards distant, the surf continued to break twenty feet high, and with unabated fury. We had to row nearly a mile in this manner : all were fully convinced we were saved by the immediate interposition of Divine Providence in this particular instance, and all joined in returning thanks to the Supreme Being for this mercy."  
—p. 41.

Mr. Riley, in his 'notice to the reader,' says, he was advised by a friend to suppress this fact, lest those who are not disposed to

believe in the particular interposition of Divine Providence should make use of it as an argument against the correctness of the other parts of his narrative; and admits, that previous to this signal mercy, he would himself have entertained a suspicion of the veracity of a writer who should have related such an improbable occurrence; but, he adds, 'sentiments and feelings of a very different kind from any that mere worldly interest can excite, forbid me to suppress or deny what so clearly appeared to me and my companions at the time, as the immediate and merciful act of the Almighty listening to our prayers, and granting our petition, at the awful moment when dismay, despair and death were pressing close upon us with all their accumulated horrors.' If the fact be true, we see no reason why the opinion should be suppressed.

In this miserable boat, the eleven unfortunate beings resolved to stand out into the wide ocean, in the hope, faint as it was, of meeting with some friendly vessel to save them. The want of provisions and water, and the wretched condition of the boat, which 'racked like an old basket, letting in water at every seam and split,' and which required constant bailing, had, in the course of a few days, so exhausted the crew that they gave up, and became resigned or rather callous to their fate; their spirits were however a little revived by putting the boat about, and standing in again towards the land which they discovered on the sixth day. On approaching a small spot that bore the appearance of a sandy beach, they made for it, 'and were carried on the top of a tremendous wave, so as to be high and dry,' the surf foaming as it retired with a dreadful roaring over the craggy heads of the rocks lying in the very track they had passed. Their boat was now completely stove; their provisions all consumed; huge masses of rock were suspended over their heads, extending both ways as far as the eye could reach; their limbs were benumbed and quite stiff for want of exercise; their flesh was wasted for want of sustenance; and their tongues were so stiff in their parched mouths, that it was with great difficulty they could speak to each other. They clambered the rocks in vain to get access to the summit, and when it grew dark, they laid themselves down to rest, and, notwithstanding their dreadful and hopeless situation, slept soundly till daylight.

The place where they now were, as it afterwards appeared, was Cape Barbas, not far from Cape Blanco, and that near which their ship had been wrecked, Cape Bojador, some distance to the northward. On one side of the narrow beach, was the roaring ocean; on the other, cliffs rising to the height of five or six hundred feet; in some places overhanging the narrow slip of sand, in others rising perpendicularly from it. Proceeding easterly, close to the water's edge, every now and then they had to clamber over ledges of rock

jutting into the sea, or huge fragments that had been undermined and tumbled down: their shoes were nearly worn out; their feet lacerated and bleeding; their bodies heated, nearly to desiccation, by the scorching rays of the sun; they were without water, without provisions, and almost without a breath of air; 'my tongue,' says Riley, 'cleaving to the roof of my mouth, until I was enabled to loosen it by a few drops of my more than a dozen times distilled urine.'

They advanced but four miles during the whole day, without any prospect of being able to ascend the cliffs; and halted at a piece of sand favourable for sleeping upon; 'all hands,' says Riley, 'except myself, had a little fresh water left; my comrades knew I had not one drop, and two of them offered to let me taste of theirs, with which I just moistened my tongue; and after sending up our prayers to Heaven for mercy and relief in our forlorn and desolate condition, we laid ourselves down to sleep.'

On awaking, on the morning of the 9th September, they found that the chill air had benumbed their limbs; but the appearance of a wide sandy beach ahead, where by digging they might probably obtain water, instilled fresh hopes, and they made towards it; but a promontory of rocks jutting into the sea again impeded their progress; however with the utmost difficulty and danger, and at the expense of bruised limbs and bodies, they succeeded in passing this formidable barrier; but they found, on digging, that the water, which rose through the sand, was as salt as that of the ocean. The cliffs however were here less abrupt; and Riley, after a long search, discovered a path which brought him to the summit, where he hoped to find some vegetable substance that might help to allay their burning thirst, and some tree to shelter them from the scorching blaze of the sun; but his surprise and disappointment may be better imagined than expressed, when a wide expanse of uniform barrenness opened full before him, extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach. There was not a tree, nor a shrub, nor a blade of grass, to give the least show of animation to the vegetable kingdom:—he sickened at the sight,—his spirits fainted within him,—he fell senseless to the earth, and for some time knew not where he was: 'despair (he says) now seized on me, and I resolved to cast myself into the sea as soon as I could reach it, and put an end to my life and miseries together.' At this moment the reflection that so many fellow creatures looked up to him for an example of fortitude and resignation, and the recollection of his wife and children bursting upon his mind, roused him to fresh exertions; he walked down to the sea shore, and having bathed himself for half an hour, felt much refreshed, and rejoined his party. With heavy hearts and tottering limbs they left the beach, Riley having

in some measure prepared his companions in misfortune for the dismal prospect when they had surmounted the bank; but when they had actually surveyed the dry and dreary waste, stretching out to an immeasurable extent before their eyes, they exclaimed, 'Tis enough! here we must breathe our last; we have no hope before us of finding either water or provisions, or human beings, or even wild beasts; nothing can live here.' The greater part lay down with a determination to die on the spot; but by the assistance and persuasions of Hogan, Williams and Savage, they were induced to proceed along the edge of the cliffs, which were from five to six hundred feet in height; the surface of the ground was baked as hard as flint, being a reddish coloured earth covered with small rugged stones and gravel.

On the approach of evening the last ray of hope began to fade away, and the gloom of despair had taken possession of every heart, when Clark called out, A light!—'it was the light of a fire.' This at once revived their spirits and diffused new life into all the crew; even certain slavery and probable death at the hand of human beings, now seemed preferable to a lingering death from hunger and thirst on the desolate and dreary Desert. Riley indeed observes that death had now no terrors; that his thirst had become so insupportable that he was willing to sell his life for a gill of fresh water—but though reduced to as miserable a state as human beings could exist in, and objects well calculated to excite pity, even in the breast of a savage Arab, he thought it more prudent to wait till morning, than alarm them with a night visit, which would probably be fatal to the whole party.

After an anxious and sleepless night, they all went forward towards the place where the light had been seen, and soon discovered a large drove of camels, and a company of Arabs busied in watering them; one man and two women ran towards them; the shipwrecked mariners bowed themselves to the ground with every mark of submission, and by signs implored their compassion; but the fellow, being armed with a naked scimitar, made as if he would cut them down, and, assisted by the women, began to strip off their clothing. Other Arabs speedily came up, yelling and throwing sand in the air, and the whole party was presently stripped naked to the skin. The Arabs now began to fight most furiously for the booty, and especially for getting possession of the prisoners.

'They cut at each other over my head, and on every side of me, with their bright weapons, which fairly whizzed through the air within an inch of my naked body, and on every side of me, now hacking each other's arms apparently to the bone, then laying their ribs bare with gashes, while their heads, hands, and thighs received a full share of cuts and wounds. The blood, streaming from every gash, ran down their

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bodies, colouring and heightening the natural hideousness of their appearance. I had expected to be cut to pieces in this dreadful affray, but was not injured.'—p. 66.

Riley and the black cook were delivered into the hands of two old women, who urged them on with sticks towards the camels; they came to a well, 'the water of which was nearly as black and disgusting as stale bilge water;' but a little sour camel's milk poured from a skin into it, made it 'taste delicious, and we all drank of it till our stomachs were literally filled; but this washy and unwholesome swill infected the whole party, as might be expected, with a troublesome diarrhœa.'

The Arabs themselves had as little to eat as their prisoners; they consisted of about one hundred persons, men, women, and children; and their camels, large and small, from four to five hundred. They now separated into two parties; Mr. Williams, Robbins, Porter, Hogan, Barrett, and Burns, mounted on the bare backs of the camels, behind the hump, going off with one party towards the Desert; Riley, Mr. Savage, Clark, Horace, and Dick the black cook remaining with the other. The skins being filled with this nauseous water, and the baskets tied on, in which the women and children were placed, the latter party also began to mount the sand hills up the gully, but the prisoners were obliged to drive the camels on foot, naked as they were, in a scorching sun, sinking to the knee at every step, or the sharp craggy rocks cutting their naked feet; and if they attempted to stop, they were forced on by the application of a stick to their sore backs by their unfeeling drivers, who only laughed at their misery and amused themselves by whipping them forward.

On arriving at the summit they selected five camels, which these unfortunate men were ordered to mount. They had no saddles, but were placed behind the humps, to which they were obliged to cling by grasping the long hair with both hands. 'The back bone,' says Riley, 'was only covered with skin, and as sharp as the edge of an oar's blade; as steep as the roof of a house, and so broad as to keep the legs extended to their utmost stretch.' The Arabs had small round saddles. Thus mounted, the whole party set off to the westward\* at a great trot. The heavy motions of the camel are described as not unlike that of a small vessel tossed by a head-sea, and so violent that they excoriated the lower part of their naked bodies; 'the inside of my thighs and legs were also dreadfully chafed, so that the blood dripped from my heels, while the intense heat of the sun had scorched and blistered our bodies and the out-

\* He means *eastward*. It is a singular circumstance, and to us wholly inexplicable, that the opposite point of the compass is almost invariably pointed for the real direction in which they travelled.

side of our legs, so that we were covered with sores, and without any thing to administer relief.'

The direction in which they proceeded was about south-east, over a plain, flat, hard surface of sand, gravel, and rock, covered with small sharp stones. When night came on there was no indication of stopping; still they proceeded, and the cold night wind chilled the blood and stopped it from trickling down their lacerated legs; they begged permission to get off, and endeavoured to excite the compassion of the women under whose charge they were left, entreating them for a little water; but these hags paid no attention to their distress, and kept the camels running faster than before. Riley then purposely slipped off his camel at the risk of breaking his neck.

'This was the first time I had attempted to walk barefoot since I was a schoolboy; we were obliged to keep up with the camels, running over the stones, which were nearly as sharp as gun-flints, and cutting our feet to the bone at every step. It was here that my fortitude and philosophy failed to support me; I cursed my fate aloud, and wished I had rushed into the sea before I gave myself up to these merciless beings in human forms—it was now too late. I would have put an immediate end to my existence, but had neither knife nor any other weapon with which to perform the deed. I searched for a stone, intending, if I could find a loose one sufficiently large, to knock out my own brains with it; but searched in vain. This paroxysm passed off in a minute or two, when reason returned, and I recollected that my life was in the hand of the Power that gave it, and "that the Judge of all the earth would do right."—p. 74.

From this time, Riley observes, in all his future trials and sufferings, he never once murmured, but determined to keep up his spirits, and, by precept and practice, endeavoured to persuade his unhappy comrades to do the same. About midnight they halted in a small dell or valley from fifteen to twenty feet below the surface of the Desert, after travelling, as he thinks, about forty miles. Here, for the first time, they got about a pint of pure camel's milk each, which, he says, 'warmed our stomachs, quenched our thirst in some measure, and allayed, in a great degree, the cravings of hunger.' The wind was chilling cold; they lay on sharp stones, perfectly naked, their bodies blistered and mangled; the stones piercing their naked flesh to the ribs—these distressing sufferings, added to their sad desponding reflections that would obtrude themselves, rendered the night long and dismal, and none of them closed their eyes.

On the morning of the 11th, a pint of milk was divided among four, being just enough to wet their mouths. The condition of their feet was horrible beyond description; the very recollection of it, 'even at this moment,' says our author, 'makes my nerves thrill and

quiver.' They soon came to another small valley, where tents were pitched, and about one hundred and fifty people of all ages and both sexes assembled. Here it appeared they were to be separated, Clark being given to one party, Horace to another, and Riley, with the cook, remaining with their first master. The women came out of the tents to gaze at them, and, by way of expressing their disgust and contempt, spat upon them as they went along, 'making their faces still more horrid by every possible contortion of their frightful features.' At last an old man came up to Riley, and by his plain and distinct manner of speaking, by his significant signs, and by making use of the words 'O Fransah, O Spaniah,' he understood him to ask what countrymen they were, to which he replied *Inglesis*; he then asked from what part of the horizon—'and I pointed,' says Riley, 'to the north;' he then repeated the words *Marocksh, Sooltaan, Moolay Solimuan*, to all which Riley nodded assent—that he knew him—that he lived in such a direction—and made signs that if they would carry him and his comrades thither they would receive so much money; but they shook their heads, signifying that the distance was great, and that there was nothing to eat or drink on the way either for them or their camels.

It was midnight before they got any thing either to eat or drink, when some milk and water was given to them. Riley says he this night sunk into a kind of sleep, which was disturbed with the most horrible dreams; that these however were followed by one of a contrary nature, in which he saw a tall young man mounted on a horse, habited in an European dress, who, in his own language, called him brother, and who told him 'to take courage,' for that 'God had decreed he should again embrace his beloved wife and children'—at this instant his master called him. 'He awoke, and found it was a dream;' but it was a dream that tended to keep up his spirits, and afterwards, on seeing Mr. Willshire, he immediately recognized the features of the phantom that appeared in his sleep.

In the evening Hogan joined them, when they found they had been purchased by an Arab of the name of Hamet, who about midnight brought each of them a pint of camel's milk. On the morning of the 13th they again set out, continuing their course about south-east. In the course of the day he came up with Mr. Williams, the chief mate, in a most dreadful situation, who told him that he could not possibly survive another day in such misery. 'If,' said this unhappy man, 'you should ever get clear from this dreadful place, and be restored to your country, tell my dear wife that my last breath was spent in prayers for her happiness.'—He could say no more; tears and sobs choked his utterance—and they were separated.

The face of the Desert now appeared as smooth as the surface of the ocean when unruffled by winds, and camels could be seen in every direction, like ships at sea when just appearing in the horizon. In the evening, when they halted, Riley asked the women for a little water, but they not only laughed and spat at him, but drove him away from under the shade of the tent.

On the 20th they made a turn towards the N. W. or sea shore, and when they halted, two strangers came up, each having a double barrelled gun; one of the women told Riley it was Sidi Hamet and his brother, from the Sultan's dominions, who had come with blankets and blue cloth to sell. The former came up to them, and asked Riley if he was *el rais*, (the captain,) and gave him some water to drink. Poor Clark was then apparently in a dying state, 'stretched out on his back, a perfect wreck of almost naked bones; his belly and back nearly collapsed, and breathing like a person in the last agonies of death.' Sidi Hamet, observing him, suffered Riley to carry him also a little water—it was the first *fresh* water which they had tasted since they left the boat; the poor creature's eyes brightened up—'This is good water,' said he, 'and must have come from a better country than this; if we were once there, and I could get one good drink of such water, I could die with pleasure, but now I cannot live another day.' About midnight a pint of milk was given to each, which Riley thinks saved Clark from dissolution.

Sidi Hamet was an Arab trader, in whom avarice had not altogether subdued the feelings of humanity. After questioning Riley very closely as to his hopes of redemption at Suara or Mogadore, and what money he would ensure his receiving on being carried thither—after much hesitation and a great deal of bargaining, he at length concluded a purchase of him from the old Arab, who had claimed him as his slave; and after many entreaties and assurances of a good round sum of money, he was also induced to purchase Horace, Clark, and Savage, but would have nothing to say to Hogan. In addition to the small quantity of milk they had hitherto received, each of them had been enabled, as they travelled along, to pick up a few snails, which seemed to be the only living creature on the Desert. Sidi Hamet now caused an old meagre camel to be killed, which he had purchased for a blanket. A vein in his neck was first opened close to his breast; the blood was received into a kettle, placed over the fire and boiled, stirring it all the time till it became thick and of the consistence of bullock's liver—'our appetites,' says Riley, 'were voracious, and we soon filled our stomachs with this, to us, delicious food.' The skin being then taken off, the entrails were rolled out, and put into the kettle, without cleaning; as they had no water, a slit was cut in the camel's



paunch, into which a bowl was dipped, and the thick contents poured into the kettle ; the whole was then boiled, and well stirred, the Arabs now and then taking out a gut, and biting off an end to ascertain whether it was cooked enough.

Before the morning, one half of the meat and bones of the camel's carcass was carried off, without the possibility of Sidi Hamet and his brother, to whom it belonged, being able to prevent it—they could scarcely get a bite of the intestines without fighting for it. Burns, who was an old man, now came up, and Sidi Hamet purchased him also for an old blanket. The two brothers, Sidi and Seid, it seems, had expended all their property in this adventure, and were consequently interested in bringing their slaves safe to Mogadore. Riley was now furnished with a check shirt, which Sidi told him he had stolen for him; Clark had met with a piece of an old sail that partly covered him; Burns had procured an old jacket, and Horace and Mr. Savage had obtained goat skins. The distance travelled on the 27th could not be less, Riley says, than 63 miles—yet, for eighteen days, the camels had not tasted a drop of water—this we think can scarcely be true, as we shall have occasion to see hereafter. They were themselves reduced to drink the camel's urine. The next day they travelled fifteen hours at the rate of seven miles an hour, making one hundred and five miles—this is possible, but in their reduced state, we apprehend, not very probable. They lay down on the hard ground, without a morsel to eat, and nothing to quench their thirst but the camel's urine, which Riley observes is bitter but not salt.

On the morning of the 29th, they proceeded in the same direction, when they discovered what appeared to be high land, but it proved to be the opposite bank of what seemed once to have been the bed of a large river, though now perfectly dry; they descended into it down a precipitous bank, four or five hundred feet in height. In this ravine Sidi Hamet questioned Riley very closely about his acquaintance at Suara, made him repeat his bargain, and told him if he deceived him he would certainly cut his throat, for that he and his brother had expended their whole property in the purchase of them on speculation.

At some height on the edge of the northern bank they found a delightful spring of fresh water, covered with a large rock, from fifteen to twenty feet high, 'cool, clear, fresh, and sweet.' Here they remained some time before they could water their camels, the largest of which drank full sixty gallons, the poor creature not having tasted water, he says, for twenty days before.

Riley calls this valley the bed of an arm of the sea: the high banks, distant from each other eight or ten miles, were worn and

washed by water; the level bottom was encrusted with marine salt; they were then about three hundred miles from the sea coast; the spring was not more than a hundred feet below the surface of the Desert, and from three hundred and fifty to four hundred from the bottom of the valley, over which, as they travelled easterly, 'the crust crumbled under the feet of the camels like a thin crust of snow.'

With difficulty they ascended on the northern side to the top of the level Desert, which had the same appearance as that on the opposite side; no undulation of surface—neither rock, tree, nor shrub, to arrest the view within the horizon—all was a dreary and solitary waste. Riley says he judged by the meridian height of the pole star, that this supposed bed of the ocean must be in about the 20th parallel of latitude.

In travelling between N. E. and East, Sidi Hamet said he saw a camel, but Riley could discern nothing for two hours afterwards, when something appeared like a speck in the horizon, and it was not until sun-set that they came up with a large drove of camels. They had travelled this day fourteen hours without a morsel of food or a drop of water, but towards midnight some meat was dealt out to them together with a large bowl of milk and water.

On the evening of the 1st October, they met with a drove of camels, which had been watering to the northward; by these people they were conducted to a shallow valley, where about fifty tents were pitched: here the ground was in many places covered with short moss, and here and there a few small shrubs. The next day the whole party moved to the northward. The tribe had about fifty lean sheep, one of which was purchased by Sidi Hamet, and they gave them all as much milk as they could drink. On the 4th they travelled about thirty-five miles N. E. when the entrails of the sheep were given to them for supper. They were now arrived among immense sand hills, piled up like drifted snow, towering to the height of two hundred feet, without a blade of grass or a shrub of any sort to relieve the eye. The trade-winds blew violently and buried the travellers in clouds of sand, which, driven forcibly against their sore bodies, gave them exquisite pain. To add to their other miseries they were all now afflicted with a violent diarrhœa, which they stopped however by chewing the bitter bark of a small shrub which grew where they had passed the night.

On the night of the 5th they thought they heard the roaring of the sea, which, the next day, was confirmed by Sidi Hamet. They met with two camels with sacks on their backs and other articles, the owner of which being asleep on the sands, Sidi Hamet and his brother drove them off with their own. The sacks contained barley and barley meal, a quantity of which they took and then let the ca-

mels go; but the owner, on discovering the robbery, followed them and got back his barley, Sidi Hamet having assured him it was taken only to prevent the starvation of the slaves; but he still contrived to carry off two little bags which he had also stolen, containing gold dust, charms, &c.

On the 8th they fell in with a large drove of camels, sheep, and goats, browsing in a valley, and observed about twenty tents pitched near a small thicket of thorn trees, some of them eight inches in diameter. A kid was here purchased, and the entrails given to the Christian slaves. At midnight however a bowl was brought to them containing about four or five pounds 'of a kind of stirabout or hasty pudding, into which was poured a pint or more of good sweet milk,'—and they agreed that this was the most delicious meat they had ever tasted. Proceeding to the northward they fell in with several wells, but the water of all of them was brackish: at many of them were parties watering their camels.

On the 11th, after travelling nearly seventy miles, they reached a cluster of bushes which they had seen from a great distance looking like an island in the midst of a lake; here they found some brackish water. They now got into the deep bed of a large river or arm of the sea, at the bottom of which was a sheet of white salt that made a crackling noise under the feet of the camels. Getting out of this glen and entering some sand hills, they met with an Arab driving some goats, of which Sidi Hamet seized four, and paid the unarmed Arab with an old worn-out camel: on reaching the height they perceived the sea at a distance on their left, the sight of which revived their drooping spirits. They descended the heights, and now travelled along the sea shore in company with an Arab and his wife, who were going the same way; the woman, having been at Lancerota, could speak a little Spanish. Presently they fell in with another Arab in his tent, who affected to speak Spanish, and through him Sidi Hamet again tried to discover whether Riley really had a friend in Suara, and again gave him to understand, that if he deceived him he most surely would have his throat cut.

The road along the edge of the sea coast was rugged and uneven, and they travelled over it in the night to avoid the numerous robbers that lurk among the sand hills. In the course of the night journey Mr. Savage fainted and fell off his camel, upon which Seid and another Arab began to beat him with sticks, and, conceiving that he was perverse and obstinate, had intended to put him to death that they might not be delayed, lest they should fall in with robbers; and it was with the utmost difficulty they could be made to understand that any man could faint through hunger and fatigue—

it was something new to them ; but when, by means of a little water, he revived, Sidi Hamet appeared to be affected at the treatment he had received.

On the 17th, still travelling along the sea shore, on the sloping bank which rose from the sandy beach, they observed the black tops of high mountains in the distant horizon towards the east, and shortly after reached a well where some men were watering about forty horses and camels. Here they crossed a small river, the water of which was clear as crystal, and full of fish; on its banks grew a few bushes resembling dwarf alders and rushes: near this place also was found a plant with a stem from three to twelve inches in diameter, the branches spreading like an umbrella to the diameter of fifteen or twenty feet; they were very tender, and, on being broken off, a glutinous liquid resembling milk dropped from them; it had a disagreeable smell when burning, and was very nauseous to the taste: we suppose it was either a species of aloe or euphorbium. On this day they met with the first signs of cultivation, and at night enjoyed the luxury of sleeping on a heap of straw.—‘To us, who for so long a time had been obliged to repose our wearied limbs and wasted frames on the hard baked bosom of the Desert, or the dead sides of the barren sand drifts, this solitary heap of fresh straw seemed softer and sweeter than a bed of down strewn over with the most odoriferous flowers.’

On the 19th they passed a few rough stone huts, and a stream of clear water ‘purling over a pebbly bottom;’ its banks were covered with green bushes and shrubs in full blossom: beyond this were cows, asses, and sheep feeding, and date trees adorning and shading the margin of the rivulet—so sudden and unexpected a change threw them into raptures. ‘Excess of joy had so far overpowered our faculties, that it was with difficulty we reached the water’s edge, but, urging forward to the brink with headlong steps, and fearlessly plunging in our mouths, like thirsty camels, we swallowed down large draughts until satiated nature bade us stop.’ Riley says, the place is called by the Arabs *el Wod Noon*. His orthography is bad, but sufficiently correct to let us know where he is. Here Sidi Hamet treated them with some honey, which they devoured, comb and young bees all together, ‘our hearts swelling with gratitude to God, and tears of joy trickling down our fleshless cheeks.’

This place appeared to be a great thoroughfare, and several armed parties on horseback passed on towards the Desert. They now proceeded to the northward, parallel with, and occasionally upon, the sea beach; and speedily reached a cultivated country, in which were several walled villages, surrounded with gardens and other enclosures. As they approached the Moorish dominions, Seid, the brother, who had all along been suspicious of Riley’s story

about his acquaintance at Mogadore, and had often wished to sell Horace and Mr. Savage, whom he claimed as *his* slaves, was now determined to go no farther, and laid hold of the two unfortunate Christians, in order to carry them back to the first horde he should fall in with, and sell them for what they would fetch ; Sidi's wrath was kindled at his brother's obstinacy.

‘He leaped from his camel, and darting like lightning up to Seid, laid hold of him, and disengaged Mr. Savage and Horace from his grasp. They clenched each other like lions, and with fury in their looks, each strove to throw the other to the ground. Seid was the largest and the stoutest man ; they writhed and twisted in every shape until both fell, but Sidi Hamet was the undermost : fire seemed to flash from their eyes, whilst they twisted around each other like a couple of serpents, until at length Sidi Hamet, by superior activity or skill, disengaged himself from his brother's grasp, and both sprang up on their feet : instantly they snatched their muskets, at the same moment, and each retiring a few paces, with great rapidity and indignation, tore the cloth covers from their guns, and presented them at each other's breast with dreadful fury : they were not more than ten yards asunder, and both must have fallen dead had they fired.’

Sidi Hamet, however, fired his musket in the air, and walking up to Seid said, ‘Now I am unarmed—fire? Your brother's head is ready to receive your balls: glut your vengeance on your benefactor!’ A violent dispute ensued, in which the brutal Seid, seizing Horace by the breast, dashed him to the ground, where he lay for some time senseless. At length matters were adjusted, and they proceeded to a village to pass the night. Here Sidi Hamet told them he should depart for Mogadore, leaving them in the custody of Seid and another Arab of the name of Bo-Mohammed—and that Riley must write a letter to his friend at Suara, desiring him to pay the money for the ransom of himself and people, when they should be free ; ‘if not,’ said he, ‘you must die for having deceived me, and your men shall be sold for what they will bring:’ he added, ‘I have fought for you, have suffered hunger, thirst, and fatigue, for I believe that God is with you—I have paid away all my money on your word alone.’ A scrap of paper, a reed, and some black liquor was then brought to Riley, who wrote briefly the circumstances of the loss of the ship, his captivity, &c. adding, ‘worn down to the bone by the most dreadful of all sufferings—naked, and a slave—I implore your pity, and trust that such distress will not be suffered to plead in vain.’ The letter was addressed ‘to the English, French, Spanish, or American Consuls, or any Christian Merchants in Mogadore.’ The anxiety of the captives may well be imagined. For seven days after Sidi Hamet's departure, they were shut up in a yard during the day, where cows, sheep, and asses rested ; and locked up at night in a dreary cellar,

On the evening of the eighth day, a Moor came into the enclosure, and brought them a letter. 'I felt,' says Riley, 'as if my heart was forcing its way up into my throat, and it entirely obstructed my breath—I broke it open; but my emotions were such, that it was impossible for me to read its contents, and I handed it to Mr. Savage; for my frame trembled to such a degree, that I could not stand, and I sunk to the earth.' The letter was from 'William Willshire, the English consul;' it told them that he had agreed to the demands of Sidi Hamet, whom he kept as an hostage for their safe appearance; that the bearer, Rais Bel-Cossim, would conduct them to Mogadore. This Bel-Cossim was the very man who purchased Adams at Wed-noon. He also sent them various kinds of provisions, cloaks, and shoes. Thus accoutred and fortified, they set out under their new conductor, with another person who had joined them, of the name of Scheik Ali, an Arab of a tribe near the north border of the Great Desert, one of whose daughters Sidi Hamet had married. They passed a ruined city, before the breached walls of which was still standing a sort of battering ram. It had been sacked, and the ground was strewed with human bones, bleached in the sun. They also passed several small sanctuaries surmounted with domes, and a tolerably well cultivated country abounding with cattle.

On the 30th October they crossed the wad-Sehlem or river Sehlem, and the town Sehlemah. On their arrival at a walled city called Stuka, which might contain about five thousand souls, Scheik Ali procured from the chief, Muley Ibrahim, an order for their detention, under pretence that they were the slaves of Sidi Hamet his son-in-law, who was indebted to him in a large sum of money; and it was not before the 4th November that they were able to procure their release. At Santa Cruz, as usual, they were pelted with stones by the rabble, and saluted with every abusive epithet that could be thought of. This was not the worst; for here again Scheik Ali persuaded the governor to seize the slaves of Sidi Hamet for a supposed debt, which he was only prevented from doing by the unceasing activity of the Rais Bel-Cossim, who detected what was passing, and got them out of the town at an early hour in the morning: after a fatiguing and perilous journey they came in sight of Mogadore, where English colours were floating in the harbour, and the American flag in the city.—'At this blessed and transporting sight,' exclaims Riley, 'the little blood remaining in my veins, gushed through my glowing heart with wild impetuosity, and seemed to pour a flood of new life through every part of my exhausted frame.' They were presently met by Mr. Willshire, whose kind reception and commiseration for their sufferings does honour to human nature. He took each man by the hand, wel-

comed them to life and liberty, 'while tears trickled down his manly cheeks, and the sudden rush of all the generous and sympathetic feelings of his heart nearly choked his utterance.' Mr. Riley describes the meeting as so affecting, that Rais Bel-Cossim wept and hid himself behind a wall, that none might witness so degrading and womanish a weakness in a Moor.

Mr. Willshire conducted them to his house, had them all cleansed, clothed, and fed, and spared no pains nor expense in procuring every comfort, and in administering with his own hands, night and day, such refreshment as their late severe sufferings and debility required. A fact is mentioned which describes better than a whole volume could do the miserable condition to which these unfortunate men were reduced. 'At the instance of Mr. Willshire,' Riley says, 'I was weighed, and fell short of ninety pounds, though my usual weight, for the last ten years, had been over two hundred and forty pounds: the weight of my companions was less than I dare to mention, for I apprehend it would not be believed, that the bodies of men, retaining the vital spark, *should not weigh forty pounds!*'

The miserable condition to which those unfortunate beings, who fall into the hands of the inhuman Arabs, are reduced, calls to our recollection the observation made by Mr. Dupuis, in a note on Adams's statement of the brutal treatment which he had experienced at Wed-noon; that the general effect on the minds of Christian captives was most deplorable; that on their first arrival at Mogadore, they appeared lost to reason and feeling, and all their faculties sunk in a species of stupor—indifferent to every thing around them—'abject, servile and brutified.'—Riley thus describes his own situation.

'My mind, which (though my body was worn down to a skeleton) had been hitherto strong, and supported me through all my trials, distresses, and sufferings, and enabled me to encourage and keep up the spirits of my frequently despairing fellow sufferers, could no longer sustain me: my sudden change of situation seemed to have relaxed the very springs of my soul, and all my faculties fell into the wildest confusion. The unbounded kindness, the goodness, and whole attention of Mr. Willshire, who made use of all the soothing language of which the most affectionate brother or friend is capable, tended but to ferment the tempest that was gathering in my brain. I became delirious—was bereft of my senses—and for the space of three days, knew not where I was.—When my reason returned, I found I had been constantly attended by Mr. Willshire, and generally kept in my room, though he would sometimes persuade me to walk in the gallery with him, and used every means in his power to restore and compose my bewildered senses: that I had remained continually bathed in tears and shuddering at the sight of every human being, fearing I should again be carried into slavery. I had slunk into the darkest corner of my room;

but, though insensible, I seemed to know the worth of my friend and deliverer, and would agree to, and comply with, his advice and directions.' (p. 301.)

The reflections to which the horrors of his late sufferings and slavery and his providential escape from them gave rise, kept him almost constantly bathed in tears, for the greater part of a month.

'When I had retired to rest and sleep had closed my eyes, my mind, still retaining the strong impression of my past sufferings, made them the subjects of my dreams. I used to rise in my sleep, and think I was driving camels up and down the sand hills near the Desert, or along the craggy steeps of Morocco; obeying my master's orders in putting on the fetters, or beckets, on the legs and knees of his camels, and in the midst of my agonizing toils and heart-sickening anxieties, while groping about my room, I would hit my head against something, which would startle and awaken me: then I would throw myself on my bed again to sleep, and dream and act over similar scenes.' (p. 310.)

The addition which Mr. Riley has afforded to our information, respecting the geography and natural history of the Great Desert of Africa, amounts to very little, and that little, not very accurate. We ought not to be surprised, as Riley observes, that one weighed down with weariness and despair, suffering under the most excruciating bodily pains and the most cruel privations, should sometimes mistake one route for another, or have erred in the computation of distances, in travelling over a vast, smooth, and trackless desert;—but, we cannot avoid wondering that a 'seaman,' and, as his American friends call him, 'a man of intelligence,' should uniformly, throughout the whole of his book, mistake the west for east, and the south for north; or, in other words, that, in his whole journey towards Mogadore, he should carry us, in his book, towards Abyssinia. In his dates too he is equally careless, travelling the same day twice over, (p. 181) and mistaking the month, (p. 286) and travelling, and remaining still, on the same day and in the same page, (p. 152.)—what is perhaps still more extraordinary, we have dates in abundance while naked and deprived of all means of keeping a journal, but not a single one from the time the travellers reach the 'habitations of men,' where materials could so easily be had to enable them to register events. The mistakes we allude to are not owing to any lapse of his memory, which he tells us, indeed, is naturally a retentive one, but to oversights which ought to have been avoided, as they very materially affect the fidelity of the narrative, and the accuracy of his observations.

The Great Desert of Africa is a barren subject: but in a geological point of view, the extent and grandeur of its barrenness render it interesting. Riley's account of it, as far as he saw,



agrees with the description usually given, of its being an elevated plain, presenting to the eye an extended surface of uniform sterility, but broken here and there by small valleys or dells, of a few miles or a few acres, in which a little soil or sand collected and moistened with the scanty rains that fall, produces a glimpse of verdure from a few stunted plants—the only ones noticed by Riley are, a ‘dwarf thorn-bush,’ from two to five feet in height, with succulent leaves, strongly impregnated with salt; and ‘two or three prickly plants resembling weeds,’ one of which, from its ‘fluted branches, armed with small sharp prickles all over,’ and the ‘nauseous white liquid’ which ‘bites the tongue like aquafortis,’ we take to be a species of euphorbium. This is but a miserable catalogue of the vegetable kingdom; and as to animals, they saw none of any description, except the ostrich. Near the skirts of the Desert and on the sea shore about Cape Bojador, the hard, uniform, baked surface of reddish coloured clay is changed into immense heaps of loose sand, ‘forming mountains of from one to three or four hundred feet in height, blown and whirled about by every wind.’ Mr. Riley has a theory for the formation of these sand hills, but it unfortunately does not speak much in favour of his ‘intelligence.’ This sand, he says, has evidently been driven from the sea shore, and in the same degree as the ocean has retired, by means of the trade-wind blowing constantly on to the Desert through a long ‘succession of ages.’ Whether the sea has retired is mere matter of conjecture; but the blowing of the trade-wind is matter of fact; and, unluckily for the author’s theory, during the ‘succession’ of those ‘ages,’ since we know any thing about it, instead of blowing on, it has invariably blown off the Desert.

Leaving Mr. Riley, therefore, to the enjoyment of his theory, which he thinks so ‘evident;’ and omitting his account of the Emperor of Morocco’s dominions, which, though we have the testimony of Mr. Renshaw, the gentleman we have mentioned to be connected with the house of Willshire, as to its accuracy, have been often described by others, and recently noticed by ourselves, we proceed to what we consider as by far the most curious part of the book; treating on a subject which throws open a new field of speculation, by taking a new view of the long agitated question of the course of the Niger. We acquit Mr. Riley of any knowledge or participation in the theories which have been entertained on this interesting subject; he seems to triumph even in his sagacious conjectures and explanations on points which had been conjectured and explained long before his ‘sufferings and captivity,’—but of which he appears to have no knowledge; his map is altogether worthless, and his course of the Niger does not agree with his relation of Sidi Hamet’s travels: his countrymen, in fact, are but indifferent geographers.

Sidi Hamet, whom we have had occasion so frequently to mention, remained for a fortnight in Mr. Willshire's house; in the course of conversation, he happened to mention his having been three times at Tombuctoo, and once at another large city far to the southward of it. To a resident at Mogadore, it is no novelty to meet with Moors and Arabs who have accompanied the annual caravans into Soudan from lower Suze; Mr. Dupuis had frequent opportunities of conversing with such persons; and he has borne testimony to the general agreement of their descriptions with the account given by the unlettered seaman, Robert Adams. However, to gratify Riley's curiosity, Sidi Hamet was induced to give an account of his travels, which our author took down in writing. Mr. Riley entertains no doubt of the truth of the Arab's narrative; and says that his description of Tombuctoo agrees in substance with that given by several Moorish merchants of Fez, who came to Mr. Willshire's house to buy goods, while Sidi Hamet was there; and who said they had known him in Tombuctoo several years ago. We may add, it agrees too in substance with the description given of this celebrated city by Leo Africanus; and, in all the main points, with the more recent account of Adams. Of the simplicity of Adams's story, and of the veracity of his narrative, we have already delivered our opinion; and we are happy in having it in our power to add to this opinion, the testimony of one far more capable of appreciating the validity of the evidence than we could pretend to be—it is that of the intelligent traveller whom we mentioned in our notice of Mr. Legh's work, and who, at this moment, is probably a resident of Tombuctoo. This person had received, it appears, in the heart of Egypt,—and here we must be permitted to indulge a mingled feeling of pride and pleasure at the unbounded circulation of our labours,—that Number of our Journal in which the narrative of Adams is reviewed; and the description there given, he writes, accords exactly with all the information which he had been able to collect of that celebrated city, from the Arab traders met with in Nubia:—the only doubt, he adds, which he entertained of the fidelity of Adams's narrative, was occasioned by that part where, after leaving Tombuctoo, he says that they traversed the Desert for thirty days without water; a circumstance which the traveller above mentioned states to be physically impossible, as no camel, even those of Darfur, which are accounted the best, and able to hold out the longest without water, can proceed beyond ten or twelve days.\* The Nubian traveller however ob-

\* Leo Africanus, who, like Marco Polo, when he speaks of his own knowledge, is generally accurate, observes, that the African camel will travel fifteen days without water. Mr. Riley, indeed, asserts, that a camel will go twenty days without water: but he also says, and believes, that the Arabs of the Desert very frequently attain the age of two hundred years, which may be possible, but of which we must take leave to doubt.

serves, that he has not seen the narrative itself, but only that part of it which is contained in the Quarterly Review. We have turned to the Article in question, and though it does not bear the construction put upon it, yet, as we find it liable to be misunderstood, we consider it but just to the reputation of Adams, to take the blame to ourselves for any misunderstanding that may arise. Adams says that, at Tudenny, where there were four wells of excellent water, they remained fourteen days to recruit the strength of the ransomed Moors; that on setting out they *loaded their four camels with water, dates, and flour*; that from thence they travelled, in one direction, nine and twenty days across the Desert, without meeting with one human being; the whole way being a sandy plain, like a sea, without either tree, shrub, or grass; that at the *end of fourteen days, their stock of water began to run short*; that, *in six days after this*, they arrived at a place where it was expected water would be found; but, to their great disappointment, owing to the dryness of the season, there was none; that, at this time, *all their stock of water consisted of four goat skins, and those not full, holding from one to two gallons each—but that*, as it was known they had yet *ten days* to travel before they could reckon on a supply, they mixed the remaining water with camel's urine, so as to give to each camel about a quart for the whole ten days, and for each man about half a pint a day. So that, in fact, the camels were only stinted for water the *last ten days* of the thirty.

But to return to Sidi Hamet. This Arab trader stated that, about ten years before, having married the daughter of Scheik Ali, he and his brother Seid were advised by him to join the caravan at Wed-noon for Tombuctoo; that it consisted of three thousand camels and eight hundred men; the whole under the command of Scheik Ben Soleyman of Woldeleim, (Woled d'leim;) that having prepared the necessary quantity of charcoal, (for a purpose we shall notice presently,) they first crossed the hard level desert four days, then through the moving sand hills six days, and again over the hard naked surface ten days more, when they reached the watering-place called *Biblah*, where they stopped seven days. Travelling from hence to the S. W. (it should be S. E.) twenty days, they came to the well called *Kiber Jibil*, but there was no water in it. They were therefore obliged to go six days towards the sea coast, till they came to a well whose water was very black and salt: but there was nothing for the camels to eat, and they were obliged 'to give them of the coals to eat, once a day, for many days; this kept them alive, but it made their milk almost as black as the coals themselves.' Feeding camels with charcoal is, we confess, perfectly new to us. At first we apprehended that it was either some mistake of Riley or an error of the press, and

that 'coals for the camels' meant 'coals carried by the camels' for dressing the men's victuals in the Desert, where nothing was to be had to kindle a fire; but he repeats it so frequently, and on the second journey observes that 'they cut wood and burned coals for the camels, for the caravans never attempt to cross the Desert without this article,' that it will not admit of such an explanation. If we could conceive that the water in the living stomach of the camel was liable to become fetid, charcoal, being a well known sweetener of water, might be used to correct this tendency—but neither is this very probable; and we only regret that Mr. Riley has not thought fit to give any explanation of a fact of so novel and extraordinary a nature, in his tedious and unnecessary description of this useful animal. Can it be some particular plant, or part of some plant, which is merely *roasted*, as we are in the habit of roasting coffee? Something of this sort is the only rational suggestion we are able to form on the subject.\* It was four moons before they had crossed the Desert and entered Soudan, in which time more than three hundred camels had died of hunger and fatigue, but not a single man. Two moons more brought them to Tombuctoo. It was a year and a half before they again reached Wed-noon, having lost in the whole journey, or killed for food, about five hundred camels: thirty-four of the people, together with about eighty slaves, had died.

His second journey was far more disastrous. His brother and he again joined the great caravan at Wed-noon, consisting of more than one thousand men and four thousand camels, under the command of Sidi Ishrel, but the greater part belonging to the chief, Sidi Ishem. They now went the direct course from the south point of Mount Atlas, the usual route of the Morocco caravans, having first 'cut wood and burned coals for the camels.' For fifteen days they travelled over a smooth surface, so hard that not a track was to be seen, shaping their course by the sun and the stars. In one spot only were found shrubs sufficient to satisfy the appetite of the camels, but the wells were dry. At the end of fifteen days, however, they came to a fine deep valley, with twenty wells, of which six only had water in them; but there was sufficient to replenish their skin-bags and to satisfy the camels. In three days more they came to drifts of fine loose sand, among which they travelled other six days, when

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\* Our conjecture was not far from the truth: since this Article went to the press, we have learned from Mr. Renshaw that the pulp of the *argan* olive, after the oil is extracted, is formed into balls by the Arabs, after undergoing a sort of baking, and that these balls serve them for fuel in the Desert, and food for their camels. We recollect, indeed, that Ali Bey, and some other travellers, mention the pulp of the argan fruit as being good food for cattle. These balls, therefore, which we understand are as black as charcoal, are the food which Riley, through the medium of his Spanish interpreter, mistook for charcoal.

'There began to blow a fierce wind from the south-east, called the wind of the desert, (*Shume*,) bringing death and destruction with it; we could not advance nor retreat, so we took the loading from off our camels, and piled it in one great heap, and made the camels lie down. The dust flew so thick that we could not see each other nor our camels, and were scarcely able to breathe; so we lay down with our faces in the dust, and cried aloud with one voice to God—"Great and merciful God, spare our lives!" but the wind blew dreadfully for the space of two days, and we were obliged to move ourselves whenever the sand got so heavy on us that it shut out all the air, and prevented us from breathing; but at length it pleased the Most High to hear our supplications: the wind ceased to blow; all was still again; and we crawled out of the sand that had buried us for so long a time—but not all; for when the company was numbered, three hundred were missing. All that were left joined in thanks to God for his mercy in sparing our lives; we then proceeded to dig out the camels from the sand that had buried their bodies, which, together with the re-loading of them, took us two days. About two hundred of them were dead—there was no green thing to be seen, and we were obliged to give the camels a little water from the skins to wash their parched throats, and some charcoal to eat; then we kept on twenty-four days as fast as we could through the dry, deep, and hot sand, without finding any green bushes worth noticing for our camels to eat, when we came to a famous valley and watering place, called *Haherah*.'

The camels were dying fast, and they had already been obliged to throw away the salt, which was the heavy part of their loading; the caravan was now reduced to about six hundred men and thirty-five hundred camels. All authority was at an end. The Scheik proposed that all the camels, except three hundred, should be killed, that the water in their stomachs, together with their blood, might support the rest and the people, till by the aid of Providence they should find water. But when this advice was about to be carried into effect, a furious quarrel arose, and the Scheik, 'though a man of God,' was killed in a moment. Between two and three hundred are stated to have been butchered on that day, 'and the blood of the slain was drunk to allay the thirst of those who shed it.' Five hundred camels also were slain. Sidi Hamet, and his brother, who was wounded in the affray, killed four out of their six camels, and preserved their blood and the water in their stomachs for the other two; and, with about thirty of their friends, and thirty-two camels, set off during the night. On the twelfth day the rain fell in torrents, but at this time they had only eighteen camels left, and nine of the people had died; and on coming to a negro town at the foot of the Desert called *Wabilt*, on the bank of the river Wod Temij, or, as the negroes call it, *Gozen-zair*, twelve camels only were remaining. The negroes treated them kindly when they learned their misfortunes and saw them unarmed; these harmless people live in little towns enclosed with fences of strong reeds, covered with clay. In ten days they reached Tombuctoo. Here

they waited two moons for the arrival of the rest of the caravan, but it came not—it had perished in the Desert.

The total destruction of those caravans is no unusual occurrence. Jackson mentions one from Tombuctoo to Tafillet, in 1805, consisting of two thousand persons, and one thousand eight hundred camels, the whole of which perished in the Desert for want of water. These horrible catastrophes are sufficiently attested by the multitude of human bones, and those of camels and other animals, strewed on the Desert, but more particularly in the neighbourhood of the usual watering places.

We have before observed that Sidi Hamet's description of Tombuctoo agrees, in the main points, with that given by Adams; and he mentions a small river of brackish water running past it, which being dried up on one of their journeys, the Arabs were under the necessity of going to a larger river to the southward of the town, and two hours distant from it, for water; this river was called *Zolibib*. This stream running past Tombuctoo to the westward, is mentioned by all travellers. Mr. Legh's friend states that his information gives it that direction; and Denon heard the same thing from the Nubian prince, brother to the king of Darfur. The population is stated to be negro for the most part; but negroes, and Arabs, and Moors, Sidi says, all mix together and marry with one another, as if they were all of one colour. He describes the chief, as Adams did, to be a large, old, gray-headed negro, called *Shegar*, 'which means sultan, or king.' Adams, whose visit to Tombuctoo was not long subsequent to that of Sidi Hamet, calls this old chief, or king, *Woollo*; and in 1800, Jackson says, the name of the king was *Woollo*, and that he was also king of Bambarra; this, if true, would not easily be reconciled with Park's account of *Mansong* being the name of the king of Bambarra, from 1795 to 1806, at both which times, having had communications with him, Park could not well be mistaken. But it also appears from a note in Isaaco's Journal, that the name of *Mansong's* father was *Woollo*. The traveller before mentioned has explained these apparent contradictions: by his information *Woollo* is not a surname, but an epithet signifying 'great chief or commander,' which is a further testimony in favour of Adams's residence at Tombuctoo.

The king's dress, his ornaments, his turban, the loose shirt worn by the negroes, the dress of the women, their round hoop ear-rings, their necklaces, bracelets, &c. are described precisely as Adams has described them. Their manners also, and their amusements of dancing, their stained faces, the common practice of circumcision, though not Moslems, are all noticed, so that we entertain as little doubt of Sidi Hamet having been at Tombuctoo, as Adams—but we have our doubts, and very strong ones too, of the fidelity of Riley's edition of his narrative, through the medium of another Arab,

who spoke Spanish. This we regret the more, as we now approach the most curious and interesting part of Sidi Hamet's adventures, being his account of a journey to the south-east of Tombuctoo, over a country wholly new to Europeans, and to a city twice the size of Tombuctoo, whose name, we believe, was never before sounded in the ears of an European—the city of Wassanah,\* situated on the Niger, about sixty days journey to the southward and eastward of Tombuctoo. Whether the details be true or false, is a point that must be decided hereafter; if they are not corroborated by any living or recorded evidence, we know of no living or recorded evidence, at least, to contradict them; and if any part of this curious narrative should be found to militate against received opinions, it must be recollected that those opinions rest on no better authority than the contradictory statements of Arab travellers, oftentimes collected at second hand or still more remote from the original source. In fact, we know not a step to the eastward and southward of Tombuctoo excepting from Moorish or Arab testimonies, no two of which exactly correspond; we consider, therefore, the story of Sidi Hamet just as good as any other Arab story; he is not an illiterate man, but writes his own language well, and is considered by Mr. Willshire among the most respectable of the Arabs of the Desert. Mr. Riley may not have been minutely accurate; but we see no reason whatever for discrediting the narrative of Sidi Hamet because he suppresses all mention of the Haoussa country, the Bahar Soudan, Kassina, Ghana, and the lakes and swamps of Wangara, whose positions, if they exist at all, are merely conjectural; in fact, by his account, their positions are not disturbed; but are only cut off from any communication with the Niger by a chain of mountains in the east, which give a southerly direction to this mysterious stream.

The king of Tombuctoo being about to send a large caravan loaded with iron, salt, tobacco, &c. to trade with the king of Wassanah, in exchange for slaves, gold, elephants' teeth, &c. pressed Sidi Hamet and his brother Seid to accompany it with their two surviving camels, the negroes having few of these animals, but using asses chiefly as beasts of burden. The command of the caravan was intrusted to the king's brother, whose name was *Shelbaa*. They departed from Tombuctoo in the month of Shual. They first went to a small town of about two hundred houses on the banks of the *Zolibib*, at the distance of two hours from Tombuctoo, (*Kabra*?) from thence over a plain even country for six days, the river on their right hand, and every day in sight, running the same way they travelled, which was a little to the southward of east, when they came to a small town called *Bimbinah*. Here the

\* We anticipate that *Wassanah* will be considered the same as *Kassina*; which, however, is impossible: for, in the first place, *Kassina* is to the northward of *Kabra*, and secondly, forty leagues distant from the Niger.

river turned more to the south-eastward, being deflected by a high mountain to the east. They now left the river, and travelling fifteen days through a hilly and woody country, they again came to the bank. Two very large towns, and numerous blacks, appeared on the opposite side. They next continued nearly S. E. for three days, the road winding with the banks of the river. They had now to climb a high ridge of mountains, which took them six days, and from the summit they observed a chain of mountains to the westward. Descending on the south side, they came again to the bank of the river, where it was narrow and full of rocks, that dashed the water dreadfully. They continued to travel S. E. for twelve days after leaving the mountains, during which time they had seen the river every day on their right hand, and had passed a great many small streams that emptied themselves into it—it was now very wide, and looked deep; had many canoes upon it, which were pushed along with flat pieces of wood. Fifteen days more, mostly in sight of the river, brought them to the walls of the city of Wassanah. The king came out to meet them, and invited the chief and the whole caravan to abide within a square enclosure near the walls of the city, where they remained two moons, exchanging their goods for slaves, gold, elephants' teeth, &c.

The river which passes Wassanah nearly in a south direction, is here no longer called Zolibib, but Zadi, and is so wide that a man can scarcely be seen on the opposite bank. The walls of the city are composed of large stones piled up like stone fences in Morocco, without clay or mud; it took Hamet a day to walk round them. The country is well cultivated, chiefly with rice; and the animals are oxen, cows and asses: they have no camels nor horses, mules, sheep nor goats; and he observed a great multitude of speckled fowls. Their houses, or rather huts of stone, are covered over with the large leaves of the date or palm-tree, 'or of another tree which looks very much like a date tree, and bears a fruit as large as my head, which has a white juice in it sweeter than milk; the inside is hard, and very good to eat; the trees that bear this big fruit grow in abundance in this country, and their fruit is very plenty.'—No better description could possibly be given of the cocoa-nut; and yet Adams was ridiculed for saying that he had seen cocoa-nuts growing at Tombuctoo, because he happened to describe the leaf as resembling that of an apple-tree; and because it is generally supposed that this tree can flourish only near the sea. Yet Mr. Dupuis says, he has always understood from the natives of Barbary, who had visited Tombuctoo, that the cocoa-nut grew there.

The king or chief is called *Oleeboo*, 'which means, in the negro talk, good sultan.' His dress is not unlike that of the king of Tombuctoo, only he wears on his head a very high hat made of canes,



coloured very handsomely, and adorned with fine feathers. 'He rides on the back of a huge beast called Elfement, (el feel, an elephant,) three times as thick as my great camel, and a great deal higher, with a very long nose and great teeth, and almost as black as the negroes.' Neither the king nor the people pray like the Moslems, but jump about, fall down, tear their faces as if they were mad, when any of their friends die; and they make a feast at new moons and dance all night; they are very hospitable, and 'I hope,' says Sidi, 'the time is near, when the faithful, and they that fear God and his prophet, will turn them to the true belief, or drive them away from this goodly land.' We must give the following passage in Sidi's own words, or rather we should say in the words of Mr. Riley.

'The inhabitants catch a great many fish; they have boats made of great trees, cut off and hollowed out, that will hold ten, fifteen, or twenty negroes, and the brother of the king told one of my Moslem companions who could understand him, (for I could not,) that he was going to set out in a few days with sixty boats, and to carry five hundred slaves down the river, first to the southward and then to the westward, where they should come to the great water, and sell them to pale people, who came there in great boats, and brought muskets and powder, and tobacco, and blue cloth, and knives, &c.; he said it was a great way, and would take him three moons to get there, and he should be gone twenty moons before he could get back by land, but should be very rich.'—'We saw a great many of these people who had been down the river to see the great water, with slaves and teeth, and came back again: they said, the pale people lived in great boats, and had guns as big as their bodies, that made a noise like thunder, and would kill all the people in a hundred negro boats, if they went too near them.'—p. 341.

While they stopped at Wassanah it rained every day. This incidental mention of the constant rains is favourable to the veracity of Sidi Hamet's narrative. He left Tombuctoo in the month of Shual, (December,) which is the dry season; he arrived in March, when the sun crosses the line into the northern latitudes; and he remains before Wassanah all April and May, having had the sun on both sides of him, and consequently, during the very height of the rainy season. The negroes were very kind and hospitable; they fed them well with rice and barley, milk, and meat. The people of the caravan received, in exchange for their goods, three hundred slaves, and a great many teeth, dazzling stones, and shells, and gold; and with these they returned the same way they had come, which took them three moons, including stoppages.

If Sidi Hamet, in presence of his brother, Mr. Willshire, and Mr. Savage, told this story, which Riley took down on the spot, we see no reason whatever to call in question the general truth of it;—if no such story was told, and we are to consider the whole as

a fiction of Riley, not only his American friends, but Mr. Willshire also, must have egregiously mistaken his character, and with so many persons able to refute it, he must be the most impudent man alive;—we cannot think so meanly of him or of them. It is greatly to be regretted that our vice-consuls at Mogadore will not give themselves the trouble to question those numerous Moorish merchants and Arab free-booters who have travelled in Soudan, and to compare their several accounts. Mr. Dupuis, we understand, has promised to collect and transmit a statement of this kind, which may throw considerable light on this mysterious country; in the mean time let us see what can be made out from the expedition and information of Sidi Hamet.

The whole of the ground travelled over by this Arab from Kabra, (adding three days for the descent of the mountainous country, which was six in the ascent,) occupied him sixty days; the first six in the direction of east, a little southerly, the remainder generally about south-east. As they travelled with asses, we cannot give more than fifteen English miles a day, which, with frequent stoppages, and good feed, this animal will easily perform. This calculation, on a rough estimate, would place the city of Wassanah in about lat.  $7^{\circ}$  N. long.  $14^{\circ}$  E. At the end of six days, from Tombuctoo or Kabra, a chain of mountains running S. E. deflected the river from its easterly course into that direction. These mountains continue to accompany the river for twenty-seven days, when the country became more flat, and several small streams fell into the great river from the eastward.

That the chain of mountains, whose situation corresponds pretty nearly with the Jibbel Kumri of Abulfeda, should be found to stretch away to the southward, is more consistent with the physical geography of Africa, as far as regards the distribution of its mountainous ranges, than that great belt of three thousand miles in extent which some modern geographers, by uniting the mountains of Kong with those of Kumri, (on what authority we know not,) have stretched across the continent of Africa from east to west, appearing on the charts like a large cornelian necklace. Such a continued chain, in this direction, is not only not analogous to the general arrangement of African mountains, far as they are known, but is totally unlike any thing on the rest of the globe;—whereas, a south-easterly range naturally falls in with the direction of the elevated regions of Nubia, Sennaar, and Abyssinia, in North Africa, and with those chains of mountains which stretch behind Mosambique to the southward, as far as the Cape of Good Hope.

Such a chain as we are supposing will clear up, as we conceive, some difficulties respecting the long disputed course of the Niger: we say disputed, because though Mr. Park, from ocular evidence, has proved its course to be to the eastward as far as Silla, yet from the testimony of Edressi and Abulfeda, supported by more modern

authorities, it can scarcely be doubted that the Nile of the Negroes, or, as Abulfeda also calls it, the Nile of Ghana, as well as all the waters falling from the west of Nubia and Sennaar, run to the westward. It is true, as Major Rennel has observed, that these *opinions* furnish no *proofs* of continuity of course: certainly not; but they furnish a strong presumption, and go very far to establish the fact, that the Niger, or *Nile of the Negroes*, has *two courses*, one from the west to east, by Silla and Tombuctoo; the other from east to west, through Wangara, Ghana and Kassina. If these two courses, which are in fact two distinct rivers, meet at all, they must meet in some common receptacle, as an inland sea or lake; this is Major Rennel's argument against the course of the river at Kassina being to the westward, because, he says, we have not heard of any such receptacle. By Sidi Hamet's narrative they do not meet on this side Wassanah, and consequently the notion of such a receptacle is rendered unnecessary; it moreover reconciles the contradictory opinions that have been maintained respecting the opposite directions in which the Niger has been represented to flow; by separating the two streams, not with a lake, but by an intermediate ridge of elevated ground; by this interposition of a south-eastern range of mountains, the *Niger of the West* is sent off to the southward, leaving the *Niger of the East* to find its way on the opposite side of this range, to the sea of Soudan, (if any such exists,) or to the lakes or swamps of Ghana and Wangara, which remain in their conjectural position undisturbed; and whose waters are as free to escape to the southward, or to be evaporated according to Major Rennel's hypothesis, as if no such chain of mountains existed. Still the important question arises, Where are we to look for the termination of that Niger which flows past Tombuctoo? Sidi Hamet's information, if correct, would also decide that point in the way that Park had determined it in his own mind, from the best information we may be well assured, which he could collect at Sansanding; and which, in our review of his last journey, (No. XXV.) we examined at some length.—To that Number we must refer for the arguments made use of to obviate the objections urged against the hypothesis of the identity of the Niger and the Congo; objections which, in our opinion, we there completely over-ruled. The probability, we understand, of this identity has not been weakened, but, on the contrary, very much strengthened by the late Captain Tuckey's discoveries and observations up the majestic Congo or Zaire, and the information which he obtained from the natives in the interior. That collected at Wassanah by Sidi Hamet goes at once to decide this curious question. He tells us that the boats with slaves go down the river, first to the southward and then to the westward, when in three moons they come to the great water. The distance is somewhat more than from Tombuctoo to Wassanah; the stop-

pages occupy, at least, one third of the journey; they seldom exceed, in boat navigation, twenty miles a day; and if the river maintains (as described by Sidi Hamet, and, as it is said, also by Captain Tuckey) the same character, of being frequently interrupted by rapids and bristled with rocks, frequent portage is unavoidable. With these allowances, the course and distance of the Niger, Zolibib, or Zadi, would lead to the discharge of its waters into the ocean about the 6th parallel of southern latitude. This is certainly curious, and, at all events, offers a new view of the subject;—whether a true or false one, we were in hopes would soon have been decided by Major Peddie; but he too has fallen a victim to zeal for African discovery: the second in command, Lieutenant Campbell, an intelligent officer, has however, as we understand, proceeded from the head of the river Nunez across the mountains towards Bamakoo, where Park embarked on the Niger; a hope therefore still remains that the interesting question of the termination of the Niger will yet be solved.

The last extract we shall make from this interesting volume is the account of an attack by Arab robbers of the great united caravan from Tombuctoo to Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli and Fez, which the two brothers accompanied.

“Our caravan consisted of about fifteen hundred men, most of us well armed with double-barrelled guns and scimitars, and we had about four thousand camels. It was a long journey to the next well; so we stopped here six days peaceably, having encamped in a valley a little distance west of the pond or lake. We had always made the camels lie down in a circle, placing the goods in the centre, and the men between the camels and the goods; we had two hundred men on guard, and always ready for any emergency. In the night of the sixth day, about two hours after midnight, we were attacked by a very large body of wandering Arabs: they had got to within a few yards of us before they were discovered, and poured in a most destructive fire of musketry, at the same time running in like hungry tigers, with spears and scimitars in their hands, with dreadful yellings:—they threw the whole caravan into confusion for a moment; but we were in a tight circle, formed by the camels, which with the guards kept them off for a short time, till the whole of our men seized their arms and rallied. The battle now raged most furiously; it was cloudy and very dark; the blaze of the powder making only a faint light, whilst the cracking of musketry, the clashing of swords, the shouts of the combatants, and the bellowings of the wounded and frightened camels, together with the groans of the wounded and dying men, made the most dreadful and horrid uproar that can be conceived; the fight continued for about two hours, hand to hand, and breast to breast, when the assailants gave way and ran off, leaving their dead and wounded on the field of battle. We remained with our arms in our hands all night. I was wounded with a ball in my thigh, and Seid with a dagger on his breast.” They then (Riley says) showed me their scars. “In the

morning we numbered our men, and found that two hundred and thirty were killed, and about one hundred wounded; three hundred of the camels were either slain or so badly wounded, that they could not walk, and so we killed them. We found seven hundred of our enemies lying on the ground, either dead or wounded;—those that were badly wounded we killed, to put them out of pain, and carried the others that could walk along with us for slaves: of these there were about one hundred. As the enemy fled, they took all their good camels with them, for they had left them at a distance, so that we only found about fifty poor ones, which we killed; but we picked up two hundred and twenty good double-barrelled guns from the ground. The gun which Seid now uses is one of them;—we got also about four hundred scimitars or long knives. We were told by the prisoners that the company who attacked us was upwards of four thousand strong, and that they had been preparing for it three moons. We were afraid of another attack, and went off the same day, and travelled all the night, steering to the N. E. (out of the course the caravans commonly take) twenty-three days' journey, when we came to a place called the Eight Wells, where we found plenty of good water. Fifty of our men had died, and twenty-one of the slaves."—pp. 348, 9.

Sidi Hamet, who makes so conspicuous a figure in this volume, is no fictitious personage, like his namesake Cid Hamet Benangeli; he is mentioned by Adams and by Dupuis; and, since Riley's release, has to a certain extent redeemed the pledge which he made at parting: 'Your friend (Mr. Willshire) has fed me with milk and honey, and I will always in future do what is in my power to redeem Christians from slavery.' Scarcely two months after this, the brig *Surprise*, of Glasgow, with a crew of seventeen persons and three passengers, was cast away close to Cape Bojador, on the 28th of December, 1815, when the whole, with the exception of two that were drowned, fell into the hands of the Arabs, who marched them, as usual, into the interior, till they met a Moor on horseback, to whom they were delivered, and who took them to Wed-noon. This was no other than Sidi Hamet, who advised them to write to Mr. Willshire, English consul at Suara, who having heard of the wreck, had already entered into engagements for their ransom with Sidi Ishem, the chief of Wed-noon, and principal owner of the caravan which perished, as we have related, in the Desert. They were ransomed, and sent to England, as was also, at the same time, a lad of the name of Alexander Scott, who was wrecked in the *Montezuma*, of Liverpool, in 1810, as mentioned by Adams, and who had remained in slavery ever since. His appearance is said to have been most deplorable; though not twenty, he wore the marks of advanced age.—Thus, in a very remarkable manner, have all the statements of Robert Adams been confirmed. We think it is by no means improbable, that Sidi Hamet was on his way to fulfil the oath which he swore to Riley, 'by

his right hand,'—that he would bring up the remainder of his crew if they were to be found alive, and God spared his life!

It appears, indeed, from letters which Riley has received in America from Mr. Willshire, that Porter and Burns have been ransomed by him; that two others had been released from further suffering in this world; and that Sidi Ishem had heard some vague rumours of the rest in the southern part of the Desert.

It is to be hoped, indeed, that, since the Arabs of the Desert know that all Christians wrecked on the coast will be purchased immediately at Wed-noon, for the purpose of obtaining a certain profit by their ransom at Mogadore, the lives of the captives will not only be preserved, but that the certainty of the reward will operate on the avarice of the robbers, and secure to the shipwrecked mariners a treatment less rigorous than that experienced by Mr. Riley and his unfortunate companions.

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- ART. II. 1. *M. Tullii Ciceronis Sex Oratorum Fragmenta inedita, cum Commentariis antiquis etiam ineditis. Invenit, recensuit, notis illustravit Angelus Maius, Bibliothecæ Ambrosianæ à Linguis Orientalibus. Mediolani. 1814. 2 tom. 8vo.*
2. *Q. Aurelii Symmachi octo Oratorum ineditarum partes. Invenit, notisque declaravit A. Maius. Mediol. 1815. 8vo.*
3. *M. Cornelii Frontonis Opera inedita, cum Epistolis item ineditis Antonini Pii, M. Aurelii, L. Veri, et Appiani. Invenit A. Maius. Mediol. 1815. 2 tom. 8vo.*
4. *M. Acci Plauti Fragmenta inedita: item ad P. Terentium Commentationes et Pictura inedita. Inventore A. Maio. Mediol. 1815. 8vo.*
5. *Themistii Philosophi Oratio de Præfectura suscepta. Inventore et interprete A. Maio. Mediol. 1816. 8vo.*
6. *Dionysii Halicarnassei Romanarum Antiquitatum pars hactenus desiderata—Nunc denique ope Codicum Ambrosianorum ab Angelo Maio, quantum licuit, restituta. Opus Francisco I. Augusto sacrum. Mediol. 1816. 4to.*

FOR the last half century a notion has prevailed amongst learned ladies and half-learned gentlemen, that many valuable remains of antiquity were still concealed in different libraries on the continent, especially in Italy; and that, in all likelihood, the researches of diligent and persevering antiquaries would eventually bring to light some precious relics of Greek and Roman literature. This expectation was more pleasing than reasonable. The unceasing industry with which the great Italian scholars of the 15th and 16th centuries, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Poggio, Aretino, Manuzio, hunted out the manuscripts of classical authors, left but little grounds to hope for any subsequent discovery of importance. It appears from the letters of those times, that no trouble nor expense was spared

in the prosecution of such researches, which, however, were not a little impeded by the bigotry and avarice of the monks, whose interest it was to keep the treasures to themselves, not only because it was a maxim of their policy to obstruct the diffusion of knowledge, but because the transcribing of MSS. was to them a source of considerable emolument. Erasmus pathetically expostulates with some canons, who could neither use their manuscript books themselves, nor would permit the use of them to others. It is certain, however, that such exertions were made by those scholars who lived about the time when printing was invented, and by the earliest professors of the typographical art, to procure copies of the classical writers, that there was no good reason to expect that much was left to be done in this department of literature.

But by what unfortunate concurrence of events did it happen, that a great part of the ancient authors have come down to us in an imperfect and mutilated state; and that so many are known only by name, although copies of their entire works must have been liberally dispersed over various parts of Italy, the eastern coasts of Europe, and the shores of Asia Minor? How is it that, of the great tragedians of Greece, only a very few out of many plays survive, and that those of Latium are known only by some scattered fragments? that scarcely any thing remains of the great lyric poets? that Menander and Philemon, and the host of later dramatists, are lost? and that those who do survive, exist in a mangled and pitiable state,

——— laceri crudeliter ora,  
Ora, manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis  
Auribus, et truncas inhonesto vulnere nares?

These are questions which must frequently have suggested themselves to the mind of every one conversant with such studies, but which, perhaps, no one has been able to answer to his own satisfaction. Several circumstances, indeed, may be assigned, which will go some way towards solving the difficulty; but it is not easy altogether to account for the singular fate which has attended many of the greatest luminaries of antiquity. With respect to the Latin classics, indeed, the matter is more readily explained. The introduction of scholastic theology, and the decline of classical taste, gradually brought the study of the ancient authors into disrepute. Literature was confined almost exclusively to ecclesiastics, who found it more profitable to distinguish themselves in enucleating the subtleties of dialectic divinity, than to waste their time in expounding Cicero or Livy. Joannes Sarsberiensis gives us a brief but forcible description of the state of things in those times: '*Sufficiebat ad victoriam verbosus clamor, et qui undecunque aliquid inferebant, ad propositi perveniebant metam. Poetæ et historiographi habebantur infames; et si quis*

incumbebat laboribus antiquorum, notabatur, et non modo asella tardior, sed obtusior plumbo omnibus erat invisus.' We cannot wonder that if many manuscript copies of the classical authors were by degrees applied to binding the works of the scholastic divines, or even to the making of rackets; and that the few which were spared, lay rotting in some neglected corner of the libraries described by Poggio: 'Erant in Bibliotheca libri illi, non ut eorum dignitas postulabat, sed in teterrimo quodam et obscuro carcere, fundo scilicet unius turris, quo ne vita quidem damnati detruderentur.' In this dungeon of a turret Poggio discovered Quintilian, the Argonautics of Valerius Flaccus, and the Commentary of Asconius Pædianus upon Cicero's orations.

If we may believe some accounts, the barbarous ignorance of their monastic possessors had not finished the work of destruction amongst the more ancient MSS. at a period considerably more recent than that of Poggio and Aretino. It is related by Chapelain, a poet who enjoyed a high reputation till he published, that the tutor of a Marquis de Rouville assured him, that some years before, having sent to Saumur for some rackets, he was struck by the appearance of the parchment; and upon examining it most narrowly, he fancied that he saw the titles of the 8th, 10th and 11th Decades of Livy. Upon applying to the racket-maker, he was told that the apothecary of the Abbey of Fontevraud, having found in the corner of a chamber in that abbey a pile of parchment volumes, and having read in several of them that they were parts of the history of *Tite Live*, begged them of the abbess, assuring her that 'the book was of no use, because it had been printed.' Having obtained them, the apothecary disposed of them to himself—that he had made of them 'une multitude très grande de battoirs, of which he had still remaining more than twelve dozen!' So says M. Chapelain, who probably believed the story; but it is pretty clear that the tutor *mystified* him.

The titles of *three* decades upon a pair or two of rackets are rather too much. The story, however, may seem to derive some degree of credibility from the well known fact, that Sir Robert Cotton redeemed the original of Magna Charta from the hands of a tailor who was on the point of cutting it up for measures. Pietro della Valle, in his travels, relates that he had been in treaty with the Grand Seignior's librarian for an entire Livy; the price to be paid was 10,000 crowns. But upon searching the library, the MS. had disappeared. The probability is that it had never been there.

But it is not only to the accidental depredations of ignorance that we have to ascribe the loss of so many ancient writings. It is well known that some of the popes waged a fierce and destructive war against the manuscripts of the classical authors, as if to avenge the cause of Christianity for the persecutions of the heathen.



emperors. Pope Gregory I. is said to have burned all the copies of Livy upon which he could lay his hands, on account of the superstitious legends with which the Roman historian abounded; a curious reason to be assigned by the author of the life of St. Benedict and of the 'Dialogues with Peter the deacon,' of which the worthy and candid Dupin confesses, that in it 'there are miracles so frequent, so extraordinary, and oftentimes for matters of such little consequence, that it is very difficult to believe them *all*.' Gregory's motive may possibly have been a well-founded apprehension, that a comparison of the palpably fabulous legends of the Roman History with the anecdotes related in his own works, would not serve to enhance his character for veracity. It seems certain that this pope committed great ravages amongst the ancient poets. Cardan tells us that he caused the plays of Afranius, Nævius and Ennius to be burnt. But it is difficult to conceive that he could have effected the destruction of all the copies, unless we suppose, which may perhaps have been the case, that the desolation occasioned by the irruptions of the northern hordes had been so great, that most of them were lost before the age of Gregory. Some degree of uncertainty is cast over the whole account by the fact, that Machiavelli and Cardan relate a similar story of Pope Gregory VII. who is said by them to have burned a great number of the most valuable ancient writings; and considering the violent and tyrannical temper of that pontiff, and the great influence which he possessed over the chief states of Europe, we think that he was more likely to effect an extensive destruction of literary monuments than his predecessor. He is reported to have burned the works of Varro, lest Augustin, who had copied from that author a great part of his treatise *de Civitate Dei*, should be detected as a plagiarist. This is sufficiently ridiculous, since nothing is more open than the manner in which Augustin quotes Varro; and the quotations themselves are chiefly made for the express purpose of refuting them. But the story is deservedly rejected by Naudé, as fabulous. The fact, no doubt, is, that the writings of Varro had long been obsolete, and perished through neglect rather than misuse. Scaliger, however, who was not remarkable for credulity, says, that in the time of this pope an infinite number of good books were burned at Rome, so that he entertained no hopes of finding any addition to the authors then known. Gregory I. is also said to have burned the Palatine library at Rome, to which story there is only this objection, that in the time of that pope there was no Palatine library to burn.

The truth after all, is, that of the Latin writers not many have perished whose loss we need greatly regret. The Roman poets who wrote before the Augustan age would scarcely be intelligible, if they existed. The few remaining shreds of the satyric mantle

which invested Ennius and Lucilius are not such as to make us bewail the ravages of time or of the popes. Dr. Drake in his 'Literary Hours' has drawn up some tables which exhibit, in three columns, the names of the principal authors of antiquity, the titles of their surviving compositions, and also of those which have perished; and from these it appears that, with the exception of the hundred and five books of Livy, and the Orations and Epistles of Cicero, we have not so much to lament the loss of as is commonly supposed. To be sure we have only six out of the many comedies of Terence, but they are probably the best.

But in Grecian literature the work of destruction has been much more extensive than Dr. Drake seems to imagine; the scanty catalogue which he has given, after Quintilian, of Greek authors, affords but a very imperfect idea of the loss which we have sustained.

The prevalence of the Greek language in the western parts of Europe, to an age comparatively recent, and the vast number of monasteries scattered over the Byzantine empire and the whole of Asia Minor, might, one would think, have ensured to posterity the works of many poets and philosophers, of whom nothing now remains but a few insignificant fragments.

The fact, however, is, that these very circumstances will serve in some measure to account for the loss in question. The Greek language, it is true, was prevalent in the eastern empire till the middle ages; but it was in a very corrupt form, debased by the alloy of Latin, French and Asiatic words and inflexions. A natural consequence was, that classical Greek was but little studied. This will generally be the case when a language is much altered from its original form. Men are satisfied with using it as they find it, and pay less attention to the ancient dialect of their own country than to the study of foreign languages. It must be confessed that this was not the case in Italy, where the Latin language was never lost sight of, notwithstanding the gradual change of the vernacular tongue. But this may be easily accounted for by the continued use of Latin in the theological schools and writings, and by the custom, which had long obtained, of making that language the vehicle of all learned discussion, and what is more, of the canon and civil law. The number of monastic institutions was also unfavourable to the preservation of ancient authors. The libraries of these establishments had probably by degrees engrossed almost all the copies extant; the classical authors, in the later ages of the Greek empire, were studied only in schools, and the schools were in convents; the teachers being universally monks, who took the trouble of transcribing only such portions of the poets and prose writers of antiquity, as were used in the course of their lectures, whilst the others were suffered to decay from age, or were cut up

to form the envelopes of their school books. That this was the case is rendered very probable by the following circumstance. Of the three easiest plays of *Æschylus*, a great many copies are extant, while of the more difficult tragedies there are not more than one or two MSS.; and the reason is, because they were seldom used in schools. Thus too we may suppose, that the *Epinicia* of *Pindar*, being the most popular and easy of that poet's compositions, were read in the schools, while his *Threni*, *Hyporchemata*, &c. were neglected, and the copies of them at length lost.

The writings of *Menander*, *Philemon*, and the later poets, were deemed unfit for the ears of Christian youth; and *Aristophanes* might have shared their fate, had it not been for the authority and example of *Chrysostom*, whose partiality for that witty buffoon is well known. That all the writings of *Plato*, and many of *Aristotle* should have been preserved, while the lucubrations of the *Porch* and of the later Academics have been suffered to perish, will excite no surprise in those who are versed in ecclesiastical history. The zealous endeavours of the Alexandrian school to engraft Platonism upon Christianity, and subsequently the prevalence of dialectic theology, are sufficient to account for the different fates which have attended the philosophers of antiquity, even independently of their own intrinsic merits.

It is impossible to fix, with any great degree of probability, the precise time, when so many valuable remains of antiquity disappeared; yet there are some data, which may assist us in forming a conjecture. *Procopius* the historian, who lived in the sixth century, quotes from a play of *Æschylus* which is now lost; and *Simplicius*, who wrote about the middle of the same century, quotes largely from the poems of *Empedocles*.\* *Photius*, who was patriarch of Constantinople in the ninth century, gives extracts in his *Myriobiblon*, from many authors who no longer exist, and from others who survive in a mutilated state. It seems to be very doubtful whether he had consulted all, or many of the authorities, to which he refers in his *Lexicon*, which was most probably compiled by him from *Diogenianus*, *Pausanias*, and other more ancient lexicographers. *Michael Psellus* lived in the eleventh century, and is said to have written a commentary upon twenty-four comedies of *Menander*: but the story rests upon no good foundation; although it is quoted, as authentic, by *Harris* in his '*Philological Inquiries*.'

\* A curious circumstance relative to these quotations from *Empedocles* deserves to be mentioned here. They are chiefly contained in his Commentary on *Aristotle de Celo et Mundo*, of which the only edition was that printed by *Aldus* in 1526. In this edition, the fragments of *Empedocles* bore so little resemblance to verse, that *Sturzium*, who collected and published them, was reduced to the necessity of re-making them. Mr. *Buttmann*, not content with Mr. *Sturzium's* attempt, remodelled the *Empedocles*; when to! Professor *Peyron* discovered, in the library at *Turin*, the original Greek of *Simplicius*, with the real verses of *Empedocles*, the printed edition being only a re-translation into Greek of a Latin version of *Simplicius*.

John Tzetzes, in his *Chiliads*, and Isaac Tzetzes in his commentary upon Lycophron, quote many writings which we know only by reputation; but they had probably no knowledge of them, except through the medium of more ancient grammarians, whose labours they appropriated to themselves, and afterwards perhaps destroyed the copies of them, as Photius is said to have done to the authors of whom he has given abridgments; and as Petrus Alcyonius is reported, upon better grounds, to have treated Cicero's treatise on *Glory*. Eustathius, Archbishop of Thessalonica in the twelfth century, had certainly no Greek authors who are not extant at the present day, if we except the grammarians from whom he compiled his *Παραφράσεις*, or *Excerpta*; and the same is true of the Empress Eudocia Macrembolitissa, who composed her *Violet-Bed* towards the end of the eleventh century. We may therefore conclude, with some degree of probability, that those works of antiquity, of which we deplore the loss, had successively disappeared before the tenth century; perhaps before the eighth. We have already touched upon some of the causes of this disappearance; and the following observations will throw additional light upon the question. Petrus Alcyonius, in his treatise '*de Exilio*,' tells us, that the Cardinal John di Medici (afterwards Pope Leo X.) used to say, that the Greek priests had obtained such an ascendancy over the Byzantine emperors, that at their instigation orders were given to burn many of the ancient poets, particularly the lyric and comic writers; '*tum pro his*,' he concludes, '*substituta Nazianzeni nostri poemata, quæ, etsi excitant animos nostrorum hominum ad flagrantiorum religionis cultum, non tamen verborum Atticorum proprietatem et Græcæ linguæ elegantiam edocent. Turpiter quidem sacerdotes isti in veteres Græcos malevoli fuerunt; sed integritatis, probitatis, et religionis maximum dedere testimonium.*'

This remarkable passage was misunderstood by Cardan, and afterwards by Colomies, who impute this atrocious act of arson to Gregory Nazianzen himself; whereas that worthy bishop had no hand in the affair, any further than that he wrote bad verses, which the Byzantine priests preferred to those of Menander and Alcæus. This account, as far as it relates to the influence of the church, is confirmed by a letter of Stephen Gerlachius to Martin Crusius, written from Constantinople, in the year 1574.\* '*Libros philosophicos et poeticos Græci non curant; et quos scribis, plerosque ignorant. Et audio, ante aliquot secula, lectionem eorum, Calogerys (the Caloyers) quâdam superstitione interdicitam fuisse. Ex quo tempore, studia humanitatis, artes et scientiæ, pleraque neglecta videntur: ut doctiores jam solâ fere lectione Patrum contenti sint.*' From some of the classical poets the monks were contented to expunge those passages which grossly offended against

\* M. Crusii Turcogæcia, p. 487.

decency and morality, or to alter them, and transmit them corrected to posterity.

The most audacious innovator in this way was Maximus Planudes, a monk of the fourteenth century, who undertook to purify the Anthology. It was probably the same person who deprived Theognis of the 159 verses, which have been lately detected in one ancient MS. And if he had stopped here, we might not have had much reason of complaint; but in consequence of his injudicious curtailments, great confusion has been introduced into the Anthology at large; and besides this, it appears probable, that the loss of most of the valuable iambic fables of Babrius, is to be attributed to the prevalence of that wretched collection which Planudes made and published.

We must not omit to notice another cause of the mortality amongst ancient writers. Epitomes were made of the most voluminous; and the consequence was, that as these came into fashion, the originals fell into disuse, and so perished. Thus we have lost the first two books of the great work of Athenæus, the original of Stephanus of Byzantium, the valuable Lexicons of Harpocratio and Phrynichus, all of which are known to us only by their Epitomes.

We should be able to determine with greater probability the time, when the last copies of many ancient authors disappeared, if we knew exactly in what year the great library was burned, which consisted of 36,000 volumes, and which was situated in the Basilica of the Emperors at Constantinople. The foundation of it had been laid by Constantius, and Julian the Apostate greatly augmented it. This monarch was smitten with the Bibliomania; the following sentence from one of his Epistles\* will, no doubt, be relished by some of our readers: "Ἄλλοι μὲν ἔπαιον, ἄλλοι δὲ ὀργίζον, ἄλλοι θηρίων ἑρῶσαν· ἐγὼ δὲ βιβλίῳ κτήσιος ἐν πανταίῳ δεῖος ἐπείχετο πόθος. The library in question having been destroyed by fire, it was rebuilt by the Emperor Zeno in the fifth century, and formed part of a college which was inhabited by twelve professors. In the time of Leo the Isaurian, (A. D. 720,) it is said to have contained 36,500 volumes, and the later Byzantine annalists relate, that this emperor, who was a strenuous iconoclast, not being able to gain over the professors to his way of thinking, shut them up in their college, and having surrounded it with combustibles, reduced them and their books to ashes. But M. Basnage, in his Ecclesiastical History, refutes this story; and proves that this library is spoken of as subsisting in the next century. When it really was destroyed, he does not determine; but we think it not unlikely that it might have been *accidentally* burned during the reign of Leo, although the college may have been rebuilt, and the library *partially* re-

\* P. 163, Ed. 1683.

placed. If this supposition be not admitted, it may perhaps be thought to have been destroyed, when Constantinople was pillaged by the Crusaders in the thirteenth century.

But a library of far greater magnitude and importance, the destruction of which has been supposed to go a great way towards accounting for the loss of so many Greek writers, was that of Alexandria. Abulpharagius relates, that when that city was taken by the Caliph Omar, the contents of the library served to heat the numerous baths for six months. But the truth of this story has been often called in question; and Gibbon does not hesitate to treat it as a fiction: 'The tale,' he says, 'has been repeatedly transcribed; and every scholar, with pious indignation, has deplored the irreparable shipwreck of the learning, the arts, and the genius of antiquity. For my own part, I am strongly tempted to deny both the fact and the consequences.' Dr. Drake observes, that 'what tends strongly to prove that the destruction of these volumes by fire did not take place, is the vast treasure of antiquity still remaining with us;' an argument of no force, unless we suppose that of these treasures no copies were extant but those at Alexandria. And indeed one thing must be allowed, that such copies were extremely rare. If we take into account the troubles which desolated Greece and Asia after the death of Alexander, and which were succeeded by the Roman wars, we shall discover many reasons which may lead us to believe, that, before the commencement of the Christian era, manuscript copies of the more ancient Greek authors were principally confined to public libraries, and to the collections of wealthy individuals. That they were *scarce* in the time of Cicero, is proved by several expressions in his Letters to Atticus, who had collected some books during his residence in Greece; but at so high a price, that Cicero, who was then in full practice at the bar, could not afford to purchase them, not having saved a sufficient sum of money. 'Libros tuos conserva; et noli desperare, eos me meos facere posse: quod si assequor, supero Crassum divitiis, atque omnium vicos et prata contemno.'

But with regard to the Alexandrian library, it happens that we have one document, by which we are enabled to ascertain that its magnitude and value at the time of its destruction by the Saracens have been greatly overrated. It seems to have quite escaped the notice of those who have bewailed that catastrophe, that the original Alexandrian collection was pillaged, and dispersed, or destroyed, *by the Christians*, in the year 391, when they demolished the temple of Serapis: 'Unde,' says Orosius, 'hodieque in templis exstant, quæ et nos vidimus, armaria librorum, quibus direptis, exinanita ea a nostris hominibus memorant.'—Oros. VI. 15.

Taking it for granted then, that we have given at least a plausible account of some of the causes which co-operated towards the de-

struction of so many valuable memorials of the classical ages, it still remains to be considered, how it comes to pass, that of the authors, who have survived the general wreck, so few manuscripts are extant of considerable antiquity. With a few exceptions, they are rarely to be found of a date so remote as the ninth century. Besides the circumstances which have been already noticed, another remains to be mentioned, which has perhaps wrought a more extensive destruction than the bigotry of the Byzantine priests, or the hostility of the popes.

The monks in the middle ages were the only transcribers of ancient books. They had plenty of leisure for the employment, and the *Catigraphi*, or those who by practice had acquired a beautiful style of penmanship, were handsomely paid for their labour. When, from the causes above stated, the poets and philosophers of the classical ages fell into disesteem, the manuscript copies of their works which existed in conventual libraries became of little value to their ignorant possessors, who were called upon to transcribe fifty copies of Gregory Nazianzen or of Sedulius, to one of Euripides or Virgil. The natural consequence was, that as parchment was an expensive article, they bethought themselves of turning to some account the manuscripts of ancient authors, which only loaded their shelves, and brought them no profit. Accordingly they devised two methods of obliterating the ancient writing, in order that the parchment might be fitted to receive the works of some writers more in request. They either effaced it by means of some chemical preparation, applied with a sponge; or they erased it with a sharp instrument. This last method could be adopted only when the parchment was of considerable thickness. We may here remark, for the benefit of those of our readers who have never studied palæography, that the ancient MSS. are written on parchment, (*membranacei*), on a soft paper made from silk, (*bombycini*), or on paper made from rags, (*chartacei*.) The parchment MSS. are either purple, or of the natural colour of the material, which is either thick or thin; and they generally are more ancient than the paper copies, of which the *chartacei* are the most recent. Many, indeed most of the old *codices membranacei* which we have seen, are of thick parchment. Yet it appears that in the time of Chrysostom the thinness of the material enhanced the value of the copy; for he talks of the care which was had *περὶ τὴν τῶν ὑμῶν λεπτότητα καὶ τὸ τῶν γραμμάτων*. Of this sort is the Clermont MS. of the New Testament, described by Wetstein (*Prolegom. in N. T.* p. 27.)

Manuscripts, which had been submitted to the operations above mentioned,\* are called *Codices patimpsesti*, or *rescripti*. The Clermont MS. is of this sort, having been originally a copy of the

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\* The practice is as old as the time of Catullus.

works, or of some portion of the works of a Greek tragedian; and some fragments of a chorus and of some iambic verses were traced by Wetstein through the more modern writing. He supposes that Sophocles was the author. We think that some reasons might be stated for assigning it to Euripides. Professor Knittel discovered in the Wolfenbützel Library a palimpsestus of the N. T. in which some of Galen's works had been written, in capital letters; a sure proof of great antiquity. Many other instances are given by Montfaucon in his '*Palæographia*,' and in his '*Diarium Italicum*.'

It is obvious, therefore, that no inconsiderable part of the *hæc*, which has been made in the writings of antiquity, must be attributed to the mercenary ignorance of transcribers. We have now positive proof, that some portion of the Greek drama, many orations of Cicero, and some plays of Plautus, have been thus lost to the world; and we may reasonably conclude, that the mischief done in this way was far more extensive than we have now any means of ascertaining.

We have thought it not unadvisable to prepare the way, by the foregoing observations, for our notice of the interesting discoveries recently made by Mr. Angiolo Mai, Professor of the oriental languages in the Ambrosian Library at Milan; who has detected in that collection several of these re-written manuscripts, from which he has, with considerable difficulty and labour, extracted the fragments, of which the titles stand at the head of this article.

The history of these MSS. is somewhat curious. The following account is extracted from a Dissertation of Mr. Mai. In the year 612, Columbanus founded a convent of Benedictines at Bobbio, anciently Bobium, a town situated amongst the northernmost Apennines. This religious society, as Tiraboschi informs us, was remarkable not only for the sanctity of its manners, but for the cultivation of literature,—of course it possessed a considerable collection of manuscripts; and Muratori has published a catalogue of that collection, written in the tenth century, in which are the names of several grammarians, historians, orators, and poets. The Ambrosian Library, being founded at the beginning of the seventeenth century by the Cardinal Federigo Borromeo, was enriched by him with a great number of manuscripts, collected at a vast expense from various quarters, especially from Thessaly, Chios, Corcyra, and Magna Græcia.\* In addition to these, he gained possession, by means of large presents, of the most valuable books of the Bobian collection, which are still distinguished in the Ambrosian Library by the title of *Codices Bobiani*. It is obvious, that amongst these, all which are mentioned in the catalogue published by Muratori, must be of very considerable antiquity; and those

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\* Montfaucon. *Diarium Ital.*—p. 11.



which are *palimpsesti* must be of great antiquity; because they were obsolete and disused at the time of their being re-written; which must have been before the tenth century. The account which Mr. Mai gives us of his first discovery of a *palimpsestus*, is so truly in the style of a virtuoso, that we must give it in his own words:

‘Amongst the Bobian MSS. I found one, which contains the works of the Christian poet Sedulius; and while I was examining it very closely; “O immortal God.” on a sudden I exclaimed, “what is it that I see? Behold Cicero! behold the light of Roman eloquence buried in unmerited obscurity! I recognise the lost orations of Tully, I perceive his eloquence flowing with godlike force from these fountains, abounding with sonorous words and noble sentiments.” By degrees the titles also of the works disclosed themselves in the margin of the MS. Judge with what rapture I was filled, when I detected large unpublished fragments of three orations of Cicero, to wit, *pro Scauro*, *pro Tullio*, and *pro Flacco*. They are written in large and beautiful characters, each page being divided into three columns. The oration *pro Scauro* is surrounded with elegant *scholia*, of which some are written in very ancient, though minute, capital letters; others in a ruder hand, but still ancient, and, as it appears, from the same author. The writer of these *scholia* I suspect to have been Asconius Pædianus. For the style and complexion, and kind of writing, seem to point him out. The MS. is in octavo, because the monkish transcribers of Sedulius doubled the quarto leaves. The character of the Sedulius is of a very ancient form, but very different from that of the Cicero. It is the opinion of several antiquaries, that the former may be referred to the eighth century of the Christian era, and the latter to the second or third. The four books of Sedulius are mentioned in the ancient catalogue published by Muratori, and this Codex continues them, though in a mutilated state.’

Mr. Mai describes the great labour and difficulty of following the almost evanescent traces of the old writing, and of putting into their proper order the leaves which had been transposed by the copyist. In the editions of the Roman orator we have only a few short fragments of the oration *pro Scauro*. Mr. Mai has extracted a part of the exordium, the division of the subject, and two sections of the speech. These, together with the *scholia*, and the remarks of the editor, fill about seventeen pages. The following passages are very spirited, and are good specimens of that impetuous expression of contempt which Cicero often employed with so striking an effect:

‘Quæ potest eloquentia disputando ignoti hominis impudentiam confutare? Non agam igitur cum ista Sardonum conspiratione, et cum expresso et coacto sollicitatoque perjurio, subtiliter, nec acu quædam enucleata argumenta conquiram; sed contra impetum istum illorum impetu ego nostra concurram atque configam. Non est unus quisque mihi ex illorum acie protrahendus, neque cum singulis decertandum atque pugnandum. Tota est acies illa uno impetu prosternenda.—p. 3.

‘Venio nunc ad testes; in quibus docebo non modo nullam fidem et auctoritatem, sed ne speciem quidem esse aut imaginem testium.—*Etiam fidem primum ipsa tollit consensio, quæ late facta est compromisso Sardorum et conjuratione rogitata.* Deinde illa cupiditas quæ suscepta est spe et promissione præmiorum. Postremo ipsa Natio, *cujus tanta vanitas est, ut libertatem a servitute nulla re alia, nisi mentiendi licentia distinguendam putet.* Neque ego Sardorum querellis moveri nos nunquam oportere aio. Non sum aut tam inhumanus, aut tam alienus a Sardis, præsertim cum frater meus nuper ab his decesserit, cum rei frumentariæ Cn. Pompeii missu præfuisset. Qui et ipse illis pro sua fide et humanitate consuluit, et eis vicissim percarus et jucundus fuit. Pateat vero hoc perfugium dolori, pateat justis querellis: conjuratio vi intercludatur, obsidiatur insidiis. Neque hoc in Sardis magis quam in Gallis, in Afiris, in Hispanis. Damnatu est L. Albucius, et C. Megaboccus ex Sardinia, nonnullis etiam laudantibus Sardis. Ita fidem majorem varietas ipsa faciebat. Testibus enim æquis, tabulis incorruptis tenebantur. Nunc est una vox, una mens non expressa dolore sed simulata, neque hujus injuriis, sed promissis aliorum et premiis excitata. At creditum est aliquando Sardis; et fortasse credetur aliquando; si integri venerint, si incorrupti, si sua sponte, si non aliquis impulsu, si soluti, si liberi. *Quæ si erunt, tamen sibi credi gaudeant et mirentur.* Cum vero omnia absint, tamen se non respicient, non gentis suæ famam perborrescent?’—p. 11.

Mr. Mai detected also, in another of the Bobian MSS. which contained the acts of the council of Chalcedon in Latin, some short unpublished fragments of three other orations of Cicero, viz. in *P. Clodium et Curionem, de ære alieno Milonis, et de rege Alexandrino*, with ancient commentaries upon them, and upon the orations *pro Archia, pro Sylla, pro Planco, in Vatinius*. It not having been known before, that Cicero had ever composed an oration *de ære alieno Milonis*, the learned editor exclaims with pardonable, but perhaps ludicrous enthusiasm, ‘that this one discovery affords a sufficient ground for extolling the singular felicity of our age.’ The author of the commentary he supposes to be Asconius Pædianus. But there are some expressions scattered here and there, which seem to bespeak the Latinity of an age more recent than that of Asconius.

From the same palimpsestus are published parts of eight speeches of Q. Aurelius Symmachus, a Roman orator very celebrated in his day, but hitherto known to the moderns only by his Epistles. He is said by Macrobius to have been ‘nullo veterum minor,’ and is highly extolled for his eloquence by St. Ambrose, and by the Christian poet Prudentius. These fragments of his panegyric orations, which seems to have been the only style of speaking much practised in the latter ages of the Roman empire, are considerable, and certainly curious. They manifest a luxuriant imagination and great command of words; but these are accompanied with the defects incidental to the state of literature and

liberty in which he lived, viz. a redundance of puerile conceits, and a tone of base and abject adulation. We think that it is easy to perceive in the orations of Symmachus the rudiments of the artificial and exaggerated eloquence of modern Italy.

Next in the list stand the works of M. Cornelius Fronto, tutor to the emperors M. Aurelius and L. Verus, extracted from the same copy of the acts of the council of Chalcedon. Of Fronto, who was a very celebrated author in his day, we had scarcely any thing before this discovery, which has brought to light ninety-six Latin Epistles to and from Fronto, two books 'de Orationibus,' fragments of some orations of his treatise 'ad M. Antonium de Bello Parthico,' of his 'Principia Historiæ,' of his 'Laudes Fumi et Pulveris,' and 'Laudes Negligentiæ,' and lastly, seven Epistles written in Greek. To these the editor has subjoined a collection of those Fragments of Fronto which are extant in more recent writers. Amongst the epistles are several from the Emperors Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and Lucius Verus, which will be read with great interest, and which are highly honourable both to Fronto and to his royal pupils. Several fragments of ancient Latin poets, now lost, are interspersed.

At the end of the second volume, the editor has added the *Exempla Elocutionum*, which have been hitherto usually attributed to Arusianus Messus; but which, in a MS. of the Ambrosian Library, are ascribed to Cornelius Fronto. The MS. however, is very modern, and not one of the Codices Bobiani. Our opinion is, that it is not the work of Fronto. It is scarcely credible that a philosopher in the time of Antoninus Pius should have employed himself in noting down the common idioms of his native tongue, e. g. '*Plenus hac re.* Virg. Georg. ii. 4. *tuis hic omnia plena muneribus.*' '*Post. interposita fit casus alterius.* Id. vi. 409. *Longo post tempore venit.*'

We come next to some fragments of Plautus, and some commentaries on Terence. The former are taken from a palimpsestus which Mr. Mai considers to be as ancient as the time of the Antonines. It contains all the published comedies of Plautus, except the *Amphitryo*, *Asinaria*, *Aulularia*, and *Curculio*, but in a mutilated state; and, besides these, some fragments of the *Vidularia*, one of those plays which Varro considered to be the undoubted work of Plautus. The MS. from which the scholia on Terence and some pictorial illustrations are taken, is of the ninth century.

In the same volume, we have the *complete* oration of Isæus, *de hæreditate Cleonymi*, of which before we possessed about one-third. This, however, is not taken from a palimpsestus, but from a MS. of the fourteenth century. And here we cannot refrain from expostulating with Mr. Mai, for indulging in that

prolixity of disquisition upon trite and obvious points, for which the Italian prose-writers are generally remarkable. We have in these volumes long dissertations upon the merits of Cicero, Plautus, Terence, and Isæus, which we conceive to have been pretty well elucidated some hundred years ago. This savours a little of book-making. After Isæus, follow an oration of Themistius, prefaced of course with a *Themistii Commendatio*.

The last publication of Mr. Mai is an Epitome of part of the *Antiquitates Romanae* of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, extending from the year of the city 315 to the year 685, which is valuable, inasmuch as this portion of the original work is not known to exist. The MS. from which this Epitome is published is very recent; and the editor has omitted so much of it as relates to the eleven first books of the history, in doing which he has, in our opinion, acted injudiciously. He supposes that this Epitome is the same as that which is said by Photius to have been made by Dionysius himself; but it seems pretty clear that this is not the work to which Photius and Stephanus Byzantinus allude; for, as an Italian scholar, Professor Ciampi, has judiciously observed, it is not, properly speaking, an Epitome, but should rather be entitled *Excerpta*. It is obviously made upon the same plan with the *Excerpta Legationum*, &c. which were first published by Fulvius Ursinus. These fragments are given to the world in a most unscholar-like manner, in capital letters, without any accents or spirits, which are frequently of the greatest consequence in determining the true reading, and for omitting which there was no reason, as the MS. is not old enough to be without them. We are presented, as a matter of course, with a long discussion of the merits of Dionysius, which the learned editor, with an excusable partiality, estimates more highly than perhaps they deserve. After describing him as endowed with every imaginable requisite for a good historian, he concludes, 'Atque ut rem uno verbo expediam, historiam nusquam absolutiorem reperies, quàm a Dionysio discesseris.' And again, 'Ecce tibi flumen orationis aureum fundit Dionysius, magnificoque verborum apparatu, alta sensuum ubertate, exquisita disserendi elegantia, plurimis artis lenociniis adhibitis miram propinat lectoribus voluptatem.' To these animated eulogies of the Italian scholar, we will oppose the judgment of a more sagacious, though less humane critic, from the colder temperature of Germany. 'Dionysius historiam scribit, non ut homo civilis, non ut auctor pragmaticus, sed plane ut professor, h. e. ludimagister. Grammaticum dissimulare non novit. Sophistarum ad modum sæpe locorum declamat. De rebus, e. c. de causis legum, interdum perquam inepte disputat atque pueriliter. Nimis perspicue Romanis palpatur.—Præterea dictione utitur ita prorsus peregrina et abnormi, ut cum Xenophontes aut Thucydidea

comparata, eodem sit loco habenda, quem Apuleiana latinitas ad Livianam tenet.'

On the whole, although the discoveries which Mr. Mai has made in the Ambrosian library, are curious and interesting to the classical antiquary, they are not of that importance which the learned editor himself attaches to them; nor do they satisfy the expectations which the first intelligence of them had excited in our minds. We fear that no further hope is to be entertained, of recovering any material part of those treasures of antiquity, which have now for so many ages been lost. Even the rolls of papyrus from Herculaneum, as far as they have hitherto been deciphered, have proved to be of little value or importance. Some interesting discoveries have been made by Mr. Schneider amongst the MSS. of a dissolved monastery at Breslau, but no addition to the stock of authors. We are anxious that some able scholar should search the Laurentian library, at Florence, of which even the printed catalogue, so ably compiled by Bandini, proves that it contains much deserving of investigation: but in addition to the MSS. specified, we are informed that a great number have, within a few years, been added to the library from suppressed convents, of which there is no catalogue. There is one circumstance which might lead us to expect something from the libraries of the lower part of Italy, (especially those of Naples, which have not been carefully examined,) and that is the late prevalence of the Greek language in those countries which were anciently called Magna Græcia.

Galateus, who lived about the year 1500, assures us that when he was a boy, they spoke Greek in Callipolis, (Gallipoli,) a town on the east coast of the Bay of Taranto. And Barrius, who lived about fifty years later, says in his 'Antiquitates, Calabriae,' that the Archiepiscopal church of Rossano, in upper Calabria, retained the Greek tongue and liturgy till his time: and this was the case in many churches of Calabria till the middle of the fifteenth century. It appears that Barlaam, a Calabrian monk, who instructed Petrarcha in Greek, spoke it as his native tongue, and knew but little of Latin.

Before our readers take leave of Mr. Mai, it may be as well to inform them, that he is preparing for publication a fac-simile of a very ancient MS. containing about 800 lines of the Iliad, with paintings illustrative of the descriptions of the poem. The character of this MS. which is of parchment, is very remarkable. On one side of the leaf are the paintings, on the reverse the poetry; but this reverse had been covered with silk paper, on which are written some scholia, and the arguments of some books of the Iliad. Mr. Mai separated the paper from the parchment, which last he thinks was written on at least 1400 years ago. The Aris-

tarebean edition of Homer appears to have furnished the text of this MS. From another of the Ambrosian manuscripts, M. Andrea Mystoxides, a Greek of Corcyra, has published the oration of Isocrates *περί ἀρετῆς*, with an addition of about eighty pages; but he has not fulfilled his task in a very critical or workmanlike manner.

ART. III. *Narrative of a Residence in Ireland during the Summer of 1814, and that of 1815.* By Anne Plumptre, Author of *Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in France, &c.* illustrated with numerous Engravings of Remarkable Scenery. London. 4to. pp. 398.

WE were about to begin by exclaiming 'Sir John Carr in petticoats!' but our respect for Sir John induced us to desist from a comparison which he does not deserve. Sir John was, it must be confessed, trivial and superficial, but he was not, like Miss Plumptre, pedantic and dull; his taste was not very good, nor his pleasantry always select, but he was not, like Miss Plumptre, gross and vulgar: he had a sufficient share of personal vanity, but he had not all the conceit of Miss Plumptre; and accordingly we find that his works, laughed out of literary life as they have deservedly been, are in most respects less ridiculous, and in every point of view, less revolting, than the trash which Miss Plumptre has, with an unlucky industry, gleaned after him.

A combination of circumstances rendered Miss Plumptre desirous of seeing Dublin and the North of Ireland, and she gladly accepted a proposal made by her friends, Mr. and Mrs. C——. (We really pity the persons who have visited Ireland in the last two or three years, and whose names begin with this unfortunate letter.) Liverpool was the place fixed for embarkation; but a friend of Mr. C——'s convinced him that it would be cheaper and better to go to Bristol and there take the accommodation of a trading vessel to Dublin; but alas! on their arrival at Bristol, this economical scheme was overthrown—their friend, it seems 'proved false, and very, very false,' for there was no trader sailing for Dublin, and they had now only the alternative of going in the packet to Waterford, which would have cost three guineas! and left them still sixty miles from Dublin; or of crossing the country to Liverpool, whence they could reach Dublin in the regular packets for 1*l.* 1*s.* This last consideration determined the tourists, and by the help of all the cross stage-coaches in the North-west of England, they

arrived safely and cheaply at Liverpool.—One singular advantage which this plan had, and for which Miss Plumptre ingenuously applauds it, was, that instead of obliging her to travel sixty additional miles in Ireland, the country which she was professedly going to visit and write about, it led her through the counties of Gloster, Shropshire, and Chester.

At Liverpool, however, they embarked, and while all the other passengers contented themselves with laying in provisions for the body, Miss Plumptre—*'she must take the whole credit to herself'*—had the providence to lay in 'food for the mind,' and she accordingly put up with her sea-stores, what?—*'Lady Morgan's excellent novel of O'Donnell'*—'food for the mind' with a vengeance! for it seems it was to serve her as a chart at sea, a road-book ashore, and an introduction into society—

*'As I was going to visit a part of Ireland admirably described in this work, the county of Antrim, and had besides a letter of introduction to the amiable authoress at Dublin, it received great additional interest from being read as I was crossing the Irish Channel.'*—pp. 8. 9.

Our readers will easily judge of a tour made under such auspices. But this work was not Miss Plumptre's only guide: before she left London, she had the good fortune to meet, and the good sense to engage, a very singular sort of companion,

*'A servant hired for the excursion—who having, like myself, acquired a smattering of mineralogical knowledge, was not less eager in the pursuit of alimēt to increase and nourish it.'*—p. 3.

The happy promise which these preparations give, our readers will find that the work amply fulfils. The historical and geographical parts are fully equal to Lady Morgan's romance, and the scientific parts do great honour to the mineralogical footman.

Miss Plumptre hastens to show the whole extent of her skill, and to astound us in an early stage of our acquaintance, with the variety and accuracy of her information, by acquainting us, on the subject of the Lighthouse of hewn stone which is built nearly in the middle of the bay of Dublin, that

*'In order to obviate the objection to the sandy foundation on which this structure was of necessity to be raised, it is built on empty woolpacks; an idea for which the engineer was indebted to the ingenuity of his wife.'*—p. 10.

We could have wished that the philosophical footman had explained in a note on this passage what his mistress meant by an empty woolpack, and in what way woolpacks, full or empty, could have occurred to the mind of the engineer's wife as a fit foundation for a lighthouse.

Her taste in landscape and the fine arts is equally exquisite—she

finds the bay of Dublin very beautiful, but not so much so as the bay of Toulon and Belfast Lough; and she gives a view of it which certainly would justify her preferring Sheerness harbour or one of the Lincolnshire washes to this celebrated scene. It was 'drawn by her good friend Mr. C—, who, living in one of the houses' of an unfinished street in the outskirts of Dublin 'was struck with the view and sketched it.' 'It presents,' Miss Plumptre adds with great naïveté, 'a different view of the bay from any hitherto given to the public.' It certainly does—it excludes three-fourths of the extent, and all the beauty of the scene—it exhibits neither the bay, nor the villas, nor the mountains; nor the river, nor the city which adorns its banks; but there happens to be in one corner of the bay a muddy shoal, the land bordering upon which is a fetid morass, with a salt-work and a few wretched cottages, in which the lowest class of labourers reside,—and *this* is just the view of the bay of Dublin which her friend Mr. C— selected to sketch, and which Miss Plumptre chooses to present to us: if our ideas of the local be correct, there was no other spot on the shores of the bay from which the whole of its beauties could have been excluded. No wonder that it presents a view hitherto unknown to the public!

Miss Plumptre has the good fortune to find in Dublin all the advantages which the age of chivalry could have afforded to a wandering damsel and her squire—she is attended by two knights, at whose potent command the recesses of the most secret and mysterious curiosities are thrown open to her.

Sir Arthur Clarke, who is, it seems, a respectable apothecary, procured her, 'through his obliging attentions, and his connexion with the proprietors,' not merely an admission into the Bank of Ireland—but, (such was his potency,) into *places of the building not commonly shown*. Whatever those places may have been, Miss Plumptre has behaved with a discretion which justifies Sir Arthur's confidence, for she certainly does not mention any thing which may not be found drawn or described in every work which affects to treat of this edifice.

While Sir Arthur Clarke opened to Miss Plumptre the Bank, and the Custom House and Surgeons' Hall, and certain nameless plates within these buildings which are not commonly shown, Sir William Betham, another Knight, (by profession a herald at arms,) 'by his *politeness and patronage*,' procured her the advantage of seeing that most recondite and mysterious *adytum*, the Castle Chapel—'a beautiful specimen (she says) of *modern taste* and industry; the ornaments being chiefly copied from York Cathedral, (p. 30.) We shrewdly suspect that Miss Plumptre never saw York Cathedral, and we confess that we never saw the Castle Chapel: but we are



inclined, with all due respect to Miss Plumptre, to believe that the said Chapel may resemble York Minster, as the Golden Cross Inn, at Charing Cross, does King Henry the Seventh's Chapel. If we are in an error we beg her and Sir William Betham's pardon.

Miss Plumptre is so fond of Knights, that she takes the liberty of conferring that dignity herself—thus we have twice or thrice over that eminent friend to his country, Mr. Foster, (well known to every body but Miss Plumptre, for his long public services, and for the most active and generous patronage of the arts and manufactures of Ireland,) travestied into Sir John Foster.—This trivial mistake proves Miss Plumptre's general state of ignorance, with regard to Ireland, to a greater extent than at first appears: for it is impossible to have given any attention to the history of Irish politics, finances, arts, manufactures, or agriculture for the last fifty years, without being acquainted with the name of Mr. Foster.

We really have some compunction in mentioning the names of persons, whom the unlucky friendship of Miss Plumptre exposes to ridicule in her book—they may, for aught we know, be as ridiculous as her portraits represent them, but as we do not know that they are so, we shall spare them the disgrace of being quoted *by name* as accomplices in Miss Plumptre's vulgar absurdity; but we cannot refrain from giving the conclusion of her eulogy on a literary gentleman and his wife, whose name we shall, however, suppress,—the whole passage is too long to be extracted, but the last two paragraphs will show the taste in which Miss Plumptre writes, and the happy consistency of her ideas.

‘Mr. —’s ardour in pursuing the objects by which he is thus deeply interested, has a very able and admirable support, in one of the happiest and most extensive of memories: the minute details which are stored in his mind, and which he puts forth in conversation in the most instructive manner, are really astonishing. Besides his rich collections relative to Irish antiquities, he has a number of scarce and valuable books in a great variety of languages both ancient and modern, with books of prints, &c. &c. in short, his library is an inexhaustible source of instruction and entertainment. I saw it in a state of great disorder, as he was but just removed into a new house in Harcourt-street, and half the books were lying scattered about the floor. Mrs. M——, a most lovely and amiable woman, alike in person and disposition, has a few very fine specimens of old china.’—pp. 35, 36.

Another of her female acquaintance, whose name we also suppress, she praises, not for old china, but for a quality which quite startles us, when attributed to a lady, nay, to a titled lady. ‘She is very musical,’ says her admirer, ‘and possesses a singular talent

approaching to *ventriloquism*,' (p. 46.) This is an addition to a lady's musical accomplishments of which we never heard before.

We must not, however, push our discretion to the extent of concealing from our readers, the names of 'two poets of the country,' (p. 88) whom Miss Plumptre met at a certain 'hospitable mansion,' namely, Mr. Weld Hartstonge and Mr. Henry Monk Mason; and we mention these names the rather, because their fame has hitherto not reached this country. Mr. Weld, it seems, has written 'a poem, called Marion of Drymnagh, a tale of Erin, in the style and manner of Walter Scott.' To this poem, Miss Plumptre informs us, there is a note appended relative 'to the derivation of the name Plantagenet,

'which from its excessive whimsicalness, and to show how some persons will run all lengths after a derivation, deserves notice. It is this: The first Earl of Anjou, who bore the name, having been stung with remorse for some wicked action which he had committed, in atonement of his offence undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Here, as a part of his penance, he caused himself to be plentifully scourged with twigs of the broom-plant (*genista*), and thence he afterwards assumed the name of Plantagenet (*broom-plant*), which was ever after borne by his royal successors.'—p. 88.

Miss Plumptre's amazement at this derivation, of which she first hears in the notes to Marion of Drymnagh, evinces her profound knowledge of English history and antiquities.

Of the other poet, she says, that his poem refers to St. Kevin, whose name is connected with the seven churches at Glendaloch. 'Of these Mr. Mason has treated somewhat at large, in the *notes* to his poem.' (p. 89) We know not whether these brother poets will consider it as a compliment, that the *notes* seem to have made more impression on the fair writer than the poems themselves.

Miss Plumptre now quits the living poets for the dead.

'At the theatre in Warburgh-street were presented (she says) two plays by *natives of Ireland*, the *Royal Master*, acted in 1638, the author of which was Mr. Shirley; and *Landgartha*, written by H. Burnell. Neither possessed sufficient merit to be handed down to posterity. I believe the names alone are all that remain of them extant.'

It is to be regretted that Miss Plumptre ventured to speak on this subject, before she had consulted the associate of her literary labours, the mineralogical footman. He would have informed her, (for there cannot be another instance of such deplorable ignorance,) that *Langartha* is still extant; that Shirley, so far from being a *native of Ireland*, was born and educated in England, where he past the whole of his long life, with the exception of two or three summers, spent at Dublin; that the '*Royal Master*,'

which she presumes had not sufficient merit to reach posterity, passed through several editions; and, finally, that the author of this single play, whose name she believes her liberal researches have rescued from oblivion, wrote nearly forty dramas, besides other works in prose and verse, and was, in fact, one of the most prolific as well as popular writers of the age.

And now it is that we have the satisfaction to state to our readers, that though Miss Plumptre quotes, emulates, and admires Sir John Carr—she blames that ingenious knight for indicting the printer of a certain work, called my ‘Pocket Book,’ in which his style (and Miss Plumptre’s by anticipation) is held up to derision—she even thinks this little work did good, because

‘No tourist could now venture to write down a memorandum in the presence of company: I carefully avoided it, and reserved till evening, when I had retired to my own apartment, the task of taking down my notes and observations upon what I had heard or seen in the day. If any one should choose to make a sketch of me, either with pen or pencil, at this my nocturnal occupation, I resign myself to them freely—they may rest assured that they will not be prosecuted.’—p. 90.

With this generous assurance from the benevolence and benignity of Miss Anne Plumptre, we shall pursue our observations upon her with renewed alacrity and confidence.

When Miss Plumptre ascends a mountain called Knock-Laid, the summit of which is, as she tells us, 1500 feet above the level of the sea; she adds:

‘The head of this mountain is very much rounded, so that it was only by taking a mathematical measurement that the highest point could be determined.’—p. 117.

We suppose from this statement, that this scientific lady herself measured the mountain; we wish she had given us a hint or two, as to the process she employed; her description of the mode of measurement, as it at present stands, being involved in no small obscurity.

With that nice accuracy which belongs to her, Miss Plumptre informs us that the ‘Catholics’ in Ireland ‘are *universally* called Romans;’ and on this datum she builds the following pleasant story:

‘*The Romans* is so much the appellation by which the Catholics are called in Ireland, that some people seem scarcely to have an idea but that it is exclusively theirs. Once in a large dinner company, when subjects of cookery, as happens not unfrequently, occupied a considerable share in the conversation, one of the company observed, that *the Romans* seemed to have made the science of cookery their study very much, that they appeared to have been very great eaters. “Well;”

said a lady in company very eagerly, "so my husband says. He dined among a whole heap of 'em the other day, and he says you may talk of their fasting as much as you please, but he never saw people eat such dinners in his life."—pp. 211, 212.

Now, unfortunately for Miss Plumptre's veracity as well as her pleasantry, we believe we may venture to assert that the Catholics of Ireland never were, never are, and never will be called *Romans*. One wonders how the poor woman could have fallen into so gross a blunder; but we suspect that some person had acquainted her that the *Roman Catholics* were in Ireland universally called *Catholics* only, (such is the fact,) and that out of this information, ill remembered, she contrived to make the blunder, and out of the blunder, the facetious story.

But Miss Plumptre, unfortunate in all things, is most unfortunate in her attempts at pleasantry—she misquotes a famous distich—

'He who saw these new roads before they were made,  
Will lift up their hands and bless General Wade.'

and then says, that she had noted it down as an *Irish* blunder, from an *Irish* finger-post; but was much disappointed to find, from Miss Edgeworth's Essay, that she ascribes it to *England*. See how ingenious ignorance is in betraying itself! We thought that every school-boy and school-girl knew that, after the Scottish rebellion, Marshal Wade was employed in making roads through the Highlands; and it is in reference to these roads that the two lines above mentioned are quoted, we believe, by Grose.

But Miss Plumptre is not more happy in her personal experience, than in her recollections. The following story, of which she assures us that she was an eye and ear-witness, we are constrained to say we do not believe.

'Once in the pit of Drury-lane theatre, when Mr. Kean was performing his favourite character of Richard the Third, I observed a sailor not far from me uncommonly attentive; every look, every word, was eagerly devoured by him, till at last he could contain himself no longer, and exclaimed aloud, "*God bless the man, I declare he deserves a whole pint of grog.*" A higher compliment I believe the son of Neptune did not think could be paid, and I never witnessed one that seemed to come more truly from the heart.—p. 237.

A sailor was no more likely to decree, as an extraordinary reward, a thing so common and familiar with him as a pint of grog, than Miss Plumptre would have been to exclaim, in like circumstances, 'Bless the man, I declare he deserves a whole dish of tea.'

This leads us to observe, that the most wonderful wonder which Miss Plumptre encountered in all her travels was Mr. Kean. She has the good fortune to meet him every where, and every where with

increased admiration, and a new volubility of gossiping applause. She does not tell us by what mathematic process she measured the height of mountains, whose heads are very much rounded, but Mr. Kean is the barometer by which she seems to measure the abilities of all other men and women; and she rates mankind exactly in proportion to the admiration they may feel towards this god of her idolatry, whom she distinguishes from all other actors by the figurative cognomen of '*Nature Restored*.'—p. 237.

As Miss Plumptre is a scientific lady, and as her book is a grave-looking quarto of 400 pages, she of course thought it worthy of a copious index to guide her readers to the various valuable matters and learned observations which it contains. A reference to it will show the share which Mr. Kean has in the work, and the paramount importance which she gives to all that concerns this great man.

The number of references in this index to the city of Dublin, with all its objects of art, science, or polity, is 17—to the Giant's Causeway 12—to the cities of Cork and Kilkenny 12—to those of Belfast and Limerick 8 and 5—while Mr. Kean has 17 distinct references appended to his name, which is more than any other topic in the work has obtained, except the Lake of Killarney, which has 19, one of which, however, is about Mr. Kean. Nay, Miss Plumptre so far forgets her love of mineralogy, that she does not think a gentleman sufficiently distinguished by being 'a great mineralogist,' unless she can connect him in some way with Mr. Kean. Thus we have:

'MAC DONNELL, Dr. of Belfast, a great mineralogist, 97—his different collections, 98—his inquiries concerning Mr. Kean, ib.'!

We must now take leave of Miss Plumptre and (which is nearly the same thing) of Mr. Kean: with all due respect for this gentleman's talents, we do not think they ought to '*faire tous les frais*' of Miss Plumptre's journey; and we assure our readers that this subject, as it is the most frequent, seems to be one of the most useful, important, and satisfactory which is to be found in the whole work.

ART. IV. *Travels in Brazil.* By Henry Koster. 4to. pp. 501. London. 1816.

**T**HERE is, perhaps, no part of the Christian world with which the English public are so little acquainted as Brazil, both as to its history and its present state. Mr. Lindley, the master of a trading vessel, who was arrested when carrying on a contraband trade there

in 1802, published an account of the treatment which he experienced, with such observations as he had an opportunity of making. The narrative was not uninteresting, and would have deserved praise had not the author committed the unpardonable fault, or rather crime, (for it deserves no gentler qualification,) of exposing individuals to the displeasure of the government, and the Inquisition,—in return for the confidence which they had reposed in him, and the kindness which he had received at their hands! Porto Seguro and Bahia were the only places which he saw, and these under very unfavourable circumstances. Mr. Mawe's work is better known, as it ought to be: no foreigner had seen so much of the country before, or been allowed to enter the prohibited mining district. Mr. Koster's travels have been in a different direction; he had the advantage of being naturalized in the country, not indeed in the legal sense of the term, but by several years residence, and a perfect knowledge of the language which he had acquired in childhood at Lisbon, as his nurse's tongue.

Mr. Koster sailed for Pernambuco in the winter of 1809. It is remarkable that the five principal ports of Brazil should each have exchanged in common use their original and proper names for those of the captaincy to which they belong—St. Sebastian's, St. Salvador's, Recife, St. Luiz, and Belem being now so generally called the Rio, Bahia, Pernambuco, Maranhão, and Pará, that they would scarcely be recognized by their former appellations. The original seat of the Pernambucan government was at Olinda, a town finely situated upon high ground a league to the northward of the port. This, which is one of the oldest settlements in Brazil, suffered greatly during the Dutch war, and as, under the occupation of the invaders, the port became a place of great strength as well as importance, the governor fixed his residence there after the recovery of the province. The name Recife signifies a reef; a natural opening in the reef which runs along the coast having formed there a harbour. The situation of this remarkable place is much more clearly shown by a plan in the present work, than by that of Barlæus or of Nieuhoff. To the Dutch, Recife must have had a peculiar charm, for, like one of their own cities, it has the appearance of being built in the water. It was greatly enlarged, strengthened, and beautified by Prince Maurice of Nassau, a man of enlarged and liberal mind, worthy to have founded an empire in the New World. The princely gardens, into which with characteristic grandeur he had transplanted full grown trees, have disappeared, but others of his works remain, and among them the two bridges which connect the different quarters of the city, and were the first erected in Brazil. The population is estimated at 25,000; and it is increasing so rapidly, that new houses are building wherever space can be found.

The greatest disadvantage to which Recife is subject is the want of fresh water, which is brought by canoes either from Olinda or from the Capibaribe : as no people delight more in good water than the Portuguese, it may be supposed that one of their first public works will be an aqueduct. The place much resembles one of the provincial cities of Portugal,—unglazed windows, balconies, and lattices,—shops without windows, the houses lofty, and the ground floors occupied as warehouses, or stables, &c. Squares, churches, and convents in abundance. Olinda stands upon much ground, but contains only about 4000 inhabitants : it has never recovered the injury which it sustained during the war. The bishop resides here, and here also is the Seminary or College. The view from hence is magnificent ; and justifies the exclamation of the first settlers, from which the city is said to have taken its name, *O que linda situaçam para se fundar huma villa!* Oh, how beautiful a situation for a town!

Increased wealth and an intercourse with strangers are producing a rapid change of manners. Articles of European manufacture, which were only obtainable at an enormous price, have, since the Emigration, been poured in upon them in such abundance, that English goods have often been sold at less than their prime cost ; and the people have readily acquired new wants which are operating beneficially. There was neither inn nor lodging-house when Mr. Koster arrived at Recife ; both are now to be found there. Tea, which in 1808 was only sold as a drug at the apothecary's, is now in great and increasing use ;—coffee and tobacco found their way more quickly over the civilized and semi-civilized world ; but tea is now becoming more extensively used than either, and where it once prevails it is not likely to be superseded. Certain refinements are wanting, which will soon be introduced : two or three knives serve for a large dinner party, the guest cutting the meat upon his plate into small pieces and passing the knife round ; it is a compliment to transfer meat from your own plate to that of your friend : and the presence of ladies at a convivial meeting does not prevent the guests from becoming riotous in their mirth, and breaking bottles and glasses. Here, as in Lisbon, the card-tables are occupied in the morning, and scarcely deserted during the day, except at the dinner hour. The state of religion is curious : the friars, by their profligate conduct, have brought themselves so completely into disrepute, that the mendicant orders, at least, seem in a fair way to be extinguished. None of the convents are full, some of them are nearly without inhabitants. Formerly at least one member of every family was a friar, but now, says Mr. Koster, children are brought up to trade,—to the army,—to any thing rather than to a monastic life. There is little hope that the Romish church will

give up the three great points which render it most injurious to society,—its Infallibility (from which intolerance follows as a necessary consequence)—its Auricular Confession—and the Celibacy of its Clergy. It may, however, easily rid itself of many minor evils and gross abuses; and of these the mendicant orders are not the least—they are the *morbis pediculosus* of the Catholic church. But it must not be inferred that there is any abatement of superstition in the Brazilian people, because the cord and the scapulary are out of fashion. Mr. Koster describes the service of Good Friday, which was any thing rather than spiritual.

‘The church,’ he says, ‘was much crowded, and the difficulty of getting in was considerable. An enormous curtain hung from the ceiling, excluding from the sight the whole of the principal chapel. An Italian Missionary Friar of the Penha convent, with a long beard, and dressed in a thick dark brown cloth habit, was in the pulpit, and about to commence an extempore sermon. After an exordium of some length, adapted to the day, he cried out “Behold him!” the curtain immediately dropped; and discovered an enormous Cross, with a full-sized wooden image of our Saviour, exceedingly well carved and painted, and around it a number of angels represented by several young persons, all finely decked out, and each bearing a large pair of out-stretched wings, made of gauze; a man, dressed in a bob wig, and a pea green robe, as St. John, and a female kneeling at the foot of the Cross, as the Magdalen; whose character, as I was informed, seemingly that nothing might be wanting, was not the most pure. The friar continued, with much vehemence, and much action, his narrative of the crucifixion, and after some minutes, again cried out “Behold, they take him down!”—when four men, habited in imitation of Roman soldiers, stepped forwards. The countenances of these persons were in part concealed by black crape. Two of them ascended ladders placed on each side against the Cross, and one took down the board, bearing the letters I. N. R. I. Then was removed the crown of thorns, and a white cloth was put over, and pressed down upon the head; which was soon taken off, and shown to the people, stained with the circular mark of the crown in blood; this done, the nails which transfix the hands were by degrees knocked out, and this produced a violent beating of breasts among the female part of the congregation. A long white linen bandage was next passed under each arm-pit of the image; the nail which secured the feet was removed; the figure was let down very gently, and was carefully wrapped up in a white sheet. All this was done by word of command from the preacher. The sermon was then quickly brought to a conclusion, and we left the church.’—pp. 18, 19.

The traveller also attended the festival of ‘St. Amaro, the healer of wounds,’ at whose chapel are sold bits of ribbon which many of the lower order tie round their naked ancles or their wrists, and wear until they drop off. This personage is the St. Maurus, who was the friend and disciple of Benedict, and who is in great odour



in Portugal, where he enjoys considerable reputation as a mender of broken bones. He has a chapel at Belem, in itself a picturesque building, and finely situated above the river; it is well represented in one of Colmenar's prints: here his annual festival is celebrated as in Brazil, and ribbons with his name in silver letters sold to the credulous crowd. Follies of this kind are not promoted by the Secular clergy, a body, says Mr. Koster, as distinct from the Regulars, in their knowledge, manners and utility, as in their way of life. There are no nunneries in the province, but there are *Recolhimentos* or retreats, in which elderly women, who are bound by no vows, educate girls, and receive such persons of their own sex as are sent to them by their relatives, to amend their morals;—such institutions are probably useful, but liable to obvious abuse. There is a Foundling Hospital at Recife: the infirmaries are in a wretched state; they may be expected to improve, for the Portuguese government is munificent in works of charity, and the science of medicine is cultivated with great ardour in Portugal.

The provincial form of government in Brazil is well contrived if the laws were duly exercised; but as the sovereigns made themselves despotic, and delegated to their governors a like despotic authority, the laws lost all their efficacy, and justice became only a name. Mr. Koster speaks in the highest terms of the present governor of Pernambuco, Caetano Pinto de Miranda Montenegro, who, to the great advantage of the captaincy, has held his office ten years, three being the regular term. Civil and military officers are multiplied without end and without use; the collective expense falls heavy upon the revenue, and yet every office is so wretchedly underpaid, that necessity becomes a ready self justification for peculation and corruption. These crimes are regarded as things of course, and pass unpunished and even unnoticed. There are men, however, of high integrity, and the governor of Pernambuco is one. Education is not neglected as far as the means of knowledge go.—The Seminary, though chiefly intended for divinity students, is not confined to them; the education here is gratuitous; and there are free schools in most of the small towns. There is no press in Pernambuco,—there was none in Brazil till the Court took shelter there, and sent for one from England! There is no bookseller in Pernambuco.—Such a state of things is more disgraceful to the government than to the people, but it may become us to remember the state of our own islands; ten years ago the only bookseller in Barbadoes was an apothecary, who sold—ruled account books! We may well be proud of our Indian empire,—the only dominion under which those nations have ever enjoyed justice and security; and we may well boast of the stores of oriental literature which our civilians, soldiers and missionaries seem to vie with

each other in increasing ; but if we look to the west, it must be with very different feelings. Little as the Brazilians have added to literature, they have done ten times more than the English creoles.

Almanacks, lives of the saints, and books of devotion, (among which it must be remembered the Bible and Testament are not to be found,) are sold at the Benedictine Convent, having been brought from Lisbon. There is a theatre wretchedly conducted, and little amendment can be expected till the Portuguese have something like a drama of their own. The post-office is in the rudest state,—it merely receives the bags which are brought by trading vessels, and sends others by the same accidental opportunities ; no delivery is made of the letters in Recife, nor are there any means established for conveying them into the country. Some improvement in this most important branch may be looked for as one of the first consequences of an increasing commerce and advancing civilization.—Criminal justice is, if possible, even more defective than in Portugal ;—a white person cannot even be tried for any capital offence, but must be removed to Bahia. The execution of a man of family in that city, for the murder of his wife and daughter, is recorded by Rocha Pitta, as an extraordinary instance, not of guilt, but of punishment. The only police in Recife is a sort of intermitting volunteer establishment. When any punishment is inflicted, it is usually that of transportation to the island of Fernam de Noronha. There are no women upon this island, none are permitted to go there,—the inhabitants consist of a great number of convicts, and a garrison of about 120 men, who are relieved every year. Twice a year it is supplied with clothing, &c. The Chaplain serves for a twelvemonth ; those who are liable to be sent on this disgusting duty conceal themselves when the time is come, and the matter is generally settled by pressing the first young priest whom they meet. It is extraordinary that this abominable system should be pursued by a government so moral and so religious as that of Brazil!

After residing nearly a twelvemonth in Recife, Mr. Koster resolved to make a journey into the less populous and less cultivated part of the country ; instead therefore of travelling southward towards Bahia, the original capital of Brazil, he set out for Goiana with a Portuguese friend who had a brother residing in that town, and who expected to proceed from thence into the country, on some objects connected with trade. Goiana, which is sixty miles from Recife, is one of the largest and most flourishing towns in the captaincy, and stands upon a river of the same name, four leagues from the sea in a direct line, seven by the course of the stream : the tide ascends above the town, and the planters have the advantage of water-carriage for their produce. The population is between four and five thousand, and the place is increasing in size, wealth,

and importance; the weekly cattle fair, which used to be held at Iguaçu, having been removed to this neighbourhood, Iguaçu in consequence is falling into decay, but the communication between Recife and Goiana is so considerable, that the only regular inn in the country is established there for the convenience of travellers. This road is the great way from the interior or *Sertão*, as it is called, by which cattle descend from the estates upon the *Açu*,—and there is no other road than what the cattle have made; they beat down the underwood, but the large trees, if any grow upon the way, remain there: where any rising ground intervenes they make the path straight, the heavy rains take the same course, and soon cut the track into a ravine, so that it is very unsafe to travel such roads by night; a day or two of the usual rain renders them impassible. Here, as in Spain and Portugal, crosses are erected by the wayside wherever a murder has been committed, and they are frequent enough to evince a similar state of popular feeling, and a similar relaxation of law. At Goiana, Mr. Koster visited Dr. Manoel Arruda, author of a *Flora Pernambucana*, of which a specimen is given in the Appendix to the present volume. The work entitles him to a distinguished rank among botanists: he was very ill at this time and did not survive long. From thence the traveller accompanied a Portuguese friend to the city of Paraíba, a distance of thirteen leagues; the measured league is four miles, but there are long leagues, short leagues, and *legoas de nada*, or leagues that are nothing at all. Nothing indeed can be more vague than the computed distances in Portugal, where *huma legoa bem boa* will sometimes prove a full two hours' journey.

Paraíba contains from two to three thousand inhabitants. It has six churches and three convents. There are public fountains, the only works of the kind which Mr. Koster saw; and some of the houses have glass windows,—an improvement which has only lately been introduced at Recife. The governor resides in what was formerly the Jesuit college, commanding a prospect of the best Brazilian scenery;—extensive and evergreen woods, bounded by a range of hills, and watered by several branches of the river, with here and there a whitewashed cottage on the higher part of their banks half concealed by lofty trees. 'The cultivated specks are so small as to be scarcely perceptible.' The lower town is situated upon a spacious lake formed by three rivers, which there discharge their waters into the sea by one considerable stream; the bar admits vessels of 150 tons, and the basin is so sheltered that 'a rope yarn,' says Mr. Koster, 'would keep them still.' This whole tract is memorable ground in Brazilian history, having repeatedly been fought over in the long and obstinate struggle with the Dutch. The sugar produced here is equal to that of any part

of Brazil, but notwithstanding this, Paraíba is declining in importance: its custom-house is seldom opened; it is not in the direct road from the towns upon the coast farther north to the capital, and the people of the interior naturally go to Recife as the more extensive market. The late governor, Amaro Joaquim, brought this captaincy into good order by wholesome severity. Men used to carry on their irregular practices in the town at night muffled in large cloaks and with crape over their faces; one night he arrested all persons who were found thus disguised, and some of the principal inhabitants were found among them. A mulatto, by name Nogueira, son of one of the first men in the captaincy, had made himself much dreaded by his audacious conduct; he had carried off the daughters of respectable persons from their parent's houses, murdering those who opposed his entrance. Amaro Joaquim would have had him executed, but the law was not strong enough in Paraíba for this; he ordered him, however, to be flogged. Nogueira pleaded privilege, saying he was half a *fidalgo*, upon which the governor directed that he should be flogged only upon one side, and desired him to say which was the *fidalgo* side, that it might remain inviolate. A similar case in Lisbon some years ago was decided more tragically for the criminal: he had committed murder under such circumstances of atrocity, that even in Portugal it did not escape unpunished; the mode of execution was beheading for a *fidalgo*, hanging for a person of inferior rank: he, like Nogueira, objected to a plebeian punishment, as being a semi-noble, and the point of law was adjusted with great equity by cutting his head half off.

On returning to Goiana, Mr. Koster found that his friend had given up all thought of proceeding farther; he therefore departed without him, having hired a white man as guide, and two Indian lads of about sixteen years of age; with these and an English servant, and two sumpter beasts, he set out, the Indians going on foot. The first stage was Dous Rios, or the Two Rivers, though no stream is to be seen there; it is the place where the great weekly cattle fair is held for the Pernambuco market,—a large open piece of land with cottages upon the skirts, to each of which a large pen is attached. The second day the traveller was entertained with genuine hospitality by the *Capitão-Mor*, or chief captain of Paraíba, at a sugar plantation upon the banks of that river. The host was a man of great family, who seldom left his estate to go to Recife or even to Paraíba, living in the usual style of the Brazilian gentry, in a kind of feudal state. The house had only a ground floor, and no ceiling, the tiles and rafters being in full view; the floors were of brick, the shutters and doors unpainted; and the furniture of two spacious rooms, which were the principal apartments, con-

sisted of a few chairs in each, a long table in one, a sofa and several hammocks in the other. The hammock, which in Brazil is generally called *rede*—a net,—has been adopted from the native savages; it serves the labourer for a bed, and the idler for an ottoman. Oviedo perceived how useful it would be in European armies, and strongly recommended it as a means for saving the lives of the soldiers, who suffer so severely from sleeping upon the wet ground; the Brazilian net can be wrapt up into so small a compass, that it may easily be worn like a sash. Supper of dried meat, mandioc flour made into paste and called *piram*, hard biscuits and red wine, were set before the traveller, who sat down by himself at one end of the long table, while his host sate on the other, talking to him, and some of the chief persons of the establishment stood round, looking in astonishment at an Englishman: one of them, hearing him converse fluently in Portuguese, concluded either that this was an Englishman who did not speak English,—or that any Portuguese ongoing to England would speak English there with equal facility. The dress, or undress of the host, consisted in a shirt, drawers, slippers, and a long bed-gown called a *chambre*,—the usual dress of those who have no work to perform. Supper was followed by a dessert of sweetmeats, in which the Brazilians, like the Portuguese, delight. The party then adjourned to the adjoining apartment, where each took his hammock, and swung and talked till they were half asleep. After the next day's journey, Mr. Koster stopt at a hamlet where the huts were so small and miserable, being merely constructed of palm leaves, that he preferred the open air. The horses were turned into a piece of land rather more cleared of wood than the surrounding country, for which accommodation the customary price was paid of about five farthings each for the night. The traveller slung his hammock between two trees, fires were made, and the *segar* followed the supper. Finding the air very sharp in the hammock, he removed and lay down upon a hide under the lee of the fire. The men by this time were all asleep, each by his own fire, pack saddles and trunks scattered about; a rivulet murmuring by, and the wind rustling in the forest. It was the first time that he had *bivouacked*, and he lay contemplating the unaccustomed scene, and thinking with mingled pain and pleasure of the way before him and of England, when these thoughts were interrupted by hearing the name of Jesus uttered every half minute in a dismal voice. He awoke the guide, supposing that it proceeded from some one in distress: a person was at the point of death in one of the huts, and some friend, according to custom, was helping the sufferer *a bem morrer*,—to die well, by pronouncing the name of the Redeemer, that the dying person might bear it in mind till the last breath, and that the devil by that invocation might be kept at a distance.

The next day brought the traveller to Mamanguape, a growing village which then contained about three hundred inhabitants, and has since that time more than doubled its population,—this is owing to its situation, a convenient station between Goiana and Rio Grande for the travelling pedlars, who are great instruments of civilization, and are described as a useful, industrious, and generally honest set of men. On the following day he reached Cunhaú, a place remarkable as the scene of a hideous massacre committed by the Indians in the Dutch interest, and for a victory obtained in its neighbourhood over the Dutch by the Indian chief Camaram, in itself of much importance, and attended by many characteristic circumstances. It is now only a hamlet, but the plantation of that name belonging to Colonel Andre d'Albuquerque do Maranhão, extends more than fifty miles along the road, and the lands which this great proprietor possesses in the *Sertão* for breeding cattle are not less than from thirty to forty leagues in extent, such leagues as are sometimes each the journey of three or four hours. Hospitality is one of the virtues of a semi-civilized state; the planters' houses are always open to a traveller, but Mr. Koster sometimes preferred slinging his hammock in an out-house to looking for better quarters in the owner's mansion, where he might be kept awake half the night for the purpose of giving news. Here, however, he had letters, and the account of his reception may be quoted as showing the magnificence with which a noble Brazilian entertains his guests.

‘He was sitting at his door, with his chaplain and several of his stewards and other persons employed by him, to have all the benefit of the fresh air. He is a man of about thirty years of age, handsome, and rather above the middle size, with genteel manners, rather courtly, as the Brazilians of education generally are. He lives quite in feudal state; his negroes and other dependents are numerous. He commands the regiment of militia cavalry of Rio Grande, and has them in good order, considering the state of the country. He came forwards on my dismounting, and I gave him the letters, which he put by to read at leisure, and then desiring me to sit down, asked me several questions of my wishes, intentions, &c. He took me to his guests' apartments, at a little distance from his own residence, where I found a good bed; hot water was brought to me in a large brass basin, and every necessary was supplied in a magnificent style—the towels were all fringed, &c. When I had dressed myself, I expected to be called to supper, but, to my amazement, I waited until near one o'clock, when a servant came to summon me. I found in the dining-room a long table laid out and covered with meat of several kinds, and in quantity sufficient for twenty persons; to this feast the colonel, his chaplain, another person, and myself sat down; when I had tasted until I was quite tired, to my utter dismay another course came on, equally profuse, of fowls, pastry, &c. &c. and when this was removed, I had yet a third to go through of at least

ten different kinds of sweetmeats. The supper could not have been better cooked or handsomer, if it had been prepared at Recife, and even an English epicure might have found much to please his palate. I was not able to retire to rest until near three o'clock; my bed was most excellent, and I enjoyed it still more from not expecting to find one. In the morning, the colonel would not allow me to leave his house, until I had breakfasted; tea, coffee, and cakes were brought in, all of which was very good. He then took me to see his horses, and pressed me much to leave my own, and take one of his for my journey, that mine might be in good condition on my return, and he also urged me to leave my pack-horses, and take some of his; but as mine were still all in working order, I declined accepting his offer. These circumstances are mentioned to show the frankness with which strangers are treated.'—pp. 61, 62.

Leaving Cunha, Mr. Koster meant to have past the following night *al fresco*, but received so pressing an invitation from the owner of a small piece of land who overtook him on the way, that he turned aside to his habitation in a beautiful valley called Papari, one of the happiest spots in this part of Brazil. It stands in a deep and narrow valley, about fifteen miles from the sea, upon the borders of a salt-water lake which brings the fish to the very doors of the inhabitants. This was one of those seasons of drought to which Pernambuco and the adjoining captaincies are subject: other parts of the country were burnt up; this was in full verdure, and the people 'seemed by their countenances to partake the joyful looks of the land they lived in.' His host was a native of the mother country, who had married a Brazilian, and was comfortably settled in this happy valley. 'We dined,' says the guest, 'in Brazilian style, upon a table raised about six inches from the ground, around which we sat or rather lay down upon mats; we had no forks, and the knives, of which there were two or three, were intended merely to sever the larger pieces of meat,—the fingers were to do the rest.' Here he remained two nights to rest his horses, and for the sake of Julio, one of the Indians, whose feet had begun to crack from the dryness of the sands. They expected to reach Natal, the capital of Rio Grande, on the following day, but the last three or four leagues are over an uninhabitable tract of sand-hills, which are perpetually shifting; the sand is white, and so fine that the wind raises it in clouds, and the horses at every step sunk up to the knee; they bivouacked there near a party who were making *farinha*, or flour, upon a piece of ground where mandioc was cultivated, and whose appearance Mr. Koster liked so little, that none of his convoy settled regularly for the night. Natal, where they arrived the following morning, is 220 miles from Goiana; the intermediate country is for the most part appropriated to sugar plantations, and some cotton also is raised; but the general

appearance is wild and uncultivated: for land is of so little value that no husbandry is employed, and the piece which is cultivated one year, is allowed to become waste the next:—the same things may be seen in many parts of Portugal, where, when the farmer has taken one year's slovenly crop, the gum-cistus takes possession of the ground again. There are several woods upon the way, and some steep hills, but no mountains within sight. Where the road passes over wide plains, an experienced guide is necessary, for the track is only marked by the short and meagre grass being worn away, and as in such places the cattle straggle more, the path is less worn and scarcely distinguishable in an imperfect light; no huts are ever found upon the *taboleiros*, as these plains are called, because they are generally without water. There are no great rivers upon the way, and of the rivulets some were dry, and the others much reduced by the drought. The trees, though mostly evergreen, had a parched appearance, very different, says Mr. Koster, from the bright joyful colour of trees in full bealth.

Natal is upon the banks of the Rio Grande, or Potengi, a river which affords a safe harbour for a few vessels; the bar is shifting and very narrow, but deep enough to admit vessels of 150 tons. It was a point of great importance during the Dutch war; Fort Keulen, which at that time was the strongest fortification in Brazil, has probably fallen to decay, as it is not mentioned by Mr. Koster. 'A foreigner,' he says, 'who might happen to land here would form a poor opinion of Brazil, for if such places were called cities, what must the towns and villages be? but such an opinion would be incorrect, for many villages in Brazil surpass this city.' The upper town stands upon rising ground a little way from the river, and contains from 6 to 700 inhabitants; it consists of three streets and a square; the houses have only the ground floor, and there is no pavement; a few persons have raised a foot path of bricks before their own houses, to lessen the inconvenience of the deep sand. There are three churches here, a palace, a town hall, and a prison. The lower town stands upon the right bank of the river, and is inhabited by the trading part of the people—about 300 persons. The governor, Francisco de Paula Cavalcante de Albuquerque, was a man of high Pernambucan extraction, as his two family names denote: he and his brothers had been accused of conspiring against the government, the brothers suffered much both in person and property before the falsehood of the accusation was proved; he was fortunate enough to escape to England; and has from that time regarded the English with esteem. When he took possession of his government, he persuaded one family to send for English manufactured goods from Recife, and having once been in-



roduced they got into general use. The ladies at church are all handsomely drest in silks of various colours, and black veils over the head and face : twelve months before this time, ' these same persons would have gone to church in petticoats of Lisbon printed cotton, and square pieces of thick cloth over their heads, without stockings, and their shoes down at the heels.'

It is gratifying to perceive with what hospitality and kindness the first English traveller who has visited this part of Brazil was treated by the Portuguese, both in their individual and official characters. The governor dissuaded Mr. Koster from proceeding, because of the drought, representing the attempt as in some degree dangerous ; but the young Englishman was unwilling to return, thinking that it might never again be in his power to accomplish a journey upon which his heart was set. The governor then furnished him with letters, and insisted upon his leaving his own horse, that it might be in good condition when he returned. Having purchased another beast, he crossed the river upon *jangadas*, —the *jangada* is merely a raft ; those which are used at sea have a sliding keel let down between the two centre logs, a paddle for the rudder, a seat for the steersman, and carry a large latine sail : those upon the small rivers are of still ruder construction ; this volume contains good representations of both ; the name is said by Castanheda to be of East Indian origin,—but the thing itself was in use among the natives when Brazil was discovered. It is probably the earliest and rudest kind of embarkation, and, though the least commodious, the safest.

The first stage was to a place called Lagoa Seca, the dry lake, so called because in ordinary years it is too wet to be cultivated ; but during the drought Natal was supplied with *farinha* from hence. Many people had removed there from the high lands and erected small huts with merely a roof to shelter them and their families, till the first rains should render their own country habitable, and inundate the ground where they now found subsistence. Here Mr. Koster purchased one horse load of *farinha* and another of maize : he had provided himself at Natal with water-skins, and from hence he entered upon what with little impropriety may be called the Desert. Starting at morning from the Lagoa Seca, he intended to sleep at a hamlet called Pai Paulo. At noon his party rested by a *cacimba*, or well : such wells are formed by digging two or three feet : if the person who depends upon its water is nice, he makes a fence round it, but more generally it serves for beast as well as man. Thus far there was plenty of grass, though it was much burnt, but in the afternoon their party came upon stony ground, very painful to horses who had come from the

sandy soil of Pernambuco; this was succeeded by a long narrow plain bounded by brushwood. Here they overtook a white man on foot, with twelve horses, each carrying two bags of provisions.— In general a convoy has as many men as beasts; it was therefore remarkable to see one man, and that a white one, in this situation; Mr. Koster observed, that his horses began to spread upon the plain, and seemed inclined to take the brushwood, upon which he rode on one side to front them, and sent the guide to do the same on the other. This brought on a conversation; and the stranger, finding that they intended to sleep at Pai Paulo, told them the wells there were all dried up and the houses deserted. He himself meant to halt for the night about two leagues onwards; there was no water there, but his slave was coming with a skin-full from a well which they had past, and this would contain enough for the whole party: accordingly they joined company, a fortunate meeting for the English traveller, who might otherwise have had reason to repent that he had not taken the governor's advice.

The person whom he had thus joined was the son of a man of property, who resided in the interior upon the banks of the Açú, where he possessed several cattle estates; the father was a colonel of militia, and this son major of the same regiment. In consequence of the severe drought, and the famine which it was apparent must ensue, he had gone down to the coast to purchase *farinha*, upon which the lives of the family absolutely depended. But there were no full granaries at Natal as there were in Egypt when Joseph's brethren went there upon a like necessity. The governor had prohibited the exportation of flour; the major however purchased what he wanted, and learning that a guard would be sent to Lagoa Seca to take it from him, stole a march in time, leaving all his people behind, (to avoid suspicion,) and even his clothes. His dress consisted only of a shirt, drawers and sandals; he had his musket upon his shoulder, his sword at his side hanging from a belt, and his long knife in his girdle; he was a stout handsome man, with a skin as white as that of an European Portuguese, where it was not exposed; but the face, neck and legs, were of a dark brown colour.— The sandals, or *alpargatas* as they are called, are universally worn by those Brazilians who live at a distance from large and improving towns: they are leathern soles something larger than the foot; there are two loops in front of each, through which two of the toes are passed, and a ring of leather round the ankle, through which are drawn two thongs proceeding from each side of the hinder part. They halted for the night upon a wide plain, where the grass was all gone, and even the leaves of the Acaju and Mangaba, hardy as those trees are, had begun to fall.

They were afraid of eating much salt meat, because their allowance of water was not large; the wind rose and scattered their fires; thus, after a night of little rest, and less comfort, they gave the horses a feed of maize at four o'clock, and pursued their way to Pai Paulo, which stands on a rising ground above the river Seara Meirim, opposite to the termination of the plain. 'This was, without exception,' says Mr. Koster, 'the most desolate place I ever beheld. It was totally deserted; the roofs of some of the cottages were falling in; the walls of others had fallen, but the half-supported roofs remained. The trees had mostly lost their leaves, not in the ordinary course of nature, but from an unnatural and destructive drought; and the course of the river was marked by nothing but the depth of its bed in a sand which was now loose and dry as that upon the soil above. At noon the travellers halted by a well dug in the bed of the same winding river; the water was brackish and dirty, so that the horses did little more than taste it. Another day's journey brought them to another pool in the river, and the fourth day's was still through the same desert. At one of the watering-places a miserable cow was drinking, which the major recognized, by her mark, to belong to his own estates,—she had strayed at least four hundred miles, in search of pasture and water. Here they overtook a party of Sertanejos, as the inhabitants of the interior are called. Towards evening the guide expressed a wish to turn back, and said that the Indians were afraid of proceeding; however imprudent it might have been to undertake the journey at this perilous time, there was now far more danger in returning than in pressing forward, and Mr. Koster made him proceed by a threat of shooting him if he should attempt to desert; he apologizes for this startling conduct by the necessity of the case, and his perfect conviction that the threat would be sufficient. The fifth was a dismal day, the pool where they expected to find water at noon was dried up; the few lemons which were left were distributed to the great relief of all, and as they proceeded, Mr. Koster learnt from the major a Sertanejo practice, not unknown to pedestrians in England, of putting a pebble in the mouth, to prevent thirst. On the following forenoon, however, they reached a well: the first draught was delightful,—the second nauseated them, so dirty and brackish was the water,—fortunately for them, as the effect of indulgence might otherwise have been injurious, or even fatal. Some goats were seen here, and this led to the joyful discovery of an inhabited cottage. An elderly woman and her two daughters were at home, the father was absent. A present of some *farinha*, a few handfuls of maize thrown to the poultry, and above all some of those expressions of courtesy, which, when they come from the lips of a supe-

rior, seem to carry with them kindness as well as condescension, won the good will of this poor family, and they directed the travellers to a dell at some distance, where dry grass and leaves might, perhaps, still be picked up. It sometimes happens that lonely persons, like these in this lawless country, are insolently robbed by travellers, who take advantage of their houses, eat their poultry, and leave them without paying: but, as Mr. Koster justly observes, the wonder is that greater enormities are not frequently committed. In the evening they crossed the river for the forty-second and last time, and came to a hamlet, estimated at forty leagues from Natal, —the league being never less than four miles.

Mr. Koster and the Major had by this time become very intimate,—men must be strangely unsocial who would not during such a journey. Like the French, among whom horsemanship has a saving virtuelike charity; the major was pleased with his new friend because he could ride; for he had supposed that there were neither horses, cows, dogs, nor churches, in England. The information which he received upon these points raised the character of the nation greatly in his estimation, and he said he should no longer believe that the English were Pagans. Four days after this, as the drought still continued, Mr. Koster judged it best to strike towards the coast, from which he was about 200 miles distant. Having parted company with his friend, he missed the watering-place,—a serious misfortune, if a herdsman had not turned back four or five miles to show it him,—an instance this of the kindness which is shown to strangers in Brazil. Mr. Koster on one occasion offended some goat-herds by offering payment for some milk; they sent the milk, but refused the money; three of them then came up to him, and when he thanked them, they asked if he had intended to insult them by offering payment, as such things were not customary in their country? they were put into good humour when the traveller informed them that in his country, the people were obliged to purchase the sand with which they scoured their houses. They then said the lad had told them there was an Englishman in company, and they wished much to see him, as it was a *bicho*—an animal they had never seen. Their disappointment was very great when the guide assured them that the man who conversed with them in fluent Portuguese, and whose countenance was deeply dyed by a tropical sun, was, in reality, the *bicho* concerning which they were so curious.

In the course of this day's journey the traveller observed many rocks of remarkable form, one in particular which he describes as 'placed upon another of much smaller dimensions, and the resting point so small as to render its removal apparently easy, but on trial

it had not the slightest motion.' It would indeed be curious if the rocking-stone should be found in Brazil; and it is not unlikely that this may have been one, for Brazil also has its antiquities of this kind, though the fact, perhaps, has never before obtained notice. In the year 1641, Elias Herckman made a journey into the interior, under the Dutch government, in search of mines; and in a part of the country not far from this, he found such monuments as, had they been discovered in Europe, would be assigned to the Druids. The account is of such importance that it should be given in the original words of Barlæus:—*'Devotatis montium acclivibus, incessere per planiora, ubi duo lapides molares exacte rotunditatis et stupendæ magnitudinis visi; quorum diameter sedecim erat pedum, crassities vero tanta, ut è terræ superficie vix media lapidis pars attingi extremis digitis ab erecto posset; alter alteri superincumbebat, major minori. E centro, miro spectaculo, frutex se attollebat karawata. Quo fini hos congererint Barbari, in tantâ harum rerum ignorantia, non facile dixerim.'* The Dutchman certainly believed this to be a work of art; and if any doubt existed upon this subject, it would be removed by what they found soon afterwards:—*'Visi iterum magnæ molis lapides humano labore congesti, quales etiam in Belgio Drantia regio habet, quos nulla vectatione, nulla hominum vi illuc deportari potuisse ob magnitudinem credas; eâ formâ ut Aras referre videantur.* In connexion with this curious subject a passage may be noticed which occurs in the present volume.

'In the month of November there arrived a priest upon a visit to the vicar, whose exertions are incessant on every subject which relates to the improvement of his country. He had now been staying with a friend in the province of Paraiba, and had made a drawing of a stone upon which were carved a great number of unknown characters and several figures, one of which had the appearance of being intended to represent a woman. The stone or rock is large, and stands in the middle of the bed of a river, which is quite dry in the summer. When the inhabitants of the neighbourhood saw him at work in taking this drawing, they said, that there were several others in different parts of the vicinity, and they gave him the names of the places. It was his intention to return again the following year, and seek them out. I should have brought with me a copy of this curious drawing, if my departure from Pernambuco had not been hastened from unavoidable circumstances.—pp. 319, 20.

It would be idle to offer at any guess concerning these sculptures,—their existence is certain, and in all probability an accurate account of them will be obtained ere long. Suffice it to observe that the facts thus brought together afford strong indications that the Tupis and Tapuyas were not the first inhabitants of Brazil.

On the second day after leaving the goat-herds, Mr. Koster

reached Açu: 'Oh!' he exclaims, 'the joy of again seeing a church!—of the sight of a regular village and civilized persons, if even these can be called civilized according to European ideas.' From Natal to Açu there is not a single settlement which deserves the name of village, except the deserted Pai Paulo; it is a flat, uncovered, miserable country. Yet even here, were the population numerous enough to render it needful, much might be done toward rendering it more habitable. The acaju and the mangaba grow upon the sandiest and most sterile ground; both trees bear a delightful and wholesome food; cabbage trees also are found here, and a little care in scattering the seeds might in a few years make the traveller certain of finding food during most part of the year. Açu is a small town, containing about 300 inhabitants, and built in a square upon the river of the same name. Mr. Koster calls it a great river, but at this time its bed was dry. The houses are miserable huts, built of mud, and with the earth for the floor. When water is scarce this is a great discomfort, for the Brazilians are remarkably clean in their persons; and never complain of any local disadvantage so much as of the want of a bathing-place. A league from the town is a lake called Piatô, about 12 miles in length and four in breadth.

'In the summer its sides become sufficiently dry to enable them to be cultivated, but the centre of it is invariably marshy and impassable. The fertility of its sides is very great, affording most plentifully rice, maize, sugar cane, melons, &c. and I saw some cotton trees planted very near to the edge. The lake is filled from the river in the rainy season, and as the lands around it are much higher than the lake itself, the waters which run down from them wash away all vestiges of cultivation, till these again subside, and the same operations are continued the following season. In such dreadfully severe years as that during which I travelled, the people of the district would be starved if this lake did not exist: it enabled the inhabitants of Açu at the time I was there, to remain in their houses. The appearance of abundance, the bright green, the well fed horses and cattle, which we saw as we travelled along its banks, enlivened us all; there was a look of security, a seeming certainty of at least the necessities of life, let what would happen, which we had not for a long time felt. The parched hills which surround the lake, its beautifully cultivated borders, and the dark and dangerous bogs which compose its centre and prevent the communication of the inhabitants of either bank, formed a very extraordinary scene. No water was to be seen, but the mud was too deep, and not of sufficient consistence for a man to be enabled to wade across; nor could a passage to the other side be effected by means of a raft, for a very trifling weight would make it sink.'—pp. 97, 98.

A few days more brought Mr. Koster to St. Luzia, a village with about 300 inhabitants, upon the river which divides the cap-

taincies of Rio Grande and Seara. Here the traveller's passport was demanded with some incivility in the name of the commandant; he answered, that if the commandant had wished to see the passport, he would certainly have sent one of his officers to ask for it. The young man rejoined, that he was the sergeant of the district. To this Mr. Koster made answer, that he could not know him in that capacity, because, instead of being in uniform, he was in the usual dress of shirt and drawers, and moreover his manner was such, that he was resolved not to show it him. The reply was, that he must and should show it; he accordingly went off, and the traveller and his party prepared their arms, 'to the amazement and amusement of some of the more peaceable inhabitants. The sequel and the justification of this resistance may best be related in the traveller's own words.

'I soon saw him again, and he was coming towards us, with two or three other persons; I called to him to keep at a distance, telling him that Julio would fire if he did not. This he judged advisable to do; and as I thought it proper and prudent to advance as soon as possible, we left the place soon after one o'clock, with a broiling sun: therefore we then saw no more of the sergeant. The dry river, upon which this village stands, divides the captaincies of Rio Grande and Seara, consequently there was much reason for the commandant's demand of my passport; but it was necessary to preserve the high opinion generally entertained of the name of *Inglez*, Englishman, wherever the people possessed sufficient knowledge to understand that the said *Inglezes*, were not *bichos*, or animals; and also to keep up my own importance with the persons about me. It would not have answered, to have thus given way to a man who was inclined to make me feel the consequence which he judged his place would allow him to assume. If I had been invited to the commandant's house in a civil way, or if the sergeant had come to me in his uniform, all would have gone well. These trifles, though apparently of no importance, weigh very heavily with persons who have made such small advances towards civilization; public opinion is every thing. If the idea of my being a *bicho* and a heretic had not been counter-balanced by that of rank and consequence, I might have had the whole village upon me, and have been deserted by my own people into the bargain.'—pp. 103, 4.

There are salt marshes in this part of the country; in one which the traveller crossed, the mud, even in this dry season, was from twelve to eighteen inches deep at the crossing place, and where a horse had left his footsteps the salt had crystallized: it was surrounded by carnauba trees,—the palm which produces the vegetable wax. The others are described as being dry and hard at this time, dark coloured and producing no grass; 'several sea-side plants' grew upon the skirts, and the water which oozed from them was quite salt. The Portuguese are now a scientific people, and there

is a liberal spirit in their government which gives reason to hope that the natural history of Brazil may be carefully investigated. Salt lakes and streams abound in the Chaco. Dobrizhoffer attempts to explain this by an odd hypothesis; a shrub grows plentifully in that country, which the Spaniards call *la vidriera*, probably because its ashes are used in making glass, and which the natives call by a name signifying *salt*, because they use the ashes for salting their meat and savouring their tobacco: he supposes that these shrubs and the caranday palm communicate a nitrifying principle to the rain which washes their leaves,—*aqua pluvia ex illarum foliis decedens per contractam ex iis salsuginem nitri videtur esse semen*. Thus he argues from the fact, that where these plants abound, nitre is always found,—overlooking the more natural conclusion that the plants themselves derive their saltiness from the nitrous soil in which they grow. Is the caranday palm the same as the carnauba of Brazil? Mr. Koster passed over many salt marshes or plains covered with these palms, growing upon a bare dark soil, and forming with their tall naked stems a dismal scenery. The tree, however, is one of the most useful plants of the Sertam; the pith of its young stem affords a nutritious fecula; the fruit, when properly prepared, has the taste of maize, and is wholesome food. The cattle in severe seasons eat the dry leaves when they fall, and these leaves form a thatch which will last twenty years. Lastly, its wax is likely to form an article of commerce. Has Dobrizhoffer mistaken the small light coloured scales in which this wax is found, for an incrustation of salt, judging only by its appearance?

Upon coming once more in sight of the sea, Mr. Koster felt as if he were at home,—this was an Englishman's feeling. He now entered upon a country where comparative comforts were to be found, and was entertained with magnificent hospitality at Aracati, by Senhor Joze Fideles Barrozo, a wealthy merchant and landed proprietor, to whom he had sent forward a letter from the governor of Rio Grande. The keys of a house were delivered to him as he entered the town, and soon after he had taken possession of it and slung his hammock, three black servants appeared, one bringing a large tray, with an excellent supper, wine, sweetmeats, &c.; a second carried a silver ewer and basin, and a fringed towel, and a third came to know if there was any thing that he wished for which had not been provided? The town of Aracati contains about six hundred inhabitants, and is situated upon the Jaguaribe, about eight miles from its mouth. The river is wide, but the bar narrow and dangerous, and the sand is accumulating in the river. It is subject to great floods, which sometimes enter the houses, on which account they are built one story above the ground floor. From hence he sent back his English servant by sea to Pernambuco, the



man not being equal to the fatigue of such travelling; and hiring horses here, left his own to recover strength for the journey back. To Seara was thirty leagues, over a country which is for the greatest part flat, and consisting of sandy lands covered with brush-wood; some fine marshy grounds intervene, which in dry seasons yield the only crops, and the sea renders living comparatively easy in these parts. From Recife to Natal is a computed distance of 70 leagues, from Natal to Seara, 160. Considering the liberal manner in which miles as well as leagues are computed by those who are not 'licensed to deal in post-horses,' the journey will not have been less than a thousand miles.

The first settlement at Seara was made in 1608, as preparatory to forming an establishment at Maranhão: the present town stands about three leagues to the southward of the old fort, the remains of which may still be seen. There is neither river nor harbour—the beach is bad and the surf dangerous: but just at this point the reef, which runs along the whole coast from Pernambuco, is rather higher than at the old site, and affords some little protection to ships at anchor. The Villa da Fortaleza do Seara comprises a fort, a town-hall and prison, a custom-house, a treasury, a governor's palace, three churches, and from 1600 to 1200 inhabitants. There are no convents, and from the present state of public opinion in Brazil respecting such institutions, it is not likely that any will be founded there. The dwellings have only a ground floor, and the town, which is built upon heavy sand, is not paved, but there are brick foot-paths before some of the houses, as at Natal. The public buildings are small and low, whitewashed, neat, and well adapted for their respective purposes. The palace is the only house which has boarded floors; but the custom of flooring houses with wood renders them so perilously liable to destruction by fire, that it will probably one day be generally disused.

There are three Indian villages, containing each about three hundred inhabitants, within two or three leagues of Seara. The adjoining country was the scene of some of Vieyra's labours in reclaiming the savages; he and his brethren the Jesuits made the most persevering and virtuous efforts in behalf of this race of men, sparing no labours for their conversion, and contending at the same time for their liberty. They effected much, but the freedom of the reclaimed Indians was not finally established till the Jesuits were overthrown, and in consequence of their overthrow the Indians in many places have relapsed into barbarism, and in none have they made any progress towards a more civilized state. This is clearly proved by the Bishop of Para's Journal of his Visitations in 1784, 1787, and 1788; and the fault lies more in their teachers than in the people themselves. Yet it must be admitted that Mr. Koster's

representations of the Indians is by no means favourable, and that the opinions which he expresses are of the more weight, because, as his feelings and principles are of the best kind, they lead him always to judge charitably, and to look forward with hope. Each village has its priest, its director, who is supposed to be a white man, and two *juizes ordinarios*, (who hold their office for one year,) one of whom is an Indian. The landholder who wants workmen, applies to the director, who agrees for the price, and commands one of the chief Indians to take the allotted number of men to the estate: the labourers receive their money themselves, and spend it as they please, but the bargain is usually below the regular price of labour. Infinitely ameliorated as their condition has been, this is still no very desirable state of existence;—they are always regarded as children, and not always treated, as they were by the Jesuits, with paternal kindness. But when they escape they show little capability of acting for themselves, and an evident tendency (as if instinctive) to return to a wandering and savage life;—it does not arise from any feeling connected with the love of their ancestors, or a tradition of their free state; they do not appear to know that their ancestors had been slaves,—much less would any knowledge be preserved of their anterior state. The Indian who has escaped from control scarcely ever plants for himself,—or if he does, he sells the growing crop for half its value, and removes to some other district; fishing and hunting are his favourite pursuits, and he is never stationary for any length of time, unless it be near a lake or rivulet.

A few of them are said to retain in secret some of the old heathenish customs, and to adore the *maracá*; but this does not lessen their implicit belief in all the superstitions which they have been taught,—for what they are taught is an abject superstition,—a gross and palpable idolatry. All the Indians of Pernambuco speak Portuguese; this at least is an improved policy; there was a time when slaves of different nations were taught the Tupi, or general tongue, which many of them at this time cannot speak. If education has hitherto done little in implanting good qualities, it has done much in eradicating evil ones. They were among the fiercest and most revengeful of the human race: they are now quiet and inoffensive, rarely committing murder, (in a country where murder is accounted venial, and generally obtains impunity,—if not applause,) and even those who are dishonest, confine themselves to pilfering. Their conversion has not cured them of drunkenness, for they will still drink for nights and days without ceasing, and they are still ‘vilely indifferent regarding the conduct of their wives and daughters;’ in this point they were not likely to be improved by their intercourse with the white men. The strangest, and worst part of their

character, is their want of natural affection, an old charge against them, which Mr. Koster's unexceptionable testimony confirms; 'they appear,' he says, 'to be less anxious for the life and welfare of their children than any other cast of men who inhabit that country.' The cause of this must be found in their dissoluteness; where the marriage laws, which are of all laws the holiest, are disregarded, there will be little natural affection and less social virtue. The condition of the women has been improved, for they no longer perform the drudgery. Both sexes are particularly clean in their persons, and in many of their habits. They are capable of great fatigue, and for that reason are employed as letter-carriers from one province to another, walking day after day, with their goat-skin wallets upon their shoulders, at a regular pace, which is not altered by rough or smooth, and with little rest, for months together.—They are short, stout, and large limbed, but with no appearance of muscular strength: the face broad, the nose flat, (this, perhaps, is an artificial deformity,—a fashion retained from their heathen state,) the mouth wide, the eyes deep and small, the hair black, coarse, and lank; none of the men have whiskers, and their beards are not thick. 'The negro character,' Mr. Koster says, 'is more decided; it is worse, but it is also better.' The Indian seems to be without energy or exertion, equally incapable of great evil or great good. Rich Mulattos and Negroes are not uncommon; there is no instance of a wealthy Indian, nor did he ever see an Indian mechanic. The priesthood is open to them, but to little purpose; Mr. Koster heard of only two Indians who were ordained as priests, and both died from excessive drinking. This is a melancholy picture, drawn as it is by one who would willingly think better of the race if he could. But without inclining to the preposterous system of Helvetius, it may be affirmed that all this is the effect of unfavourable circumstances, and wretched education, degrading the parents generation after generation, and thus by moral means producing a physical degeneracy. The fault is in the mould, not in the materials.

Some anecdotes of the late Governor of Seara will show the state of society in this part of Brazil. He was appointed to the rank before he was twenty years of age;—absolute power should never be intrusted to any man; when intrusted to one so young, the nature must indeed be excellent which is not corrupted by it; and he left behind him the highest character for justice as well as intrepidity. The town was disturbed at night by outrages, which were the work of mischief rather than malice: after endeavouring in vain to discover who the offenders were by other means, the governor cloaked himself well, and apprehended some of them with his own hands. The Feitozas were a powerful family, or rather

clan, in the interior, and in the adjoining captaincy of Piauí; they set the laws, civil and criminal, ('such as they are,') at defiance, and put to death any person who offended them; these murders were committed openly and with impunity. The chief of the clan was a colonel of militia, and could call together, at a short notice, about a hundred men, which is equal to ten or twenty times the number in a well peopled country. He received deserters, and men who had committed murder *honourably*: that is to say, for revenge and not for gain; but he would not receive a robber into his service. Joam Carlos received secret intimation to arrest this lawless chieftain. He sent him word that he should visit him on a certain day and review his regiment. The village in which he resided is at a considerable distance from Seara, but not many leagues from the coast: the governor went there with ten or twelve persons; Feitoza received him with great courtesy: the men, who had been assembled to make the greatest possible show, were reviewed and dismissed, fatigued with the day's exercise, many of them having travelled several leagues, and the governor went to Feitoza's house as his guest for the night. When they were all preparing to settle, he rose and presented a pistol to his breast, arresting him in the Prince's name; his followers did the same to Feitoza's relations and servants, who were taken by surprise; horses were ready, the chieftain was mounted and carried off with all speed to the sea side, where *jangadas* were in waiting to take them on board a smack. They arrived there very early in the morning, and just as they got on board, Feitoza's people were seen upon the beach, embarking in *jangadas* to overtake them. But they were too late. It is supposed that Feitoza was in prison at Lisbon when the French entered that city, and that he either died about that time, or was released by them. His people, however, still look for his return. An Englishman feels mortified at seeing a brave and honourable man compelled to have recourse to treachery; such means, however, are not thought dishonourable in a state of society which renders them necessary,—the fault belongs to the circumstances, and the intrepidity of the individual is not the less entitled to praise.

It is wholly and exclusively the fault of the government that the laws are not observed in Portugal; but in great part of Brazil it is as yet impossible that law can have its course. A scanty population scattered over an immense territory must be in a barbarous state. A great proprietor in Brazil is, in many respects, what the head of a clan was in the Highlands half a century ago: even in cities there is little law; in the Sertam there is none. The Sertanejos therefore have all those qualities which arise from ignorance and independence, a remote government, and a profligate religion.

The men are licentious and yet jealous; their morals inevitably influence the female character, and hence arises a fruitful source of quarrels, which usually end in murder. In any matter of trade they will outwit you if they can, and boast of the successful dishonesty; but any other kind of dishonesty is almost unknown among them; in reality there is little temptation to it: in ordinary years the land affords abundance for all, and in seasons of distress, the distress, being a visitation of nature, falls upon all alike. With all their defects, Mr. Koster thinks them a good race of people,—brave, generous, sincere, and hospitable,—and he justly remarks their great superiority to the Peons of Paraguay and the Plata, men who live in the most disgusting state in which human beings have ever been known to exist. The most civilized inhabitants of Europe are not more superior to the Sertanejos, than the Sertanejo is to the Spaniards of these provinces. Indeed the difference between the Brazilians and their Spanish neighbours is almost inexplicable, so infinitely is the advantage on the side of the Portuguese Americans. The volume before us contains a print of the Sertanejo in his out-of-door dress,—long leggings, rather than gaiters, of undressed leather, tied tightly round the waist, over cotton drawers or trowsers; a tanned goat-skin over the breast, tied by four strings behind; a leathern jacket, generally thrown over one shoulder; a hat of the same leather, shallow in the crown, and small in the brim; slip-shod slippers of the same colour, which is a rusty brown, and iron spurs upon his naked heels. His arms are a sword, sometimes a large pistol, and always the *faca*, a knife which serves alike for meals and for murder, which is prohibited on pain of transportation, and which every man wears concealed in his girdle. Within doors every thing is cast off except the shirt and drawers. Their houses are small mud cottages, sometimes tiled, more generally thatched with the carnauba leaves. Hammocks serve for beds and for chairs. The better cottages have a table, but the family more frequently squat in a circle upon a mat, and eat their meals upon the floor. The Portuguese retained this custom from the Moors, and had not disused it when they first colonized Brazil: at this day the lower class of Portuguese women sit in the Moorish manner upon the ground; they say they keep their feet warm by this means, a valid reason in a country where, during the winter months, fires would always be desirable, and yet are not in use.

The women seldom leave home, but when they do they wear shoes, and throw a large piece of coarse white cloth over the head and shoulders; a similar fashion may still be seen in Lisbon. No women of free birth are ever seen employed in any kind of labour in the open air, except that occasionally they fetch wood and water when the men are not at home. This seclusion and these in-door

habits are also relics of the old state of manners. The children run about naked till they approach the age of puberty; even in Recife boys of six or seven years go naked. Among a people in this state the pedlar is the great missionary of civilization; these men are now finding their way every where with English goods. Before the emigration of the Court a dress of common printed cotton cost from two to three guineas, the merchants of Recife putting what price they pleased upon their commodities. But no sooner were the ports opened for foreign trade, than our manufacturers poured in their goods with blind cupidity, and in such abundance, that every market on this side of South America was glutted, and the articles sold for less than their prime cost. Ruinous as this was to the speculators, its after-consequences may be beneficial both to Brazil and England; the goods, in consequence of their low-price, were more widely diffused and more generally purchased, and the want having once been excited, the demand is not likely to fall off, when in the course of regular and steady trade things shall bear their fair prices. Vanity, which in a highly improved country leads so many to ruin, is a great civilizer among people in a semi-barbarous state. Among savages the necklace comes before the fig-leaf,—finery goes first, but decency follows; the half-grown Cupids and Graces will be clothed; the women will go abroad, and mingle in company at home, to display their dress,—and the cotton mills, which are poisoning the health and morals of the manufacturers in England, are improving the manners and morals of Brazil, and accelerating the civilization of South America. The pedlars seldom obtain money for their goods:—as in the interior of the United States, they take whatever is offered in barter,—hides, cattle of all kinds, and cheese;—these they carry to market, where they can be exchanged for goods: twelve months sometimes elapse before the property is once turned over, but the profits are two or three hundred per cent.

Like all people among whom cattle are so abundant as to be of little value, the Sertanejos feed chiefly upon meat, which they eat thrice a day. The number of fast days in Portugal, and the strictness with which this part of the Catholic religion is observed, have materially injured the agriculture of that country by rendering the demand for cattle utterly insignificant; Mr. Koster has not said in what manner the duty of fasting is observed in Brazil, but it is, most probably, very generally dispensed with in the Sertam; a stricter observance would be useful there, for it would lead to horticulture, (of which they know nothing,) and to improved methods of preparing their food; gardening is one of the most humanizing of the arts,—and cookery, the abuse of which leads not only to prodigal excess, but also to cruelties which may be called devilish, (as in the manner

now practised for enlarging geese-livers in France!) tends, in the earlier stages of society, by increasing domestic comforts, to the improvement of barbarous man. Their cheese is excellent when fresh, but after a few weeks it becomes hard and tough;—only a few persons make butter, and that by shaking the milk in a bottle. Had the Dutch instructed the Pernambucans in these arts, it would have been a compensation for the many evils which they inflicted upon them. The present king of Portugal wished Mr. Mawe to instruct his people in the management of the dairy upon the English system;—a teacher better qualified for the task might have been baffled by such unwilling pupils:—but when one settler from Holland, Great Britain, or any other part of the world where this most useful branch of domestic industry is understood, shall have established a good dairy upon his own estate, the improvement must necessarily make its way, to the great benefit of Brazil. The extension of its frontier to the Plata and the Uruguay, is an object of less importance.

Having recovered from an accident which detained him longer than he had intended, at Seara, Mr. Koster departed, grateful for the hospitality which he had experienced there. One of his friends intrusted him with government papers in a crimson satin bag, which gave him the power of requesting horses from the several commandants upon the road. He purchased four horses for his return, and engaged three Indians to accompany him. Seara had been saved from absolute famine by the arrival of a vessel laden with mandioc flour from the south, the cargo of which sold for exactly ten times the usual price; the news of the supply had not extended far, and on the second day's journey the Indians found it necessary to sew some hides loosely round their bags of *farinha*, lest they should be compelled to part with it if the contents were discovered by a starving people. At Aracati, Mr. Koster was entertained in the same munificent manner as on his former visit;—the hospitality of this generous people was not ill bestowed,—for the English traveller acknowledges it on every occasion with proper feeling. A sailor who had been wrecked upon the coast solicited leave to join his party,—it consisted now of no less than nine persons and eleven horses. The sufferings and the danger of drought were not apprehended upon their return; several showers had fallen, and slight as they were, the effect was astonishing. 'Rain in the evening will by sunrise have given a greenish tinge to the earth; if the rain continues, there will be sprouts of grass on the second day, an inch in length, and on the third the grass will be long enough to be picked up by the half-starved cattle.' The first heavy rain fell while they were bivouacking for the night;—they fastened two cords ~~from~~ to shrub, laid hides upon them, and crowded under this covering for

shelter; but the rain in these regions comes with a force which is not easily resisted,—the hides were soon soaked and fell down;—the fires were completely extinguished, and Mr. Koster remembering the jaguars, which are numerous in such parts of the country, reminded his people how necessary it was to keep the locks of their fire-arms dry. He had not spoken many minutes before the growl of one of these animals was heard,—a herd of mares galloped by them, and presently the wild beasts were heard in all directions. They stood back to back for the remainder of the night, in some alarm, and in no inconsiderable danger; the Indians from time to time setting up a sort of howl with the intent of intimidating the jaguars. In the morning they had much difficulty in finding their horses, who had been frightened and scattered by the jaguars, and would probably have perished if the wild cattle had not diverted their pursuers.

On the second day after this dismal night, they halted at noon in St. Luzia, the village where Mr. Koster had refused to show his passport. He had lain down in his hammock, when the guide told him that a number of people seemed to be assembling, and observed that he ought to remember the quarrel: upon this, with much presence of mind, he rose, opened a trunk, as if searching for something, and taking out the red bag, placed it where it might be conspicuously seen, while he continued to search. The sight of the bag produced the desired effect, and the people immediately disappeared, either fearing that their horses would be put in requisition, or rightly perceiving that the traveller was a man whose situation and connexions entitled him to respect. In the afternoon of the same day, he reached the river Panema, a narrow but now a rapid stream, and in consequence of the rains, not fordable. The party therefore were fain to halt in the nearest habitation: here Mr. Koster had an attack of ague, and when, after five days' delay, the river had fallen so as to be fordable, he was unable to mount on horseback. Though not in immediate danger, he was aware that these disorders frequently end in fever and delirium, and was anxious to reach Açú, that he might be near some priest, on whom he might rely for transmitting any message to his friends in case of the worst.—As soon therefore as the stream was fordable, six men were engaged to carry him in his hammock, and having crossed the stream, they entered upon the flooded country. Mahommed, according to Turkish tradition, is said to have declared that a journey is a fragment of hell; Mr. Koster had experienced some of the evils of crossing a dry desert, to which the False Prophet must have alluded,—and he had now to feel the discomforts of the opposite extreme. The general depth of the water was somewhat less than knee deep, in parts it was up to the waist. At noon, his hammock was slung between two trees; the pole by which it was carried was



placed upon two forked branches, and hides hung over it to shade him from the sun, for the trees were as yet leafless. At dusk, they reached a *fazenda*, or estate upon dry land, and put up at an unfinished house. They were now ten leagues from Piato :—the civilities which Mr. Koster had received from the commandant there made him look forward towards seeing him as a friend. He sent his convoy forward one day, and following with one of the guides and Julio on the next, performed the ten leagues on horseback. During the night he was very unwell, and tormented with thirst : water-melons were abundant here, and he eat several of them, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the guide, who declared that he would kill himself, 'but,' says he, 'I thought otherwise, for I liked them. In the morning I awoke quite a changed person, and the ague returned no more.' The guide was then firmly convinced that water-melons were an infallible remedy for the ague.

The river at Aqu, which was dry when he crossed its channel on the way out, was now so deep and dangerous that it was necessary to construct a *jangada* for passing it. From hence to the Searameirim the country was new to him, as he now took the shortest road to Natal. No rain had yet fallen in this quarter, and they were suffering from thirst, when suddenly the dogs struck from the path and ran up the side of a flat rock, the horses stopped and snuffed the air, and Julio, knowing what these indications meant, cried Water! water! and followed the dogs. It was found in the long deep cleft of a rock, where neither horses nor dogs could reach it. The rains had begun when they reached the Searameirim, and they passed this *travessia* with all haste, lest the floods should intercept them. Upon reaching Natal all difficulties seemed to have ceased, for the remaining seventy leagues were comparatively through a well-peopled and civilized country. One instance of inhospitality occurred in this part of the journey,—a night's lodging was refused him by a Mulatto planter,—it was the only instance during his whole residence in Brazil. On the following night he slung his hammock under the pent-house of a cottage, and was surprised to find that the owner conversed with him from within, but did not open the door. Mr. Koster began to suspect that there was some contagious disease in the house, but it appeared the man had been bitten by a snake, and it was a received opinion that the bite of this species would become fatal if the person should see any female creature, and more particularly a woman, for thirty days after the accident. Drinking houses, of which almost every hamlet contained one, became much more frequent when they came into the great cattle road : the weather compelled Mr. Koster and his convoy to halt for the night at one of these houses, and some trifles from their baggage were stolen,—a solitary instance of dishonesty.

A week only had elapsed after Mr. Koster's return, when letters

from England called him away, and he sailed for Maranhão. The city of St. Luiz, which, in commercial language, bears the name of the Island and the State, contains about 12,000 inhabitants, including a much greater proportion of Negroes than is to be found at Pernambuco. This is a thriving place, though the port is peculiarly dangerous. Cotton and rice are almost its only articles of export; of the former from 40 to 50,000 bags, averaging about 180lbs. each, are annually shipped for England. Manuscripts of the latter part of the 17th century say it was the finest cotton at that time known; the Pernambucan is now preferred. It is curious that when the first portion was shipped, some of the inhabitants petitioned that the exportation might not be allowed, lest there should be a want of the article at home; this will appear less extraordinary when it is known that at that time cotton cloth was the common medium of exchange. Sugar was once raised here, and with considerable success; but the planters consumed the stock of Indians within their reach before they were rich enough to purchase Negroes for supplying their place, and thus the Engenhos fell to ruin. An opinion prevails at present that the lands are not adapted for the cane; it has however lately been planted, but as yet molasses only have been made. The Indian slave-trade in this part of America, and the efforts of the Jesuits to mitigate evils which they could not prevent, form an interesting part of Brazilian history. The Indian slavery has long been abolished, but the Jesuits have been abolished also, and the Indians have reason to regret the extinction of an order whose exemplary conduct toward this unhappy race may almost atone for their offences against civil and religious liberty in Europe. Under the administration of Vieira the Jesuit, (a man who is equally the pride of his Order and his country,) villages of reclaimed Indians were established in every direction,—from Seara to the mouths of the Orellana, up the great river and its tributary streams. At present the plantations upon the main land are in danger from the savages, who have even crossed to the island and committed depredations upon the houses in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Luiz. The last who were made prisoners were brought into the town stark naked, and put into close prison in that condition, where they died. The people say that conciliatory means would be of no avail, and that rigour is the only method; they who maintain this opinion are as inferior to Vieira and his brethren in policy as in humanity. At this day the inhabitants of Maranhão and Para have the character of treating their Negroes more rigorously than the other inhabitants of Brazil, and slaves of refractory character are sold to this worse slavery from Pernambuco—'Nothing tends so much to keep a slave in awe as the threat of sending him to Maranhão or Para.'

In the other captaincies Mr. Koster had found governors who exerted their power wisely and beneficently, and obtained the love of the people by deserving their esteem and gratitude. Maranhão was not so fortunate; nothing was heard there but complaints of oppression, arrogance, and injustice. Every person who passed in front of the palace was to be uncovered, like an undergraduate when the Head of the College happens to be in the quadrangle,—but with this difference, that in Maranhão the respect was exacted for the mere building. The bells of the cathedral rang whenever the Governor went out in his carriage; and like the Emperor Paul, of magnanimous and whimsical memory, he insisted that all persons who met him should stop till he past. The mulatto driver of a wealthy and high-spirited old planter refused to do this.

‘The following day an officer came to the old gentleman’s house with orders to arrest the man. The colonel sent for him and said, “Go, and I’ll take care of you,” adding to the officer, “Tell his Excellency I have still several other drivers.” To the surprise of every person about the prison, two servants made their appearance in the evening with a tray, covered with a cloth which was handsomely embroidered, and filled with the best kind of victuals; sweetmeats, &c. were not forgotten. All this was for the driver, and was repeated three times every day until the man received an order for his release.’

The planters of Maranhão must not be indiscriminately censured. Among some of them a benevolent as well as generous spirit is to be found: Mr. Koster relates a curious anecdote which indicates in the one party a consciousness of his own good conduct in the capacity of master, and in the other a proper sense of gratitude for it.

‘I heard of a mulatto slave who ran away from his master, and in the course of years had become a wealthy man, by the purchase of lands which were overrun with cattle. He had, on one occasion, collected in pens great numbers of oxen, which he was arranging with his herds-men to despatch to different parts for sale, when a stranger who came quite alone made his appearance, and rode up and spoke to him, saying that he wished to have some private conversation with him. After a little time they retired together, and when they were alone the owner of the estate said, “I thank you for not mentioning the connexion between us, whilst my people were present.” It was his master, who had fallen into distressed circumstances, and had now made this visit in hopes of obtaining some trifle from him. He said that he should be grateful for any thing his slave chose to give to him. To reclaim him, he well knew, was out of the question—he was in the man’s power, who might order him to be assassinated immediately. The slave gave his master several hundred oxen, and directed some of his men to accompany him with them to a market, giving out among his herds-men that he had thus paid a debt of old standing for which he had only now

been called upon. A man who could act in this manner well deserved the freedom which he had resolved to obtain.'—(pp. 183, 184.)

Having sailed from Maranham for England, Mr. Koster remained no longer in his own country than while the fine season continued, and flying once more from our inclement winters, reached Pernambuco again at the close of the year. Even during so short an absence a visible change had taken place; the heavy and sombre lattice work had in many instances given place to glass windows and iron varandas.—Lisbon women had set the example of walking to mass in broad day light, and English ones of walking for the sake of air and recreation toward the close of day. These examples were followed, and both sexes were adopting a more modern form of dress. Many country-houses had been built, brick-making was becoming a lucrative business, lands rose in value; a mile of country, which had been covered with brushwood the preceding year, had been cleared for building and for garden ground.

In 1812 Mr. Koster rented a sugar plantation at Jaguaribe, four leagues to the north of Recife. Till he could obtain possession of the Great House, he slung his hammock in the vestry of an unfinished church, to the astonishment of the neighbourhood, who marvelled at his unconcern respecting ghosts. The place, however, was infested by formidable realities, of infernal appearance and alarming propensities—the vampire bats. His companion, a negro boy, rolled himself up at night like a Bologna sausage in a piece of baize and a mat, and was thus cased securely; the master lay in his hammock, and these real harpies frequently perched upon it, without the previous salutation of *see saw sum*, but smelling the blood of a living man, and coming 'for the chance of a toe or a finger.'

During his residence here a motley crew of Indians, mulattos, free negroes and slaves were collected for the season on the lands of the plantation; some of them, free labourers, brought their families; there were mud huts for a few, the others erected hovels of palm leaves. The description which he gives of his dwelling, his feelings, and the situation in which he was now placed, is interesting in no common degree.

'I had now taken up my abode at the house which was usually inhabited by the owner or tenant; this was a low but long mud cottage, covered with tiles and white-washed within and without; it had bricked floors, but no ceiling. There were two apartments of tolerable dimensions, several small rooms and a kitchen. The chief entrance was from a sort of square, formed by the several buildings belonging to the estate. In front was the chapel; to the left was a large dwelling-house unfinished, and the negro huts, a long row of small habitations, having much the appearance of alms-houses, without the neatness of places of this description in England; to the right was the mill worked by water,

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and the warehouse or barn in which the sugar undergoes the process of olaying; and to the view of these buildings may be added the pens for the cattle, the carts, heaps of timber, and a small pond through which the water runs to the mill. At the back of the house was the large open field, the mill dam beyond, and cottages, mandioc lands and trees along the valley, bordered on each side by steep hills covered with thick woods.

‘ Oftentimes I have sat at night upon the threshold of the door, after all my people had retired to their habitations; they have supposed that I was asleep; then I have heard the whisperings in the negro butts, and have observed some one leave his house, and steal away to visit an acquaintance, residing at some distance; or there has been some feast or merry-making, thus late at night, thus concealed. Neighbouring negroes have been invited, and have crept in during the evening unperceived. It is on these occasions that plans for deceiving the master are contrived; in these sweet unpermitted meetings, the schemes are formed. Then the slave owner who is aware of such secret practices, and reflects, must feel of how little avail are all his regulations, all his good management. Restraint creates the wish to act contrary to given rules. The slave has a natural bias to deceive him who holds him in subjection. A man may love the master whom he may at pleasure leave; but to be tied down, and as a duty enjoined to esteem, fails not, in most instances, to rouse contrary feelings, to awaken a sense of pleasure rather than of pain, in counteracting the wishes, and in rendering nugatory the determinations of him who commands.

‘ At other times far different ideas from these have occupied my mind: I have thought of the strange life I was leading; a remembrance of feudal times in Europe has crossed me, and I could not forbear comparing with them the present state of the interior of Brazil. The great power of the planter, not only over his slaves, but his authority over the free persons of lower rank; the respect which is required by these Barons from the free inhabitants of their lands;\* the assistance which they expect from their tenants in case of insult from a neighbouring equal; the dependance of the peasants, and their wish to be under the peculiar protection of a person of wealth who is capable of relieving them from any oppression, and of speaking in their behalf to the

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\* On Saturdays, only, throughout the country, are cattle slaughtered; and thus weekly many persons of each neighbourhood assemble, as much to converse and hear the news as to purchase their portion of meat. On one of these occasions, a young man of colour was stooping to arrange upon the end of his walking-stick the meat which he had bought, at the moment that a person of considerable power was riding up. The man of importance, when he came near to the young mulatto, struck him with a long cane with which he rode, saying “Why don’t you take off your hat when a white man appears?” The blow was felt severely, and still more severely answered. The man of colour drew his knife, and quickly turning round, ran it hilt deep into the groin of him by whom he had been insulted; and then with the bloody knife in his hand, he ran off, vowing destruction upon any one who touched him. The rich man had only time before he died, to direct that the murderer should not be pursued, owning that his own impetuous tyranny had deservedly produced this catastrophe. The young man returned in a few weeks to his former home, and was not molested by the relatives of him whom he had murdered, nor did the law take cognisance of the deed.’

governor, or to the chief judge; all these circumstances combined, tend to render the similarity very great. I even felt the power which had unintentionally fallen into my hands. I had collected a considerable number of free workmen, and the estate was respected for miles round. Many of these fellows would have committed almost any crime under the impression that my protection would screen them; and if I had not turned some away and threatened others that I would aid the law rather than evade it, should their proceedings be irregular, I know not what evil deeds might not have followed.'—pp. 222—225.

Not far from Jaguaribe a new church was building to Our Lady of the O; an appellation strange enough to be worthy of an explanatory note when Mr. Koster shall reprint this book. It is derived, according to one opinion, from the marriage-ring given to the Virgin by the First Person in the Trinity. There is a sermon of Vieyra's in honour of *N. Senhora do O*; he preached it in his youth, and he printed it in his old age, after an interval of four and forty years: it was approved by the censors of the press, and licensed by the provincial of his Order, and by the inquisition; but the man must be far gone in the school of Voltaire who could insult the decency of a British public, by following him through his explanations of the name. The probable origin of the name is sufficiently ludicrous. The feast of Our Lady under this invocation is celebrated on the 18th of December, and called the Expectation of the Virgin, being intended to commemorate the joy with which on that day she had looked forward to the Nativity. The patriarchs in limbo were at the same time expecting the birth of their deliverer with equal joy; Oh! is among the interjections of joy as well as of sorrow; and in imitation of these joyful aspirations in earth and in limbo, it was customary for every one, in the quire after the vesper prayer, to sing O O, in what key he pleased. Cayrasco, who has written a poetical *Flos Sanctorum*, when he comes to this day, makes all the Virtues join hand, and form a perfect round O in its honour. This Lady enjoys such celebrity in Pernambuco, that when her church was to be built, the landholders contended who should have the auspicious edifice upon his ground, and the matter was determined by lot. Chance determined as ill as the most injudicious choice could have done, fixing upon the lowest piece of land in the neighbourhood, within three hundred yards of a shore upon which the sea is constantly encroaching, and precisely in the very direction where it encroaches fastest. The same lot however was drawn thrice, a fact which looks as if a little pious subornation had been practised by the owner of the land;—a spring gushed forth when the foundations were dug, which of course possesses miraculous virtues, and salt which is not less sovereign for inward and outward maladies oozes from the wall against which the

high altarstands. The patients come from a distance of 150 leagues to seek for relief from this lady, her salt and her spring; and faith has wrought miracles enough to convince the people that those who receive no benefit must impute the fault to their own deficiency in belief or in good deeds, not to any lack of power in *N. Senhora do O.* The lady gives no gratuitous assistance: they who profit by this thriving trade will not thank Mr. Koster for informing his Pernambucan readers on the authority of Professor Kidd, that salt is in like manner found upon the walls of the Ashmole Laboratory at Oxford, a place where Nossa Senhora has had nothing to do since the days of bloody Queen Mary.

The Mandingo negroes are believed by the Brazilians to excel in sorcery; they are expert jugglers; they charm snakes from their holes, and are said to possess that power of rendering other persons unsusceptible of the snake-poison which, to the disgrace of Europe, still remains a secret to European science. They are believed also to communicate a virtue to certain green beads which will render the bearer invulnerable. In the last generation there were a set of men called *Valentoens*, the meaning of which term may be conveyed by *Bravo*, or *Ruffian*, who wore these beads. These fellows were men of all casts, who without having heard of knight errantry, imitated in low life some of the worst parts of the chivalrous manners. They would take their stand at a cross-road and compel all passers-by either to fight them, or to dismount and lead their horses, bareheaded, till they were out of sight. Their whole business was to seek quarrels, and keep all other persons in awe, for which purpose they frequented festivals and fairs, and were ready to revenge others as well as themselves. They had dogs of extraordinary size and activity who were as brave as themselves, and whom they had taught to drink rum. It is some proof of improvement that there are few of these men left; but it is not above fifteen years since one of them did credit to the gallows at Bahia.

Mr. Koster had turbulent neighbours at Jaguaripe, frequent quarrels took place between the slaves, and as this sort of warfare was neither agreeable nor safe, he thought it prudent to remove. Accordingly he hired a plantation in the Island of Itamaraca. This island is separated from the main land by a channel, which at its narrowest part is about half a mile wide, in its widest a league; it is about eight leagues north of Recife, twelve miles in length, and eight in breadth, a place of great importance in the Pernambucan war, the Dutch having at one time deliberated whether it might not be expedient to establish the seat of government there. As there was no residence for him upon the estate, Mr. Koster, who was not very scrupulous about his quarters, took up his lodgings for a time in a large stone building, which in the better days of the settle-

ment, had served for a town-hall above, and prison below, but was now almost in ruins. It stood in the square of the Town of Conception, a place which, being ill situated, would be totally deserted if the parish church did not stand there. After a while Mr. Koster obtained a cottage, and became so completely naturalized, that the honour was forced upon him, in conjunction with a neighbour, of providing and paying for the entertainments on the ninth and last night of Our Lady of Conception's *novenas*. Nossa Senhora had no reason to complain of the choice : a black tailor, who liked dancing and singing better than his needle, was called in ; musicians were obtained from the band of the Olinda regiment, and fire-works, gun-powder and the colours of several ships from Recife. The colours were raised upon long staffs along the area of the town ; and guns fired at sun-rise : these guns are made for such occasions ; they are small short iron tubes with a touch-hole of disproportionate dimensions ; and they are placed upright upon the ground. In the evening about twenty bonfires were kindled in the square, the houses were illuminated with lamps made in the rinds of half oranges, and many large crosses in different parts of the square were lighted up in the same manner. The church was crowded ; the musicians of the island played within and the Olinda band without ; the guns fired at intervals, rockets were let off, and the whole scene of confusion was such as they only can imagine who have witnessed a Roman Catholic festival. We remember a scene not less curious in honour of this very *Nossa Senhora da Conceição* in Portugal ; some angels on horseback were not the least conspicuous personages, but the remarkable part of the exhibition was a battle between two lions, who fought not after the ordinary manner of their kind, but in a novel and ingenious fashion ; for first they spat fire at each other, and then they made fire at each other, and lastly they turned tail and bombarded each other with fire, to the infinite delight of the spectators, angels and heretics included, and to the praise and glory of *Nossa Senhora da Conceição*.

When the church service was over, an improvisatore, or *glorizador* as he is called in Portuguese, held forth first in praise of the vicar, then of Our Lady, upon whom all magnificent epithets were heaped, and then upon all the good people of Itamaraca, among whom Henrique da Costa, as Mr. Koster's name was easily rendered, came in for his share ; especial praise being bestowed upon his signal piety in having prepared so splendid an entertainment. In fact he had prepared so much that the grandest exhibition was necessarily delayed till the following evening. This was a dramatic exhibition by a set of performers from the main land, who are called the *fundangos*. The account of this rude species of drama is so curious that it must be given at length in the author's own words,



'A spacious platform was erected, in the middle of the area of the town, and in front of the vicar's dwelling, raised about three feet from the ground. In the evening four bonfires were lighted, two being on each side of the stage, and soon afterwards the performers made their appearance. The story which forms the basis of this amusement is invariably the same; the parts, however, are not written, and are to be supplied by the actors; but these, from practice, know more or less what they are to say. The scene is a ship at sea, which, during part of the time, is sailing regularly and gently along; but in the latter part of the voyage she is in distress. The cause of the badness of the weather remains for a long time unknown; but at last the persons who are on board discover that it has arisen from the devil, who is in the ship, under the disguise of the mizzen-topmast-man. The persons represented, are

The Captain,  
The Master,  
The Chaplain,

The Pilot or Mate,  
The Boatswain,

The *Raçam*, or distributor of the rations, }  
The *Vasoura*, or sweeper of the decks, } Two clowns;  
The *Gageiro da Gata*, or mizzen-topmast-man, *alias* the Devil.

Twelve men and boys, who are dancers and singers, stand on the stage, six of them being on each side of it; and the leader of the chorus sits at the back of the stage with a guitar, with which he keeps the time, and this person is sometimes assisted by a second guitar player. A ship is made for the occasion; and when the performers stepped on to the platform, the vessel appeared at a distance under full sail, coming towards us upon wheels, which were concealed. As soon as the ship arrived near to the stage it stopped, and the performance commenced. The men and boys who were to sing and to dance were dressed in white jackets and trousers; they had ribbons tied round their ankles and arms, and upon their heads they wore long paper caps, painted of various colours. The guitar player commenced with one of the favourite airs of the country, and the chorus followed him, dancing at the same time. The number of voices being considerable, and the evening extremely calm, the open air was rather advantageous than the contrary. The scene was striking, for the bonfires threw sufficient light to allow of our seeing the persons of the performers distinctly; but all beyond was dark, and they seemed to be enclosed by a spacious dome; the crowd of persons who were near to the stage was great, and as the fires were stirred and the flame became brighter, more persons were seen beyond on every side; and at intervals the horses which were standing still farther off, waiting for their masters.

'When the chorus retired, the captain and other superior officers came forward, and a long and serious conversation ensued upon the state of the ship and the weather. These actors were dressed in old uniforms of the irregular troops of the country. They were succeeded by the boatswain and the two clowns; the former gave his orders, to which the two latter made so many objections that the officer was provoked to strike one of them, and much coarse wit passed between the three. Soon afterwards came the chaplain in his gown, and his breviary in his

hand ; and he was as much the butt of the clowns, as they were of the rest of the performers. The most scurrilous language was used by them to him ; he was abused, and was taxed with almost every irregularity possible. The jokes became at last so very indecent, as to make the vicar order his doors to be shut. The dancers came on at each change of scene, if I may so say. I went home soon after the vicar's doors were closed, and did not see the conclusion ; but the matter ended by throwing the devil overboard, and reaching the port in safety. The performers do not expect payment, but rather consider themselves complimented in being sent for. They were tradesmen of several descriptions residing at Pasmado, and they attend on these occasions to act the *sandangos*, if requested so to do ; but if not, many of them would most probably go to enjoy any other sport which the festival might afford. We paid their expenses, and gave them their food during their stay ; they were accompanied by their families, which were all treated in the same manner, to the number of about forty persons.—(pp. 324—325.)

The ant, which is so great a pest in this part of America that it used to be called the king of Brazil, infests Itamaraca more perhaps than any other province. Barlæus says that it was barren in some parts *ob formicurarum perpetuas populationes, quas insula maxime experitur*. The large red ant, which is from a quarter of an inch to an inch in length, and inflicts a painful bite, lives, according to Mr. Koster, wholly on vegetable food. It is so peculiarly destructive to the mandioc as to have obtained the name of *formiga de roça* ; the word *roça*, which originally signified any piece of cultivated ground, being at present applied exclusively in Pernambuco to a plantation of mandioc. The mandioc is planted upon hillocks ; Mr. Koster had planted a considerable quantity in low marshy ground, where the earth was so moist, that the water stood in the furrows round the bottom of every hillock, securing them as he supposed from the ants ; one afternoon he went to see the field, and to his astonishment perceived that some of the plants were stript of their leaves : for some minutes it puzzled him to conceive by what means the enemy could have invaded them, till he discovered that they had formed a bridge of leaves and were passing to and fro. As these destructive insects infested his garden and his house he made war upon them vigorously, cut away a bank till their nests were laid open, and then destroyed them with fire. Their nests were circular holes of about six inches in diameter, having one or more passages to the surface, but not all communicating with each other : and these holes contained a gray substance which in appearance resembled cobwebs closely pressed together ; when squeezed in the hand it left a moisture. Mr. Koster found them extremely troublesome during the rains ; they would then make their way between the bricks and the floor. They were evidently avoiding the wet at these times : perhaps the easiest mode of de-

destroying them would be by making deep holes with a stake as near their nests as possible, just as the rains set in,—as is done in England at the commencement of winter when land is to be cleared of ant hills.

A very diminutive black ant, the smallest of the species, is so determined and so dreadful an enemy to the large red ant, that the Brazilians have engaged it in their service as an ally. It makes its nest in trees; so the inhabitants encourage colonies to settle upon the orange and other fruit trees, which they defend most effectually against the red enemy. Mr. Koster has seen the entrance to the nest of the reds surrounded by the dead of both parties, and always observed that the slain of the red outnumbered those of the black, though in the action the black are always far most numerous. It must be to their numbers that they owe their superiority, not to any more effectual means of offence, for if the bite of the insect were venomous it would become itself a nuisance in the fruit trees. The small red and the small black species are carnivorous, and the former has the most offensive smell of the whole tribe, though they all emit a most unpleasant odour. This indeed is so strong in some of the English species that we have known the currants upon a garden wall rendered not eatable by their frequently walking over them. Kolbe relates that the Hottentots used for their pottery the mould of ant-hills well cleansed of sand and gravel, and afterwards kneaded with the bruised eggs of the insect,—by which the pupa is meant: this animal matter, he says, produced in the baking a cement which diffused itself through the whole mass, bound it firmly, and gave a permanent colour of jet-black. It appears from that strange composition, Suwarrow's Catechism, that the Russian soldiers take ants medicinally; and in Sweden they are distilled with rye, to flavour some inferior kinds of brandy. Either Mr. Kirby, or Mr. Spence, tells us from experience that instead of having any unpleasant flavour, the ant is very agreeably acid,—and that the taste of the trunk and abdomen is different. Hitherto, we believe, the formic acid is chiefly known among scientific men in Europe, but in some countries it serves for condiment and for medicine. The Brazilians, perhaps, may not be easily persuaded to use them as either; but they may lessen the number of these formidable enemies by encouraging, instead of destroying, the inoffensive and useful tamandua,—and by rearing those kinds of poultry who greedily devour the ant in its perfect or in its pupa state.

The termites also infest Itamaraca. Certain kinds of timber are more liable to their attacks than others. Mr. Koster's house was not built of the best kind; he was advised to besmear with treacle the places where they attempted to throw up their covered ways,

and this prescription answered its purpose. The *amphisbæna* is often found in ant-hills: in Brazil it is called *cobra de duas cabeças*, the two-headed snake. Mr. Koster describes it as eighteen inches in length, and about the thickness of the little finger of a child four or five years old. Both extremities, he says, are in appearance exactly similar to each other, and when the reptile is touched, it raises both, 'and forms a circle or hoop to strike that which has molested it.' 'They appear,' he says, 'to be perfectly blind, for they never alter their course to avoid any object until they come in contact with it, and then without turning about they crawl away in an opposite direction. The colour is gray inclining to white, and they are said to be venomous.' An opinion prevails that whoever has been bit by the *boa constrictor* has nothing to fear from that of any other snake: were the *boa* venomous, or did its bite produce any visible effect beyond that of a mere wound, it might be supposed that, like the vaccine infection, it secured the system against a stronger poison;—as this is not the case, the notion is probably a mere prejudice. The cow-pox was introduced in Itamaraca during Mr. Koster's residence there, but with a more fatal result than has any where else attended it. None of those who were vaccinated were in danger, but the infection spread, ten or twelve persons died of it, and the evil was only stopt by the inoculation of great numbers of the inhabitants:—it is no slight proof of their good sense that they submitted to this means of preservation.

The bite of the scorpion produced in Mr. Koster violent pain, but of short duration, then a numbness in the hand (the part bitten) during the remainder of the day. The only application which he used was lemon juice. The neighbours accounted for its affecting him so slightly by the state of the moon; when 'the moon is strong' they believe that the effect of animal poisons is more violent. A black whom the Mandingo negroes had cured of the bite of a rattlesnake suffered great pain in his limbs at the full and change of the moon, and sometimes the wound opened and remained in that state for weeks together. Consumption is believed to be infectious, and the belief leads to shocking consequences: for not only is all communication cut off between the unhappy sufferer and the rest of the family, but, 'a hovel,' Mr. Koster tells us, 'is erected at a distance from any habitation, and the miserable patient is removed to it, and shunned by every one, even receiving his food without the bearer approaching the hovel.' It is as much the duty of the clergy as of the medical men to prevent this disgraceful and inhuman custom. During his abode at Jaguaribe, the author had a third attack of ague, for which he confided himself to the care of an old mulatto, who had the reputation of being a witch, and might with much propriety have been selected to sit for one by a painter.

She gave him the seeds of the *pinham*, which are used by the peasants as an emetic, and the dose which she administered was such, that a practitioner in Recife said he should have imagined it would have killed any person. It acted most violently, and left an excessive weakness,—but it removed the disorder. She afterwards applied the bark of the *mutamba* tree to the stomach, to prevent an induration of the spleen. It is to be regretted that Mr. Koster was not acquainted with botany, and with other branches of natural history. Men who possess this knowledge are too apt to despise as trivial many details which in themselves are interesting, and frequently prove of importance in their application;—but if it had been joined to Mr. Koster's extraordinary habits of observation, he might have added as much to science, as he has to our knowledge of the moral state of Brazil. It is no light praise to say that he frequently reminds us of Dampier.

Of the remaining topics in this volume, that of slavery is the only one which we have room to notice. There is no Christian country in which the condition of slavery has obtained so many mitigations as in Brazil. Besides the Sabbath, the calendar gives the slave thirty-five holidays in the course of the year: and the law, not less wise than humane, compels the master to manumit him for the price at which he was first purchased, or his present value, if it be greater than the prime cost. In some of our own islands, every manumission is charged with a fine of one hundred pounds currency, which is intended to act as a prohibition, and renders the state of slavery perpetual and hopeless! The law is sometimes evaded in Brazil; but general opinion is decidedly in its favour: the priests, who in this respect deserve the highest commendation, give it the whole of their influence; and though the master might set the law at defiance, public feeling cannot so easily be despised. In general, therefore, the slave who has earned enough to purchase his freedom, obtains it without difficulty. A woman who has reared ten children is entitled to her freedom; but this regulation, Mr. Koster says, is generally evaded; and of course it cannot often be claimed. Many slaves are manumitted at the death of their masters; and wealthy persons often indulge in this most gratifying mode of charity during their lives. There is another law by which the entail of slavery is very frequently cut off. If the sum of five pounds (twenty milreas) is offered at the baptismal font, the master must manumit the child: this sum is often paid when the father is a freeman; and often also by the sponsors,—the mother, frequently in hope of this bounty, soliciting some persons of consideration to take upon them this spiritual relationship to the child;—in Brazil it is considered as such. By these various means considerable numbers become free, and it is the peculiar good fortune of the Portuguese colonies

that when once this barrier is removed, little difference is made by law between the different casts, and less by public opinion. In all other colonies, there are fearful difficulties in the way of that amalgamation which sooner or later must take place,—and till it has taken place, there can be neither prosperity nor safety ;—in Brazil it has already been effected, and whatever revolutions that country may be destined to undergo, it is safe at least from a war of colours,—the most horrible of all wars. This, which is one cause why the Brazilians are so infinitely superior to the Spanish Americans, and indeed to all other creoles, arose less from the superior policy of Portugal, than it did necessarily from the smallness of its population. An abominable system of exclusion (which has not cost less than 200,000 lives within the last eight years, and must yet cost many more) degraded the mestizo of Peru and Mexico, and even the creole ;—but in Brazil the mamaluco ranked with his father, and inheriting all his privileges inherited his feelings and his interests.

There is another point also in which the Brazilian slaves are infinitely happier than those in the British islands: they are baptized ; and though the religion in which they are instructed is debased with many superstitions, still the advantage which they derive from it is beyond all price. They are proud of it,—the negro till he has received baptism being considered in a very inferior state,—they derive from their faith, hope and consolation ; and the good effects which are produced by the institution of marriage, effectually disproves the audacious assertion of Bryan Edwards, that those alone who are utterly ignorant of the negroes' nature can suppose that marriage could be introduced among them to any good purpose. It was he who was ignorant,—ignorant of the nature of man, ignorant of the duties of a Christian. Upon the whole subject of slavery, Mr. Koster writes with thorough knowledge, with the best feelings and the best principles.

The slave-trade, however, is carried on by the Portuguese with great inhumanity. The ships were formerly crowded in a most shocking manner ; and though a law has been passed for proportioning the number of slaves to the size of the vessel, Mr. Koster more than suspects that it is evaded. The rules of the port direct that as soon as slaves are landed at Recife, they shall be taken to St. Amaro, an airy situation opposite the town, upon the inland bank of the waters on the land side ; sufficiently distant to prevent any danger from infection, if an infectious disease should exist among them. This regulation is disregarded ; or if the slaves are removed to St. Amaro, they are soon brought back, and placed in the streets before the doors of their owners, 'regardless of decency, of humanity, and of due attention to the health of the town.' The

small-pox and the yaws have thus full opportunity of spreading, and that the most fatal consequences are not produced, must in great measure be imputed to the excellence of the climate. So Mr. Koster thinks,—but the excellence of the climate must not be relied on with too much confidence. The *bicha*, the most destructive pestilence which ever visited Brazil, broke out at Recife;—from that malady the negroes and the coloured races were exempt; and in like manner, perhaps, the white population may not be susceptible of diseases which the negroes bring with them from Africa. They are driven into warehouses, like cattle into a pen, by night, and by day they are seen sitting or lying upon the footpath, to the number of two or three hundred;—the stench is almost intolerable to one unaccustomed to it,—‘and the sight of them’—Mr. Koster exclaims—‘good God! is horrid beyond any thing!’ It is not wonderful that they start up eagerly to be examined and handled when a purchaser appears, and that they appear joyful when they are led away from this state of inaction and wretchedness.—The slaves upon the Church property are those who have least reason to regret their lot. The Benedictines, in particular, omit nothing which can contribute to their well-being. The children are carefully instructed in their religion; they generally solicit permission to begin their regular work before the age which the rulers of the estates have appointed. Marriages are encouraged: the means of emancipation facilitated by allowing them the Saturday in addition to the other holidays; and those who are superannuated enjoy every comfort of which feeble age is capable. Upon estates which are thus managed, there is no occasion to keep up the stock by purchase;—on that which Mr. Koster describes there were about an hundred, and all creoles. Here also it is not the custom to inflict corporal punishment: the slaves are regarded as moral and intellectual beings,—as men and brethren,—severity, therefore, is not needful. It is only when the slaveholder is a brute that the slaves are treated as such. In Brazil it appears that, generally speaking, the richer the proprietor the better is the condition of the slaves; men who are greedy of gain are proportionately hard-hearted; but individuals are found like Hodge and Huggins, whose cruelties not only render the men themselves infamous, but prove the system to be in itself radically wrong under which such things are possible. Mr. Koster has not, like Stedman, lacerated the feelings of his readers by entering into the dreadful detail of such crimes; but he tells us that they exist; and delivers his opinions with good feeling and good sense, upon the impolicy of Portugal in continuing the slave-trade.

The volume concludes with some remarks upon the last treaty between this country and Portugal, the writer arguing that the

manner in which it has been condemned by both parties is presumptive proof of its general fairness ; and entering into its merits. He points out the abuses and grievances in Brazil which the government could easily reform, and the reform of which he considers as absolutely necessary to the security of the government, and a sure means of averting the unutterable miseries and infinite evils of revolution. The general spirit of the book, indeed, is excellent ; the manner more resembling the good, old, plain, straight-forward style of our best travellers, than the modern fashion of fine periods ; and the matter for the most part equally curious and amusing, presenting a faithful picture of a very interesting stage in the progress of society.

ART. V. *The Veils, or the Triumph of Constancy. A Poem, in Six Books.* By Miss Porden. 8vo. London. 1816.

WE have been much pleased with Miss Porden's poem, and almost against our will. In our opinion she could not have chosen a species of composition by which her extraordinary powers of versification could have been exercised under greater disadvantages, than a poem intended to display the 'different energies of nature, exerted in producing the various changes which take place in the physical world,' but personified and changed into the spirits of the 'Rosicrucian doctrine.' 'A system' which, as she observes, 'was introduced into poetry by Pope, and since used by Darwin in the Botanic Garden.'

We have sometimes thought that the ministry of the people of the elements might be profitably employed ; but for that purpose the tenets relating to them should be sought for in their native truth and orthodoxy, and not as corrupted by the French novelist, who has most wrongfully ascribed those tenets to the pure brethren of the Rosie Cross. The Intelligences with which this holy fraternity held converse were more ethereal, and housed above the lunar sphere. They knew nothing of the existence of the gnomes, and nymphs, and sylphs, and salamanders, whose secrets were first revealed to the listening world by Paracelsus. This 'daring dreamer' deserves not the name of an impostor which some of our friends have given him. Wild as his visions were, they were undoubtedly his belief : hence they have acquired a fanciful but impressive consistency. He delivers his oracles with a solemn tone of mystic theosophy, whilst his eyes are glistening with the keen, wandering gaze of rising madness.

'Happier is he,' quoth Philip Theophrastus Bombast Hohenheym Paracelsus, leaning on the tremendous long sword whose



hilt enclose a captive angel—'who describeth the origin of the *giants*, than he who descanteth on courtly pride.' 'Happier is he who describeth *Melusina*, than he who writeth of armies and artillery;' 'and happier still is he who describeth the *gnomes* who dwell beneath the earth, than he who delighteth in ladies' love, and tournaments.' But although our adept speaks thus contemptuously of ladies' love, he was far more indulgent towards the nymphs and *Undines*. *Melusina* is an *Undine*, and *Venus* in her time, for she is dead and gone now, was another. And he gives a most circumstantial detail of the gallantries of those fair nymphs, who, as every one knows, are constantly on the watch to obtain a terrestrial love: honestly, indeed, warning us, at the same time, not to trust the 'elemental' charmers, whose temper is none of the most serene. 'The theologians' maintained that the nymphs were devils. 'They are not devils,' says *Paracelsus*, although they are nearly the 'same as our women.' 'They were the goddesses of the blind heathens.'—The 'blind heathens,' however, as well as *Bombast*, preserve some degree of consistency in their mythology; and never represent, even a goddess, as endowed with unalterable temper. The nature of the inhabitants of the elements is indeed singular. Although they are of human kind, they owe not their race to *Adam*. They are susceptible of every passion which agitates the human heart. The sylphid can hate like a woman, or love like one; the gnome can be bountiful or churlish; the salamander, vindictive or grateful. They can gratify their passions with boundless might. A wish transports them from pole to pole. They cannot be confined by walls, or bonds, or fetters; and they command the elements, and all which the elements bestow. But, with all these advantages, they are as much below the children of *Adam* as the beasts of the field. The existence of these *demons* is cheerless and gloomy; although prolonged through ages, it must end; they die, and their death is annihilation.

With *Pope* they are no longer the powerful beings, at once the objects of pity and of awe, who hold their midnight revels in the forest, or guard the treasures of the mine. He wanted spirits of lither mould; such as could nestle in *Belinda's* bosom, or show their tiny faces peeping between the heavy plaits of the rich brocade. And the 'light militia of the lower sky' assume the size and semblance of the playful winged genii whom the French designers used to be so fond of representing—one wrapped from head to foot in a cap of *Mechlin* lace; another girt with a diamond hilted sword; and a third bending beneath the weight of a laced hat and military plume. Thus diminished, they became suitable machinery for the Rape of the Lock. But *Pope* only calculated them for this elegant trifle, the labour of a week, the perusal of an hour; and

there alone can Ariel and his subjects act a consistent part. His wit reduced the heroes and the gods of the classical epic to a scale of miniature brilliancy. He was sporting with the lessons which the critic finds, or imagines that he finds, in the master-pieces of antiquity.

When the Doctor—Wo worth the while!—made bold to borrow Pope's 'machinery' for his 'philosophical' poem, he never stopped to recollect that Pope was not in *earnest*, that his epic was a mock epic, and that his gnomes, and sylphs, and salamanders, were nothing less than the 'hieroglyphic figures of the elements.' In the days of good Queen Anne

'————— the gnome could spoil a grace,  
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,  
Like citron water matrons' cheeks inflame,  
Or change complexions at a losing game;  
Or cause suspicion where no soul was rude,  
Or discompose the head-dress of a prude.'

Such tasks were light ones: but Doctor Darwin set the gnomes at hammering granite rocks, calcining flints, and grinding Ka-olins and Pe-tun-sees.\* The nymphs were disturbed in the enjoyment of 'their elemental tea,' and called away to watch the 'simmering cauldrons'† of Bolton's steam-engine, or the 'deep cauldrons' of Etna and Hecla.

The sylphs fared as badly—perhaps worse:—they whose province had been

'————— to tend the fair,  
To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale'—

were despatched by him in 'bold myriads' to the most unhealthy climes, and on the most dangerous services—to stop‡ 'fell Sy-roc's' breath; to 'arrest Simoom,' in spite of his 'poisoned javelin' and 'whistling hair,' and seize the locks of old 'Tornado.' Whilst others, once 'light coquettes,' are ordered, as a penance, we presume, to listen to Doctor Priestley's courtship, and to slip into his cabinet in the most tempting dishabille.

'SYLPHS! you retiring to sequestered bowers,  
Where oft your PRIESTLEY woos your airy powers,  
On noiseless step or quivering pinion glide,  
As sits the sage with Science by his side;  
To his charm'd eyes in gay undress appear,  
Or pour your secrets in his raptured ear.  
How nitrous gas from iron ingots driven,  
Drinks with red lips the purest breath of heaven;

\* Economy of Vegetation, Canto II. v. 297—300.

† Economy of Vegetation, Canto I. 161—263.

‡ Economy of Vegetation, Canto IV. Sec. III.

How while *Conferva* from its tender hair  
Joins in bright bubbles, &c. &c. &c.'

*Economy of Vegetation*, Canto IV. v. 177—87.

Throughout the Doctor's 'Philosophical Poem,' he is in a constant fidget to support his multifarious pretensions. He was to shine as a man of science, and as a man of the world—he was to come out of the laboratory perfumed with bergamot, and to put down the retort, and take a seat in the 'gilt landau.' He was to be a sans-culotte philosopher, and fraternize with the citizens in dirty linen; and, at the same time, to gain admittance to the 'vegetable pride of Imperial Kew,' and to make his bow to the 'ROYAL PARTNERS,' with his red night-cap in his hand. The learned were to be astounded at his *gentility*, and the ladies to be enraptured with his learning. But, above all, he was to excite universal admiration by the poetic ability with which he had 'enlisted imagination under the banner of science.'

'The Doctor made one happy discovery. He has enriched the poetical Pharmacopeia with an exceedingly neat and compendious formula for preparing personifications in any quantity which may be required. 'As most of our nouns'—so his prescription runs—'have in general no genders affixed to them in prose composition, and in the habits of conversation, they become *easily* personified *only* by the addition of a masculine or feminine pronoun—and secondly, as most of our nouns have the article *a* or *the* prefixed to them in prose writing and in conversation, they in general become personified even by the omission of their articles.'—*Botanic Garden*, p. 182, &c.

Nothing could be more ingenious than this prescription for making he and she personifications at pleasure, nor could it be supposed that the ingenious inventor would neglect to administer a dose of it as often as he could find occasion: the poem therefore teems with life and action, originating simply in the application of the magic pronouns, or in the banishment of the definite or indefinite article. Of course the Doctor gave what gender pleased him best, without being over anxious to preserve either propriety or consistency. PLATINA is a *he*, in spite of the termination; NIGHT bows '*his* Ethiop brow,' and *Earth* has '*his* realms of fire.'

Existence having been thus bestowed, it yet required a little garnish, a little ornament; and this the Doctor found in the 'looser analogies which dress out the imagery of poetry.'—His 'personification' was to stand up in the ranks, and bustle about in the *Economy of Vegetation*. When children are at play they 'produce personifications' with the utmost ease. A cross on the slate is a *fox*, and a round on the slate is a *goose*. The nursery seamstress takes a piece of rag, and rolls it up, and stitches it in the middle.

and then the rag becomes a *doll*; and although the *rag doll* has neither head, nor eyes, nor arms, nor legs, Miss sees them all in fancy, and it is accordingly nursed and treated as kindly as if it were a perfect baby. The Doctor's imagination was equally vivid, and bountiful. With this great master of poetry the 'changeful *opals* roll their lucid eyes;' 'cowslips stretch their golden arms,' and 'drowsy fog flings' his 'hairy limbs on the stagnant deep.' When any 'loose analogy' can be discovered between the thing and its Darwinian personification, it is well; when none at all, it is better; for then the Doctor has more scope for 'imagination.' Perrin Dandin, the peace-maker, took his oath that he had a perfect recollection of having seen that honourable gentleman, his worship *Council of Lateran* with his broad-brimmed scarlet hat, as well as the most worthy lady *Pragmatic Sanction* (*Council of Lateran's* wife) with her rosary of large jet beads, and her gown of mazarine blue satin. But Perrin Dandin was pore-blind compared to the Doctor when he saw the beauties of the bride and bridegroom, at the celebrated wedding of Light and Oxygen:—

**SOLARNS!** from each sun-bright leaf, that twinkling shakes  
O'er Earth's green lap, or shoots amid her lakes,  
Your playful bands with simpering lips invite,  
And wed th' enamoured OXYGENE to LIGHT.  
Round their white necks with fingers interwove,  
Cling the fond pair with unabating love;  
Hand link'd in hand on buoyant step they rise,  
And soar and glisten, &c. &c. &c.

*Economy of Vegetation, Canto IV. v. 31, 40.*

In the fine vision of Owen, the soldier, we are told that he saw Adam lying beneath the tree of life, with the expression of joy on one side of his face, and of sorrow on the other, a grotesque emblem of the blended feelings which may be supposed to arise in our common father, on beholding the strange combination of wisdom and of folly in his children. Each individual shares more or less in the frailty of his kind: and Darwin is a lamentable example of the treacherous strength of the human intellect. Whatever contempt we may bestow upon his verse, he nevertheless deserves high praise in those pursuits to which his *studies* had been directed. In physiology and in general science his acquirements were extensive. His views of nature were clear and profound; and if, in an evil hour, the wicked demon of rhyme had not possessed him, his name would have gone down in good odour to the after-time. No one can really taste the beauty of poetry without a real love of knowledge and of learning. And Darwin's poetry abounds with knowledge and learning, polluted indeed, and degraded by the skipping jingle of his rhymes, but yet of sterling worth. The matter which he has selected is unfit for song, but it

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is one of the noblest themes which can offer itself to the mind; and one which, however treated, must always retain some share of dignity and attraction. Our reasoning faculties are gratified by the subjects which he introduces, although our taste ought to be offended at the manner of their introduction. The geologist stoops and examines the rich and varied minerals which the author of the fabric has collected, and becomes indisposed to arraign the hand which has disposed them in whimsical grotto work. The botanist attends to him whilst he traces the plant from its germ to its maturity, and at length becomes reconciled to the gaudy Flora of the Botanic Garden.

Hence it is principally to the well-informed that Darwin is a dangerous author; for they allow themselves to indulge in the gratification which he affords, without considering the real sources whence that gratification arises. And although Miss Porden's poem is not, by any means, to be considered as an imitation of Darwin, yet we must suppose that it is by his example that she has been seduced into the attempt of clothing subjects which are purely and *drily* scientific in the language of poetry. The story of the poem, the loss and restoration of the veils, was originally a little and elegant fairy romance 'written in short cantos,' and its extension into its present form, at once allegorical and didactic, was an after-thought. We had rather have seen it in its original simplicity and unity; and we should have been well contented to receive such a vivid and forcible delineation, as is afforded by the following lines, alone and unaccompanied by the personifications of 'volcanic' fire, which she afterwards introduced.

'On lofty Stromboli the sky was bright,  
As when it sparkles with the northern light,  
And ever as the mountain hurl'd on high  
Its mass of molten lava to the sky,  
O'er all the isle the vivid lustre spread,  
And brighten'd ocean with a glow of red;  
Like distant thunder, burst a hollow sound,  
Disturb'd the quivering air, and shook the shores around.—p. 205.

'At morn, attended by a trusty guide,  
The fearless nymph ascends the mountain's side,  
Which tower'd above the vast volcanic pile,  
The giant parent of the rocky isle.  
Long was the steep ascent; the path was strew'd  
With stony fragments, ponderous, loose, and rude;  
And as she toil'd along the rugged way,  
The faithless sands her sinking steps betray.  
The eastern summit gain'd, her eye survey'd  
A plain with sable sand and scoria spread.—p. 207—8.

‘ ————— thro’ numerous openings came  
Thick fumes of sulphur in continued stream,  
Hot was the humid soil, and all around  
Her steps re-echoed from the hollow ground.

‘ Within the ancient crater now she stood,  
Whence the long streams of liquid fire had flow’d  
That form’d the solid isle, but many an age  
Its fires had slept, exhausted with their rage ;  
Its falling sides the dire abyss o’erspread,  
And recent scoria form’d a sable bed.  
Yet thro’ the crust sulphureous odours breathe,  
And fumes ascend in many a snowy wreath,  
And, like a lion, awful in repose,  
A moment might the dreadful gulf disclose,  
And Leonora hastes, and fears to view  
Its slumbering fury wake and rage anew.

‘ Westward her course the bold adventurer bands;  
And now the mountain’s loftiest peak ascends ;  
Beneath, unseen, the dread volcano glows,  
Yet o’er the crest the smoky volumes rose ;  
She hears the louder roar, and sees with dread  
The flaming masses rise above her head,  
And sand and ashes scatter’d all around,  
The marks of former fury, strew the ground.

‘ Descending now, she reach’d a rocky height,  
Whence the whole scene unfolded to her sight ;  
Saw from the gulf the orbs of lava rise,  
And clouds of dusky vapour veil the skies,  
And shuddering thought how soon the hour might come,  
When that red void should be her hated home.’—p. 208, 9.

A spirit then appears at the bidding of the Fire-king, and under his guidance Leonora plunges into the blazing gulf.

‘ The fearless nymph obey’d—her tender feet  
The lava press, yet scarcely feel its heat ;  
O’er solid fire proceeds the undaunted dame,  
And breathes amid an atmosphere of flame,  
Which round her form, by frequent currents driven,  
Fann’d her dark tresses like the gales of heaven.  
Yet oft, at first, she screen’d her dazzled sight  
From the full splendour of that crimson light,  
And shrunk from flames that round innocuous fly,  
Soft as the evening zephyr’s vernal sigh.

‘ How vast the fiery realm ! around her stood  
Unnumber’d Sprites, that various tasks pursu’d.’—p. 212.

There is so much poetic spirit in this passage, that we will not destroy the impression of poetical reality which it produces, by

extracting the enumeration of the labours of the spirits of the volcano: they would dispel the illusion which the fancy of the writer has created with such ability. We shall therefore pass on to the return of Leonora to the realms of day. The sweetness of the lines, and the contrast between their calm and softened imagery, and the fiery scene from which Leonora has rushed, remind us of the first stanzas of the 'Purgatorio.'

'Thro' the deep gulf again she mounts to air.  
And oh! how lovely to her wearied eye,  
The moon's soft light, the azure of the sky,  
The still and placid grandeur of the scene,  
The haunts of man, the tufts of sober green,  
And that red cloud, that in the blue expanse,  
With rapid motion sailing met her glance;  
Is that her airy car?'—p. 235—6.

Miss Porden thinks vigorously, and she always expresses herself with terseness. Such passages as the following may be instanced for their condensed and apophthegmatic turn.

'——— long and keenly smarts the rankling wound,  
When those admir'd and lov'd are worthless found;  
And truth's broad mirror, with a thousand flaws,  
Obscures the spotless image memory draws.'

Book iv. v. 880—4.

'Misfortune oft in mirthful guise appears,  
And wo at times will frolic tho' in tears.'

Book iii. 700—4.

Nor can she be otherwise than lively and elegant when we clear away the primitive and secondary rocks, which she afterwards thought fit to superinduce upon her fairy tale. We shall conclude our extracts with the nuptials of the Water-king and his beneficent bride.

'Yet many a youth that to the tourney came,  
With eager looks had sought one absent dame,  
And marvell'd why Lymnoria, fair and gay,  
Still prompt to haste where pleasure led the way,  
Who lov'd the ocean's fairest maids among  
To shine distinguish'd in the glittering throng,  
To mark each jealous damsel's smother'd sighs  
Burst as they watch'd their lover's wandering eyes,  
When, like an empress, mid her slaves she shone,  
And deem'd each eye should fix on her alone;  
Why only she now shunn'd the festive scene,  
Where all were met in honour of their queen.  
Yet many a nymph the secret reason guest,  
In looks, and signs, and whispers half express,

And marvel'd much how envy found a place  
 In that fair breast and love-inspiring face ;  
 And some, who seminds a kindred thought conceal'd,  
 In specious guise their lurking envy veil'd :  
 " 'Twas true their queen was gracious, good and fair,  
 " Yet other nymphs might with her charms compare ;  
 " And it was hard, must be by all confest,  
 " To see one nymph thus rais'd o'er all the rest,  
 " And more for her, once destin'd for the throne,  
 " Who deem'd this damsel but usurp'd her crown."  
 While some their queen's superior charms allow,  
 But muttering something of a broken vow.—p. 182—3.

The personifications of 'metals and minerals,' and of the 'agencies of volcanic fire,' as may be expected from the specimens which we have given of Miss Porden's poetry, are managed with great talent and ingenuity, and they exhibit a thorough knowledge of the subject. But they are materials upon which talent and ingenuity should not attempt to work. They are either too refractory to be moulded into grace, or too rarified and penetrating to be rendered visible and tangible. Nor could these difficulties be surmounted, even if, as Miss Porden wishes, the operations of her Rosicrucian mythology had been directed by a person 'possessing the scientific knowledge of Sir Humphry Davy, and the energy and imagination of Lord Byron and Mr. Scott.'

The privilege of *personification* is an important one, and therefore it should be used charily. The forms bestowed by the poet must be indicated, not defined. The vitality which he bestows must be breathed into the object in an instant, and for an instant only. Like the mock life produced in the slaughtered animal by the powers of galvanism, as soon as the subtle influence has darted through, its effects must cease ; and inert nature must relapse into its primitive quiescence. Thus,

'Jura answers through her misty shroud  
 Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud.'

But although the voices of the mountains were heard during the raging of the midnight storm, we do not find that they continue to hold a dialogue after it had subsided.

The themes of poetry must be such as can agitate or allure us ; the lessons of poetry must be such as can enter into alliance with our virtues, nay, even with our errors. But science soars above the troubled region of passion and feeling, and dwells in the calm and cloudless heaven where all is light and tranquillity.

'— οὐτ' ἀνέμοισι τινασσεταί, οὐτ' ἐν ποτ' ὀμβρῷ  
 δυνεταί, οὐτ' ἔχουσιν ἐπαινεῖσθαι. ἀλλὰ μὲν αἰδρῇ  
 πνεύσας ἀννιφετός, λεπτῇ δ' ἐκκεδρόμεν ἀγλή.' .



The object of science is the discovery and diffusion of truth: and the flowing veil of poetry is wholly abhorrent from this its only intent and end. Science cannot be taught in allegory or metaphor, and it seeks neither ornament nor disguise; the one can give it no additional fairness, the other must detract from its utility. The laws and properties of matter are the 'handmaids' of the Power who laid the foundations of the world; and in the investigation of their workings, we must confide in reason, without invoking the deceitful aid of fancy or imagination. Let the Muse be content to roam in the haunts to which she has been accustomed from days of old, and employ herself in her wonted tasks. She may breathe the fresh gale without trying its purity in the eudiometer. When she gathers flowers, let her weave them in a wreath, and she will find it easier than to class the sweets which she has culled between the leaves of the hortus siccus. All nature is before her, and it is her duty to point out the beauties of the great pageant; but it will not be required of her, that she should conduct the spectators behind the scenes.

With respect to Miss Porden, we must conclude by confessing, that although we think her endeavour to blend poetry and science together is objectionable, yet her knowledge becomes her well; and we are quite sure that the age cannot produce many female writers possessing ability and information enough to err as she has done.

ART. VI. *Laou-sing-urh, or 'An Heir in his Old Age,' a Chinese Drama. Translated from the Original Chinese. By J. F. Davis, Esq. of Canton. To which is prefixed a Brief View of the Chinese Drama and of their Theatrical Exhibitions. Small 8vo. pp. 164. London. 1817.*

IN the voluminous compilations concerning China, which were published on the continent of Europe, and chiefly in France, in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we meet with very few observations on the general state of literature in that country. The Catholic Missionaries, from whom they were received, labour hard, it is true, to persuade their correspondents, by vague and general assertions, that the Chinese are a nation of sages; that the love of letters is universal; that learning alone leads to wealth and honours; that, with it, the highest offices of the state are open to the lowest of the people; and, without it, that princes sink quietly, as a matter of common occurrence, into the vulgar herd; that, in short, under this enlightened government,

‘Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,  
The rest is all but feather or prunella.’

We are cautioned, however, at the same time, not to regard the literary qualifications, which pave the way to the highest offices in the state, as consisting of that vulgar wisdom which implies a knowledge of men and of things, or of the pursuits of physical or abstract science, or even of the history of the great events which have been passing in any other part of the world; but that the perfection of the human intellect, and the indispensable qualification for a great statesman, consist in knowing precisely what *Yao* said, and what *Chun* did, on any particular occasion, four thousand years ago; and in applying the maxims of the one and the practice of the other to the events of the present time. This, with a critical knowledge of the construction, and precise import, of an old character of their symbolic language, together with the exact mode of addressing a superior, or returning the salute of an inferior, according to the regulations prescribed by Confucius, constitute, in a great measure, the learning of a Chinese state philosopher. But the most remarkable circumstance seems to be that these automatons should have succeeded in persuading the Jesuits, whom no one will accuse of being deficient in worldly wisdom, that this puerile trifling of the Chinese *was* learning; while every succeeding communication to their superiors in Europe bore unequivocal proofs of the gross ignorance in which the whole nation was immersed. And yet we ought, perhaps, not so much to wonder at the miraculous accounts of those who had travelled to the opposite side of the globe in search of miracles, as at the credulity of such men as Voltaire, Freret, De Guignes, Isaac Vossius, and many others, who so greedily swallowed them. The Jesuits indeed had some excuse: the conversion of the heathen being the main object of their mission, they found it, probably, conducive to their success to adopt the habits and prejudices of their Chinese neophytes.

It still, however, remains to be explained why these early Missionaries, who were themselves men of learning, and more free from prejudices than any of the other Religious Orders, should not have bestowed a little attention on the modern state of literature among the great mass of the people. We read, it is true, of the hundreds of thousands of volumes contained in the Imperial library at Pekin, and every now and then we meet with the titles of some of them; we are also told that thousands of the lighter kind of productions, such as moral tales, entertaining stories, novels, plays and songs, issue daily from the press; but this lumping mention of Chinese libraries and Chinese books, with the exception of one drama translated by Père Premare, two or three moral tales, as many

apologues and some short specimens of poetry, collected and published by Dr Halde and Grozier, constituted all the knowledge which, till of very late years, we possessed in Europe, of the taste of the Chinese in that department of literature generally known by the name of *belles lettres*.

Yet a more intimate knowledge of this particular branch of national literature would seem precisely to be that which was most wanting to enable us to form a true estimate of the national character—it is that which, of all others, appears best calculated to show us how this singular people acted and thought under the ordinary occurrences of life; and how far the fine moral sentiments, which Confucius uttered, and which are painted in large characters in their houses and temples, by the sides of the high roads, and in all public places, are carried into practice in real life. That beautiful little novel the *Hao-kiou-tchuan*, translated by Mr. Wilkinson and published by Dr. Percy, did this to a certain extent, but it remained for many years the solitary specimen of this kind of composition. The knowledge of the language which the translator had acquired seems to have died with him; and as Bohea and Sou-chong could be provided by the easier process of a sort of telegraphic communication aided by a murderous jargon of English, the study of the language of China revived only with the Embassy of Lord Macartney to the Court of Peking. This mission afforded an opportunity to the present Sir George Staunton, then a boy, to cultivate it with complete success; and his example has been followed by several of the Company's servants at Canton, but by none with more assiduity and advantage than by Mr. Davis, the translator of the drama before us: this young gentleman is a writer on the establishment of the East India Company's factory at Canton, where, we understand, he has not been resident much more than two years.

The editor of this literary curiosity, for such it must be considered whatever its merits or defects may be, has taken a summary view of the Chinese drama, or rather, we should say, of the stage-representations, as they are exhibited for the entertainment of foreign ambassadors; these exhibitions, it must be confessed, are puerile enough, consisting chiefly of broad farce, of tumbling, juggling, posture-making, and ridiculous processions of men disguised as animals, the last of which may be intended perhaps to convey, by personified allegories, allusions to some national tradition or religious superstition. Of their regular dramas, such as this before us, we hear little or nothing in the accounts published of the several embassies sent by different nations to the Court of Peking. The reason is obvious. Until the present embassy of Lord Amherst, neither the ambassador nor any of his suite were fortunate

enough to understand one word of what they heard; and as it is said that, when one sense is shut, the others become more open, these travellers describe accurately enough, no doubt, what they *saw*, but are necessarily silent as to what they *heard*.

The editor mentions a poem, written by a common Chinese, called 'London,' also translated by Mr. Davis. We have procured a copy of this poem, or rather of that part of it which has been translated: though the author's observations, in general, are just, yet, as he was ignorant of our language, they proceed almost wholly from what was communicated to the mind through the organ of sight. 'Their play-houses,' he says, 'are always shut during the day; after dark the scenes are opened. The faces of the actors are very handsome. Their dresses are embroidered and splendid; and they sing in exact unison with the music; and dance to the drums and flutes. The exhibition is delightful in the highest degree, and all go away with laughing countenances.' And he adds, in a note,—for this Chinese poet too uses his verses as pegs to hang notes upon,—'that all descriptions of people mix together and pay a certain fixed price; that the scenes are painted to represent trees and houses, that they are frequently changed; and that the female characters are all performed by women.' Of the 'Thames' he says, 'three bridges resist the stream, and form a communication. Ships and boats pass beneath the arches; men and horses walk amidst the clouds; a thousand masses of stone rise one above the other; and the river flows through nine channels. The bridge of *Lo-yang*, which out-tops all under heaven, resembles them in form.'—But he adds, in a note, that the bridge of *Lo-yang*, in Fokien, is the finest in the world; that it resembles these (of the Thames) in appearance, but there is a difference in point of size:—in the original, there is an artful ambiguity by which the superiority 'in point of size' is left undecided. Our traveller (who is not deficient in intelligence) notices chiefly those objects which excited attention by their contrast with those of his own country—thus he observes that, 'the houses are so lofty that you may pluck the stars from them;' that, on four sacred days in the month, people put on their best clothes, and go to the temple; that the virtuous read their sacred book, which they call *Pe-lee to kot*, (pray to God); that the appearance of the country is beautiful, and the hills, rising one above another, delightful to behold; that little girls have rosy cheeks and fair complexions; that men and women marry from mutual choice; and love and respect each other; and that there are no second wives; that the grass is cut, and dried, to feed cattle in winter when there is frost and snow; that men and women ramble into the fields to gather flowers; that poor women at the wheat harvest gather the grain which is left, and sing as they go home:

and that people recommend each other in spring and autumn to return early, lest they should be bewildered in the fog, &c. As this is the first attempt by a Chinese to give his countrymen any information respecting England, we have thought that our readers would not be displeased with a short specimen of the mode in which it is conveyed.

That the Chinese have something better than those exhibitions described by travellers, the 'Orphan of Tchao,' translated by Premare, and the 'Laou-sing-urh,' both of which are taken from the same collection of one hundred dramas, abundantly testify; and we think there is also proof that these plays, and others of a similar description, are those which are generally represented before Chinese audiences, though it is not a little remarkable, as the Editor has observed, 'that those representations appear to descend into lowness and vulgarity, in the inverse ratio of the rank and situation in life of the parties for whose amusement they are exhibited.' Theatrical entertainments exhibited before the emperor and his court, for the amusement of every ambassador, from Ysbrandt Ives to Titsingh and Van Braam, were more puerile, absurd and mean, than those to which they were invited in the provinces. Thus we find in Lord Macartney's entertaining Journal, a ludicrous detail of the entertainments given at Gohol, which lasted five hours, the account of which his lordship thus concludes: 'Thus then have I seen *King Solomon in all his glory*. I use this expression, as the scene recalled perfectly to my memory a puppet-show of that name, which I recollect to have seen in my childhood, and which made so strong an impression on my mind, that I then thought it a true representation of the highest pitch of human greatness and felicity.' But at Tien-sing his lordship speaks of the actors having exhibited during the day 'several different pantomimes and historical dramas.' 'One of these,' Sir George Staunton observes, 'attracted particular attention.' Scanty as their knowledge was of the language, many of the gentlemen of the embassy perceived, or thought they perceived, the resemblance of the action to one of Shakspeare's historical plays. A rebel general, who has slain his sovereign, pays his addresses to the captive empress; and, 'whilst she is tearing her hair, and rending the skies with her complaints, the conqueror enters, approaches her with respect, addresses her in a gentle tone, soothes her sorrows with his compassion, talks of love and adoration, and, like Richard the Third with Lady Anne, prevails, in less than half an hour, on the Chinese princess, to dry up her tears, to forget her deceased consort, and yield to a consoling wooer.'

It would be idle to conjecture, in the present state of our imperfect knowledge of China, whence this unfavourable difference

in the court amusements arises; but it would be quite consistent with the character of this mean and insolent government, to suppose that these exhibitions were got up for the occasion, as being, in their opinion, best suited to the taste and understanding of foreign barbarians, who, according to their notions, come from afar to offer them tribute and to seek their protection.

But the vulgar and childish exhibitions of the Chinese stage form not the most serious charge against the taste and judgment of this nation of sages; it appears, from the 'Brief View,' that they frequently offend against all decency and morality. Not satisfied with the mere relation of a criminal act or a filthy story, the Chinese require something more—the eye must be gratified by a sight of every process of the transaction. The following instance will suffice as a specimen of their taste in this respect.

"The history of husbands deceived by their mistresses, says M. de Guignes, "being frequently the subject of their comedies, there occur therein sometimes situations so free, and in which the actor exhibits so much truth, that the scene becomes extremely indecent,"—and he mentions an instance of which he was an eye-witness, where the heroine of the piece "devint grosse et accoucha sur le théâtre d'un enfant." The piece was called the *See-hou* Pagoda, being the history of the destruction of the Pagoda now in ruins, on that famous lake described by Mr. Barrow under the name of *Lui-fung-ta*,—the Temple of the Thundering Winds. Several genii, mounted upon serpents, and marching along the margin of the lake, opened the scene; a neighbouring bonze shortly after made love to one of these goddesses, who, in spite of the remonstrances of her sister, listened to the young man, married him, became pregnant, and was delivered of a child upon the stage, who very soon found itself in a condition to walk about. Enraged at this scandalous adventure, the genii drove away the bonze, and finished by striking the pagoda with lightning, and reducing it to the ruined condition in which it now appears.' (*Brief View*, p. 29.)

The translation of the *Laou-sing-urh* puts an end to all dispute with regard to the nature of the Chinese drama, if any doubt could have been entertained with regard to the authenticity and the fidelity of the translation of the 'Orphan of Tchao.' The latter is abused by Voltaire, though he made it the ground-work of one of his best tragedies; he admits, indeed, that, in spite of the innumerable crowd of events, they are all exhibited in the most clear and distinct manner; but he quarrels with it, because unity of time and action, sentiment, character, eloquence, passion, all, by his account, are wanting—a grave list of defects, truly—but Voltaire probably was not aware that Premare's translation is the skeleton only of the Chinese play, and that those parts which have been compared with the Greek chorus, and in which sentiment and

passion, if not eloquence, are expressed, were omitted by the translator. The editor observes,

'Our countryman, Doctor Hurd, in his "Discourse on Practical Imitation," formed a very different opinion of this tragedy from that of Voltaire. He conceived that it embraces the two essentials of dramatic poetry, unity and integrity of action—and a close connexion of the incidents of the story; for, "first," he observes, "the action is strictly one; the destruction of the house of Chao is the single event on which our attention turns from the beginning; we see it gradually prepared and brought on; and with its completion, the tragedy finishes. Secondly, the action proceeds with as much rapidity, as Aristotle himself demands." And having noticed its resemblance in many points to the *Electra* of Sophocles—"let me add," says he, "an intermixture of songs in passionate parts, heightened into sublime poetry, and somewhat resembling the character of the ancient chorus." Had Premare translated more of these lyrics, he would probably have found the resemblance still more complete.' (*Brief View*, p. 34.)

The 'Heir in his Old Age' is liable to none of the objections brought by Voltaire against the 'Orphan of Chao,' except the want of unity of place and time, a defect of which we in England, at least, are not warranted to complain. This drama is wanting neither in sentiment, passion, nor character—of its eloquence none can judge correctly, but those who feel the force of the association of ideas suggested by the compounded symbols of the Chinese language, whose most striking beauties, as a Chinese has observed, 'pass through the eye immediately to the heart,' and whose sound, striking upon the ear, 'brings the recollection of the picture to the eye.' These combinations of symbols, the frequent use of metaphors, and of allusions to ancient history and popular stories, especially in the lyrical parts, 'which are sung or chanted with music,' must render the translation of them a difficult task to an European; and after all, the best translation can only be an approximation to the original, wanting the strength, and beauty, and expression conveyed by the latter to the eye of a Chinese. Mr. Davis, we think, has done wonders; he found, he says, the lyrical parts very obscure, but where doubtful passages occurred, 'the opinion of two or more natives was asked, and that sense adopted which appeared to be most consistent with the idiom of the language, and with the scope of the original.'

The comedy of 'An Heir in his old Age' is the representation of a simple story in domestic life, the *dramatis personæ* being composed entirely of the members of a family in the mercantile, or trading profession, which in China we may consider as constituting the middle class of society. The moral meant to be conveyed is an illustration of the happiness or the misery of having

or wanting a son to honour his aged parents, and to pay an annual visit to their tombs when dead ; filial piety being, in the estimation of this singular people, the first of moral virtues, and the lack of it the worst of moral offences ; it is, in fact, the grand basis on which all the religious, moral, and civil institutions of the empire are founded : hence the want of an heir to perpetuate the family name, and to perform the posthumous ceremonies, is a source of misery in a man's life-time, and a reproach to his memory when dead. To obviate this misfortune, as far as human means will admit, custom, which is here stronger than law, allows a man to take an inferior, or second wife, whom he generally purchases from poor relations ; in this character she has no rights, and if she bear children, they are considered as the children of the first or legitimate wife, and enjoy the same privileges as if born in lawful wedlock.

The characters in the 'Heir in his Old Age' are an old man, his wife, his second wife, his daughter, his son-in-law, and his nephew. The outline of the fable is briefly this :—The old man, having amassed considerable wealth by trade, and being without a son to perform the duties which filial piety demands, both to the living and the dead, had taken a second wife, whose pregnancy is announced at the opening of the play. To atone for some little irregularities in his trading concerns, and incline heaven to be favourable to his wishes, he makes a sacrifice of his book-debts, by burning them in the presence of his family. He then bequeaths his property to his wife and married daughter ; and having got rid of a nephew, who is hated by his old wife, by giving him a hundred pieces of silver, he sets out for his house in the country, to await the congratulations of his family on the wished-for birth of his son.

He is scarcely departed, however, before the disappointment of the son-in-law, on the pregnancy of the second wife, vents itself in invectives ; and he plainly tells the daughter, (his wife,) that he only married her for the sake of the old man's wealth. The daughter soothes him by hinting how easy it will be to get rid of the pregnant wife, and to frame a plausible story to deceive her father ; and from what follows, the husband, as well as the audience, is left to conclude that she has contrived to despatch the unfortunate woman. In the mean time, the old gentleman is waiting in great anxiety for the result ; his family appear in succession to communicate the doleful tidings of the disappearance of his second wife, which he conceives to be a trick, and is at length reluctantly brought to believe it true. In the bitterness of his disappointment, he bursts into tears, and expresses his suspicions of foul play. Attributing at length his misfortunes to some little peculations of which he has been guilty, he resolves to bestow alms at a neighbouring temple, and to fast for seven days, in the hope that the



objects of his charity may in some measure, however imperfectly, supply the place of a son. We have now a scene at the temple in which the beggars of China, like the beggars in all other countries, exhibit their talent at fraud and imposture; here also the nephew appears, in the most hopeless state of poverty; he is insulted by the son-in-law, and reproached by the old wife: the uncle, however, dismisses him with a trifle of money to supply his immediate wants, and earnestly recommends him to be punctual in visiting the tombs of his family at the approaching season, giving him the strongest assurances that a due attention to the duties of filial piety must ultimately lead to prosperity.

The nephew accordingly visits the tombs, makes the best oblations that his poverty will allow, invokes the shades of his ancestors to commiserate his distress, and to grant him their protection: he then goes away, and the old man and his wife make their appearance, observe the vestiges of a recent oblation, conclude from the meanness of the offerings that it must have been their nephew, and express great indignation that their own daughter and son-in-law should be so tardy in fulfilling their duty. The old man takes this opportunity of convincing his wife of her injustice to this nephew, who is not only more worthy, but nearer in blood than their son-in-law; she relents, and expresses a desire to make reparation; he enters, a reconciliation takes place, and he is again received into the family.

Soon after, the son-in-law and daughter appear with a great noise and a procession of village officers, to perform the ceremonies; but they are received by their parents with bitter reproaches for their ingratitude and tardy piety, and ordered never more to enter the doors of their parents. On the old man's birth-day, however, they approach his house and entreat to pay their respects, when to the utter astonishment and joy of the old man, his daughter presents him with his second wife, leading a son in her hand about three years of age, both of whom, it now appears, had been secreted by the daughter, and supported by her, out of affection to her father, unknown to her husband, who had all along supposed both mother and child to have been otherwise disposed of. The daughter is now separated from her worthless husband, and taken into her father's house; a new arrangement is made of his property; and the piece concludes with the joy and gratitude of the old gentleman, for being so unexpectedly made happy by 'an heir in his old age.'

This simple story is worked up with considerable ingenuity; the unity and integrity of the action are closely adhered to, the incidents are all connected with the main design, and the character of each of the *dramatis personæ* well preserved throughout, especially that

of the old man: that of the old lady is not quite so passive as we had been led to suppose the female character to be in China; she rules her family with undisputed sway; and is moreover a reasonable woman, listens to argument, and is open to conviction. The action proceeds without the least interruption, and though the time employed is somewhat more than three years, the events follow each other in such natural order, and are so closely connected, that the lapse of time would not be perceived, but for the age of the child brought forward in the concluding scene. It is very remarkable that the divisions of this drama should approximate so nearly to those of most European nations. It consists of five acts, or four besides the *sie-tsa*, or opening, which is, to all intents and purposes, an act differing in nothing from the other acts. Its resemblance to the prologues of the Greek drama is sufficiently striking, where the principal personages come forward to let the audience into the argument or story on which the action is to turn, and to acquaint them with the names and characters of the actors. The 'Old Man,' in the 'Opening' of the present drama, announces himself in this manner:—'I am a man of Tung-ping-foo; my surname is Lew, my name Tsung-sheu. I am sixty-years of age, and Le-she, my wife, is fifty-eight. My daughter Yin-chung's age is twenty-seven, and that of her husband, Chang-lang, thirty, &c.:' and so he goes on to tell the ages, connexions, and history of the whole *dramatis personæ*—like the single actor of Thespis, announcing his own name and family, and telling the simple tale of his misfortunes,—or, like the ghost of Polydore, in the Hecuba of Euripides, acquainting the audience that he is the son of Hecuba and Priam, just come from the mansions of the dead, &c.—or Helena, who exclaims.

—'I from Sparta draw my birth, a realm  
To glory not unknown, of royal race,  
Daughter of Tyndarus,

\_\_\_\_\_ and Helena my name.'

But the nearest parallel to the Chinese drama may perhaps be found in some of our old Mysteries; as in that of 'Candlemas Day, or the Killing of the Children of Israel,' where, for instance, King Herod thus announces himself:—

'I am King Herowd, I will it be known so,  
Most strong and myghty in feld for to fyght, &c.'

This practice of addressing the audience, as Mr. Gifford has observed, is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in his 'Bartholomew Fair,' where *Lanthorn Leatherhead* thus opens his puppet-show.

'Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,  
Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander.  
With a great deal of cloth, lapp'd about him like a scarf,  
For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle-wharf.'

The resemblance, however, to the Greek drama does not stop here. The lyrical compositions, which in the serious and historical plays are more frequent than in dramas like the one in question, bear a very striking affinity to the chorus of the old Greek tragedy, with all due distance, however, as to taste and genius, and like the chorus too, they are sung with an accompaniment of music. The difficulty of many of these choral songs in the Greek tragedy is not greater than the obscurity which prevails in those of the Chinese. Mr. Davis seems to think that these passages are chiefly intended to gratify the ear, and that sense is very often sacrificed to sound. It may be so; and, if it were, his editor observes, 'examples of the same kind might be produced nearer home.' We are rather inclined to believe, however, from Mr. Davis's own occasional translations, that they are meant to convey some sage reflection, or some moral truth, bearing on the subject of the dialogue, and that their obscurity is owing to the figurative signification of the symbols. 'Without extensive knowledge of their ancient poetry,' says Mr. Morrison, 'and the customs and manners of the country, it is very difficult to understand their poetical compositions.'

The Chinese stage derives none of those helps from scenery which, in Europe, so powerfully assists in augmenting the illusion. Nor have they any permanent theatres: with the ready bamboo, of universal use, a few mats, and some printed cotton cloths, they will dress up a theatre in a few hours; or a chamber, with a door for 'their exits and their entrances,' will suffice for the purpose. When a foreign ambassador is received by the viceroy of a province, or the governor of a city, or when an officer of state, or a wealthy citizen, gives an entertainment to his friends, a set of players and a band of music are the never-failing appendages to the banquet. They are always ready to commence on a certain number of pieces, and they continue to play as long as the guests remain, without intermission. The female characters are usually performed by eunuchs or boys; though women sometimes appear on the stage. The dialogue in their tragedies and historical plays is carried on in a tone of voice considerably elevated above its natural pitch, and continued in a kind of whining monotony, like a bad imitation of the recitative in the Italian opera, but without the modulations and cadences of that pleasing vehicle of fine music. In the lighter pieces of comedy and farce, the dialogue is conducted in the familiar tone of common conversation.

Any extract that we could give would convey but little idea of the merits or defects of the present play; whatever they may be, the Chinese drama is unquestionably their own; and it appears, both from this and the tragedy of the House of Tchao, that the

object is 'to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image;' and though the 'Heir in his old Age' was written nearly eight hundred years ago, yet, as time stands still in China with regard to any alteration or improvement, this and all their plays, however old, show the existing age, 'his form and pressure.' It is a true picture of Chinese manners and Chinese feelings, and, as such, is a valuable acquisition to our stock of knowledge, as far as it regards this extraordinary nation.

There is little or no doubt that the Chinese borrowed the popular religion, and the remnants they possess of astronomical science, from the Hindoos; but their drama is obviously altogether national. If we may judge from the single Hindoo play that has been published in an European dress, we should say, that while the Hindoos soar beyond nature into the wilds of mythology, the Chinese adhere rigidly, far too rigidly sometimes, to human actions and human imperfections. It is true, the same feeling of misery attending the want of a son is expressed in *Sacotala* as in the Chinese play; but among the Hindoos it is more of a religious feeling, and the observance of a precept of the *Vedas*; thus the prince *Dushman-ta* says:—

'Ah me! the departed souls of my ancestors, who claim a share in the funeral cake, which I have no son to offer, are apprehensive of losing their due honour, when *Dushman-ta* shall be no more on earth!—who then, alas, will perform in our family, those obsequies which the *Veda* prescribes? My forefathers must drink, instead of a pure libation, this flood of tears, the only offering which a man, who dies childless, can make them.'

We are so much pleased with this little performance of Mr. Davis, that we hope to see more of the same kind, from the same, or some other collection of the popular dramas of China; for nothing can be better calculated to display the manners and the character of the people.

We had promised ourselves much information on the interesting subject before us, from the embassy to China, which, at the present moment, occupies so large a share of the public attention. With such superior advantages to those of Lord Macartney, in having so many of our own countrymen who are well versed in the language, Sir George Staunton, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Davis, the Editor too, had naturally enough anticipated the most favourable results from the mission; which, however, we regret to find, from the *Imperial Gazette*, are not likely to be fulfilled. That the general facts which have been published are true, we are not disposed to doubt; that the details are false, we entertain as little doubt,—well knowing that, for the propagation of falsehood, the old *Brussels Gazette* was but a type of that of *Pekin*.

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Recent accounts from the embassy state, that on the arrival of the ships in the gulf of Pe-tche-lee, on the 23th July, two military officers came off from the shore, and expressed some surprise at their having reached that anchorage in so short a time after notice had been first received of the embassy; and it was evident that no preparations had been made for its reception. Two days afterwards, however, the same officers returned with intelligence that three mandarins of rank had been appointed to attend the ambassador to the capital; the first of the name of *Quong*, the imperial legate, and a Tartar; the second *Chang*, a civilian; the third, *Yin*, a military officer; being the exact counterparts of the three *Ta-jin*, or *great men*, appointed to wait on Lord Macartney; and to make the parallel complete, the Tartar legate announced his intention of receiving the ambassador on shore, while the other two paid their respects to him on board the *Alceste*. They brought with them a fleet of junks, as on the former occasion, containing the imperial present of refreshments for the ships' crews, intended also, when unloaded, to convey back the presents and baggage of the ambassador and his suite. The present did not contain such a vast profusion of hogs, fowls, pumpions, and pears, as on the former occasion, from the want, most probably, of a longer notice to provide them; but it was ample; and the friendly attentions of these two men, as well as the conciliating manners of the legate, held out the promise of a favourable and honourable reception in Peking. Two circumstances, however, were casually mentioned, that in some degree cast a damp over this agreeable prospect. In the first place, it was rumoured among the Chinese on shore that the Emperor would set out for Gehol, in Tartary, on the 9th September, previously to which, he would receive the ambassador in Peking, and give him his final audience of leave: secondly, the two mandarins *Chang* and *Yin* insinuated pretty plainly that the usual ceremony of prostration would be expected from the ambassador; if the former point was not got over, it was quite evident that no time would be allowed for the transaction of any kind of business, and the question of the ceremony was considered as a point of vital importance—as, on the refusal or compliance with this degrading and humiliating demand, England must continue to maintain, in the eyes of this haughty government, that high rank and independent spirit for which she had hitherto been known to them, or set the seal of vassalage to her submission, and be registered among the number of their petty tributaries. However, as these men seemed not to have any positive instructions on that head, and as every thing hitherto had been conducted on the same plan and principles as heretofore, it was hoped that no such concession would be per-

sisted in, or any material deviation be demanded, inconsistent with the precedent established by Lord Macartney.

Some little objection was at first made to the number of persons attached to the embassy, which with the guard, band of music, and servants, amounted to seventy-five; the orders from Pekin limiting the number to fifty. The objection, however, was immediately removed, and a fleet of more than thirty commodious barges appointed to carry them up the river to Tong-shoo, within twelve miles of the capital; and so studious were they to follow the former precedent, that a vessel was prepared to receive two cows, to supply the English with milk for their tea.

Here ends our direct information from the embassy; the rest is from Chinese authority, which is, in fact, no authority at all; the most audacious falsehoods were daily published when the former embassy was in the country, and Lord Macartney had constant occasion to observe, that 'their ideas of the obligations of truth were very lax;' besides, whatever appears in the *Pekin Gazette* is prepared solely and exclusively for the Chinese. No foreigner is supposed to know any thing of what passes in China. It would seem, then, from this gazette, that the emperor had not seen the ambassador, nor received the Regent's letters and presents; and that the reason assigned for this unfriendly proceeding was the refusal, on the part of Lord Amherst, to go through the degrading ceremony required from all the petty kingdoms nominally under the protection of the empire; a ceremony which, as we have stated, is the sign and seal of their vassalage. This ceremony requires the person to fall down at the word of command on both knees, and, on another word being given by a kind of herald, to bow the head nine distinct times to the ground. It has been conjectured, that our quarrel with the Nepaulese had some share in the untoward circumstances of the embassy; but this is not likely; much less is it so that the emperor should have first been informed of that quarrel by Lord Amherst. He had in fact appointed a general, and marched an army through Tartary to Thibet, long before the arrival of the embassy; and that general reached Lassa about the same time that Lord Amherst arrived at Tein-Sing. The first appearance of discontent is manifested at the circumstance of the ships leaving the gulf of Pe-tche-lee without orders; it insinuates that these ships went off for some bad purpose, and with the design of examining the coast; and circular orders were sent to the officers of the maritime provinces, directing them not to permit the ships to anchor, or a single man to land, but to desire them immediately to proceed to Macao, and there to wait the arrival of the ambassador. This ignorant government could not conceive the danger

of a large ship of war lying at anchor in the middle of an extensive gulf, in less than four fathoms water, and eleven miles from shore, at a time too when the change of the monsoon was momentarily expected, and when those horrible hurricanes called typhoons prevail, and in one of which, in fact, the *Alceste* was caught in her return to the southward:—deceitful in all its proceedings; its conduct at variance with all its moral and political maxims; it could only impute bad motives to measures of necessary precaution, though the same measures had also been adopted by Sir Erasmus Gower on the former occasion.

The danger, in fact, was stated to the legate and the two mandarins; and so well satisfied were they with the reasons assigned for not remaining in that open anchorage, that they furnished Captain Maxwell with a letter, ordering the provincial authorities, wherever he might touch, to supply the wants of the ships. If they neglected to inform his imperial majesty of this circumstance, they alone were to blame. However they did not trouble the coast of China; they stood across the gulf of Leatong, saw the great wall, winding up one side of steep mountains and descending the other down into the very gulf; and instead of meeting with the eastern coast of Corea, where it appears on our charts, they fell in with an archipelago of a thousand islands, among which were the most commodious and magnificent harbours; the real coast of the Corean peninsula being at least 120 miles farther to the eastward. From hence they proceeded to the Leiou-Kieou islands, where they met with a harbour equal to that of Port Mahon, and with the most friendly reception from the poor but kind-hearted people of those islands. Finally, from hence they stood across direct for Canton.

In the mean time the embassy proceeded to Peking; and on their arrival at Tien-Sing, so it is stated in the *Gazette* before us, a grand entertainment was given to Lord Amherst, agreeably with the established ceremonies of the empire; for which, however, his lordship said not to have been sufficiently thankful. Another edict, bearing date the 28th of August, announces the arrival of the ambassador at Peking, bearing a letter and tribute from the King of England; and another edict, in the next day's *Gazette*, proclaims the conclusion of the mission, orders it to quit Peking the same day, points out its route through the provinces to Canton, commands the great officers of the provinces and the criminal judges to attend the ambassador, together with a large military escort; and it is difficult to say whether suspicion, weakness, or pusillanimity most preponderates in the precautions dictated in these absurd orders; or whether petulance or timidity is most apparent in them. 1:

states that the letter and presents have not been received, because the ambassador could not present them; and the reason for not presenting them is thus announced:

'This was the day which his imperial majesty had appointed to receive Lord Amherst, the ambassador from the King of England; but when he came to the door of the interior palace, he was suddenly taken so ill that he could neither walk nor move. The second ambassador' (Sir G. Staunton) 'was also affected in the same manner; they could not therefore have the happiness of receiving the gracious favour and the presents of the celestial emperor.'

This sickness of the ambassador is a stale trick of the Chinese; the explanation of which, we conjecture to be this: On finding that Lord Amherst was inflexible, they endeavoured to ensnare him by an apparent relaxation of the demand, when on arriving at the hall of audience he detected their stratagem, and resisted the attempt to enforce the ceremony, which they would have made no scruple to do. The autocrat of two hundred millions of people could not at once tell his slaves that a foreign ambassador *would* not, he therefore qualified the refusal with suggesting that he *could* not, through sickness, see his 'heavenly face.'

The ambassador did not, however, leave Peking on the 29th August, in conformity with the imperial mandate: it was generally believed in Canton that he did not set out on the journey till the 7th September; what happened in the intermediate time does not appear, but on the 6th September another edict was published. It begins by noticing the grand banquet given at Tien-Sing; the refusal of the ambassador to comply with the prostrations there, with which his imperial majesty was not made acquainted, and for which neglect the two mandarins, *Quong* and *Yin*, were ordered to be degraded three degrees; and it proceeds to say, that the ambassador was lodged at a certain place called *Yu-yuen*, near the capital, that from thence he was conducted to the imperial palace,

'Where (observes his Chinese Majesty) I was just about to ascend the throne to receive them, when the first and second were both taken ill, and could not appear before me. In consequence of which I ordered them instantly to return to their own country, for it then occurred to me, that they had declined to comply with the ceremonies of the celestial empire. With respect to their king who sent them on so long a voyage across the vast ocean, to present to me a letter and to offer tribute, it was undoubtedly his intention to pay us homage, and to obey our commands, which mark of submission we are unwilling entirely to reject, lest we also should fail to observe one of the fundamental rules of the celestial empire, that of affording our protection to petty kingdoms. For this reason we have thought fit to select the most trifling and least valuable of his articles of tribute; namely, four maps, two portraits, and ninety-five prints, which we receive in order to confer some marks of



our grace and favour. We have also ordered presents to be given to the king in return, namely, a *Yu-shé*, four large and eight small silk purses, to be conveyed to the said king; and this we do in conformity with the ancient and accustomed rules of the celestial empire, of making rich gifts in return for things of little value. The ambassadors on the receipt of these presents were much delighted, and showed evident signs of surprise and astonishment.

Well, indeed, they might!—This extraordinary state-paper then proceeds to order the Viceroy of Canton to prepare an entertainment for the ambassador, and dictates the speech he is to make on that occasion, which is nearly a repetition of what we have quoted; and it concludes by saying, 'should the ambassador again entreat that the rest of the presents may be received, you are merely to say, we have express orders to the contrary from the celestial emperor, and we dare not again offend his ears,—and with these words you will reject their supplications.' Preparations were accordingly making by the Viceroy for a grand entertainment when the last ships came away, and he had sent notice to the chief of the factory, that he had received the emperor's letter to the King of England, which would be delivered to the ambassador on his arrival.

These edicts contain all that was known at Canton of the proceedings of the embassy. It is clear enough, however, from them, that it had failed; that is to say, that the ambassador had saved his own character and the character of the nation he represented, at the expense of foregoing the gratification of beholding the dazzling rays of the 'celestial countenance,' and having the valuable presents sent out by the East India Company returned upon their hands. This is the sum total of the failure; for we must repeat, that not only has the national character been upheld by the refusal of Lord Amherst to comply with a disgusting and degrading ceremony, which a former English and a Russian ambassador had also refused; but that, individually, he will have experienced more consideration and attention from those very people who have failed in their attempts to degrade him, and, through him, the whole nation; for the less that is conceded to this pusillanimous and insolent people, the more will their fears for the consequence begin to operate. What the issue of the embassy would have been, provided Lord Amherst had waved all personal considerations, and submitted to undergo the degrading ceremony, may be collected from the extreme condescension of the two Dutch ambassadors, Titsingh and Van Braam. After Lord Macartney's *failure*, as it was also called, these two men imagined that a fine opening was afforded to the Dutch to obtain, by an unconditional submission, all that the English had lost by their obstinate refusal. They began at Canton to bow their heads nine times to the ground before a yellow screen;

to thank the emperor for having graciously condescended to permit them to appear before him with a letter and tribute ; and, before their return, they were brought on their knees and bowed their heads to the ground ninety-nine times at least,—‘*pour faire le salut d'honneur*,’ as Van Braam, with true Batavian composure, calls this humiliating ceremony ;—but, after all this compliance on the part of the Dutch, when they found themselves, in the capital, thrust into a stable where some cart horses were standing, poor Van’s phlegm began to move a little, and he ventures to exclaim, ‘*Nous serions-nous attendus à une pareille aventure !*’ This was not all ; for they were passed through the country literally like so many vagrants ; lodged in wretched hovels, neither wind nor water tight : left sometimes by their bearers, perched in chairs in the midst of heaths, or on the summits of mountains ; frequently without any provisions for whole days ; and, in short, went through so many hardships, that Van Braam, who was a large man, says that he had lost on his return a full foot in circumference ! whereas, in the case of Lord Macartney, far from manifesting any petulance or ill-humour, which might have been expected from mortified pride, the Chinese showed every attention to the ambassador and his suite during the whole of their progress through the country.

But why object, we have heard it asked, to a ceremony which is the established usage of the country ? Lord Macartney, we think, has satisfactorily answered that question in urging ‘the propriety of distinguishing between the homage of tributary princes, and the ceremony used on the part of a great and independent sovereign ;’ and ‘that it could not be expected that an ambassador of an independent sovereign should pay a greater homage to a foreign prince than to his own master, unless the compliment was made reciprocal.’ It is not true that the Chinese think little or nothing of their humiliating ceremony ; had that been the case, the court of ceremonies would not have objected to Lord Macartney’s proposal of a person of equal rank to his own performing the same ceremony before the King’s portrait that he should be required to perform before the Emperor. We know not, of course, whether Lord Amherst was prepared to propose this reciprocity of compliment ; but if he did, and it was not accepted, he was perfectly right in refusing as Lord Macartney had done. We cannot conceive a case where the representative of the sovereign of Great Britain should submit to a degradation which the representative of the Emperor Alexander had peremptorily resisted. The disappointment in not succeeding could not be more mortifying, nor the refusal less excusable, for Lord Amherst than for Count Goltzkin ; the latter, after a long and fatiguing journey across the

woods and deserts of Siberia, was stopped short just as he came in view of the promised land, and turned back, because he would neither bow the knee to the yellow skreen, nor promise to do so to the Baal himself, on his presentation at Peking.

We have heard it asserted, that the Chinese protested against the case of Lord Macartney being drawn into a precedent, and that Lord Amherst was instructed to comply with the customary ceremonies : the first we *know* to be false ; and the other we have every reason to *believe* to be so ; it is not likely he should be instructed either to comply or to refuse, but to act according to his own discretion and to circumstances. If it be asked, Why send an embassy at all ? the Directors of the East India Company can best answer such a question. They only, and their servants, know the comparative situation of their affairs at Canton, before and after the mission of Lord Macartney : since that mission, a new generation has sprung up ; old grievances were revived ; all manner of vexatious impediments and insulting conduct were daily directed against our trade, and those who conducted it ; the native servants were forbidden to engage themselves to Europeans ; and the latter were prohibited from addressing the local authorities in the Chinese language, which is the only language they understand ; supplies of provisions were stopped to his Majesty's ships, and cargoes withheld from those of the Company ; the magistrates entered the factory without permission or previous notice ; and many other offensive proceedings were instituted which seemed too plainly to indicate a disposition to return to a system of oppression and insult, which, though it might have been submitted to in the early stage of our intercourse, could scarcely now be endured. In this state of things, the gentlemen of the factory, two years ago, came to the spirited resolution of withdrawing the whole of the ships of the season (with their cargoes yet unloaded) from the river, and of appealing at once to the court of Peking : and Sir George Staunton, who conducted the difficult and delicate discussions, was under the necessity of actually removing the British flag from the factory, and proceeding down the river to carry their intentions into effect, when the natural timidity of the Chinese got the better of their insolence ; and a deputation was sent after him to entreat his return and continue the negotiations. It might, therefore, and probably was, deemed advisable to remind these corrupt provincial authorities, by another embassy, that the gentlemen of the English factory at Canton were not a set of unprotected adventurers, as they were inclined to consider them. Beyond the wish of obtaining justice and protection for our trade, the East India Company could have nothing to ask ; and when we consider the magnitude and importance of that trade, which employs from England more than 20,000 tons of shipping, and from India

nearly the same amount—which takes from us broad cloths to the amount of one million sterling, and cottons from Bombay to double that value—which enables, by its profits, the East India Company to pay their dividends, and brings annually into the Exchequer from three to four millions sterling—finally, which supplies an article, not merely of luxury, but now almost become one of the first necessity, and which no other part of the world can supply—the preservation of such a trade from capricious obstructions, and vexatious impositions and delays, is well worth the risk even of offending his Imperial Majesty, who is generally contented with visiting his anger upon his own subjects. If an embassy produced no other effect, as one of the Directors justly observed, ‘one hundred thousand pounds would be well expended every ten or twelve years, to save our people from insult and our trade from interruption.’

Little mischief as we apprehend from the *failure* of the embassy, we are not quite at ease with regard to the affair of the *Alceste* engaging with the Chinese forts. The Chinese have at all times been jealous of our men of war entering the river, and we believe complaints on this score have been made by the Company's servants of the factory, who of course can exercise no control over officers of the navy: but the *Alceste* was placed under extraordinary circumstances; she had carried out an ambassador on a pacific mission; she was ordered to Canton to refit and prepare for the reception of that ambassador; her captain had a letter from the viceroy of Pe-tche-lee, ordering the authorities to supply her wants wherever she might touch. It would appear, therefore, that the Chinese admiral and the commanders of the forts, in wantonly firing at the *Alceste*, had exceeded their orders; and this may explain why no notice whatever had been taken of the affair at Canton, where Captain Maxwell had been four days, when the last letters came away; at which time neither the preparations for the reception of Lord Amherst, nor the loading of the Company's ships, had suffered the least interruption. We understand, indeed, that our long forbearance has had no other effect than that of encouraging the Chinese war-junks and forts to fire on our ships of commerce and their boats on every frivolous pretext, which, though generally harmless, is a wanton and reprehensible aggression. This forbearance must have its bounds; it is not every man who can carry it to that pitch of endurance exercised by the late Admiral O'Brien Drury. On the memorable expedition against Macao, this gallant officer found the river near Canton blocked up by armed junks, having thousands of Chinese on board. ‘Apprehending’ (he observes in a letter to his friend) ‘that they might fire their little petards, I advanced in my barge to explain to their admiral my

peaceable intentions. When within about a hundred yards, they fired a shot which passed over the barge; I still advanced; two or three more shot passed over us: I came within forty yards; but in endeavouring to make myself heard through my Chinese interpreter, all their junks opened their fire on my boat, with stones and God knows what, until one of the marines was struck. The seamen in the other boats, seeing me fired at so furiously, were no longer under control, but pulled close up, when I saw the necessity of giving them positive orders to keep back, well knowing that the total annihilation of their poor junks, and of the city of Canton, must have been the inevitable consequence, had I permitted a single musket to be fired, which was impatiently looked for by every one. I told the chief of the supercargoes,' continues the brave Admiral, 'that I never would consent to the slaughter of these defenceless multitudes; but that if their commerce required to be supported by hostilities, and that if a single seaman of mine was killed, I would level Canton to the ground.'

Whatever may be the issue of the untoward circumstances connected with the Embassy to China, by what particular point of exaction on the one side, and of resistance on the other, the failure may have been occasioned, in the absence of all information but that which his Chinese Majesty has been pleased to give, we can merely form conjectures: but, in the well known character of Lord Amherst, particularly distinguished as it is by a suavity of manners, an equal temper and a mild and conciliating disposition, joined to the able support of Sir George Staunton, who, with a perfect knowledge of the language and the people, possesses that calm and steady determination which is best suited to deal with this subtle nation, we have the best pledges that the honour and the interests of the nation will not be compromised, but remain safe in their hands. If the Nepaul business should be found, which however we think not likely, to have influenced the conduct of the Chinese, they are the veriest bunglers in politics that ever existed, since they might have obtained something by a conciliatory negotiation; whereas, if their army should, unfortunately for it, come in contact with our Sepoys, their miserable soldiers with their paper helmets, wadded gowns, quilted petticoats, and stuffed boots, will be too happy to compound for their lives by a surrender at discretion.

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ART. VII. *Fragments on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, including some remarks on Grecian and Gothic Architecture, collected from various MSS. in the possession of the different Noblemen and Gentlemen for whose use they were originally designed. The whole tending to establish fixed prin-*

*principles in the respective Arts.* By H. Repton, Esq. assisted by his Son, J. Adey Repton, F.A.S. Imperial 4to. pp. 238. 1816.

THE subject of this volume is entirely English—and the very name, the *English Garden*, suggests ideas of cheerfulness and comfort unknown in every other country. Indeed, the heart-enlivening prospect over the pleasure ground, the park, the woods, and the well tenanted farms surrounding the country residence of an English gentleman, gives a favourable impression of the spirit of freedom and independence of its possessor.

‘A garden,’ says Lord Bacon, ‘is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy works; and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.’

Long after this great man wrote, an English garden was an enclosure, where all view of the surrounding country was excluded from without, and all traces of nature obliterated within. The only *variety* was a tedious repetition of the same objects; straight walks and canals, square grass plats, and formal terraces, leaden statues and fountains, shell-work grottoes, embroidered parterres, mazes and wildernesses, and all the absurdities of topiary work, and trees disfigured and distorted into statues and pyramids, giants and dragons. Even Lord Bacon’s own ideas on the subject of gardening were narrow and confined. He observes, it is true, that in the ‘Royal ordering of gardens, there should be gardens for every month in the year:’ but in describing such an imaginary scene, he only provides for a continual succession of flowers and fruits, and for the avowedly artificial arrangement of objects *within the enclosure*. Could he have extended into the regions of taste, the ‘prophetic glance,’ with which he viewed the future progress of science; could he have traced the art of English gardening to the period when ‘Kent leaped the fence, and found that all nature was a garden,’ to the practical application of general principles, under which the endless variety of nature’s works is displayed in the volume before us; with what truly English feelings might he have anticipated the exclamation of Horace Walpole!

‘We have given the true model of Gardening to the world; let other countries mimic or corrupt our taste; but let it reign here on its verdant throne, original in its elegant simplicity, and proud of no other Art than that of softening Nature’s harshnesses, and copying her graceful touch.’

Among the earliest specimens of gardening in England, we find in Leland’s Itinerary, that ‘at Wreschil Castelle the gardeins withyn

the mote, and the orchardes withoute, wer exceedingly fair. And yn the orchardes, wer mountes, *opere topiario*, writhen about with degrees like turninges of cokil shilles, to cum to the top withoute payn.' Such a mount may still be seen in the ancient garden of the Castle-Inn at Marlborough; but instead of the steps (or *degrees*) the summit is to be attained, with patience and perseverance, by a winding walk.

The well known descriptions of the gardens at Nonsuch and Theobalds, show the state of the art in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth; after which, it seems to have made little progress, till Charles the Second introduced the French style in the Canal, and rows of trees in St. James's Park, where, instead of Leland's imitation, we are surprised to find that the central walk in the Mall was actually covered with the cockle shells themselves, and the office of *cockle strewer* instituted. This was no sinecure, for his cockle shell walk was so well kept, that Waler calls it the *polished walk*; and it must indeed have been highly polished, to make his story probable, that Charles the Second, in playing at his favourite game of Mall, was able to strike the ball more than half the length of the walk.

The *Grand Monarque* himself, (Louis XIV.) from whom these ideas were borrowed, frequently superintended his own improvements; and the *master's eye* must have, no doubt, contributed to the correctness of the work; for when one of the gardeners was reproved by the king for not having made the beds of a parterre exactly answer to each other, instead of immediately acknowledging his mistake, he pretended to measure the ground with the greatest care, and then gravely justified himself by saying, that the king's eye was truer than his line.

Not being satisfied with our own clumsy imitations of the grand French style, we called in Le Notre himself, who, with the assistance of levellers, carpenters and masons, proceeded to *build* gardens, raise mounds and extend straight avenues and vistas to the very extremity of the park, and often miles beyond it. Nature had no chance with artists like these; and we should perhaps long have continued 'to walk up and down stairs in the open air,' upon terraces that might have rivalled those of Marli and Versailles, had not a circumstance occurred that lessened our expense, if it did not improve our taste; this was no less than the accession of William to the throne of these realms.

He was not likely to encourage the costly absurdities of his rival, and the mason and carpenter were dismissed to make room for Dutch gardeners, whose skill was displayed in regular grass slopes, embroidered parterres, and all the various forms of vegetable sculpture. In this taste, Sir George Napier's house, at More

Critchett, was guarded by two troopers on horseback in yew; and in a survey of the principal gardens near London, 1691, we find a myrtle cut in the shape of a chair, that was 'at least six feet high from the case, and, although not quite perfect, the lower part being thin of leaves,' yet it might have formed an appropriate seat for the prim Old Maid of Honour in Wormwood, in the list of vegetable worthies in Pope's admirable satire, which gave the coup-de-grâce to these puerile conceits.

The arts were now at their lowest ebb; and with Batty and Langley for our Gothic architects, and London and Wise for our landscape gardeners, we appear to have reached the ne plus ultra of absurdity.

Before we enter upon the history of modern gardening in England, it may not be uninteresting to take a rapid view of the gardens of other countries.

In *Italy*, the art of gardening was revived by the Medici family, and the most celebrated gardens were those of Lorenzo de' Medici, and of the wealthy Bernard Rucellai in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The latter served as a model for the famous Boboli Garden at Florence, and those of the Vatican, and of the Medici, Borghese, Aldobrandini, and other palaces in Rome. In all these, however, gardening appears to have been made subservient to architecture, and the garden was only an appendage to the palace. The principal ornaments were statues injudiciously crowded together, and innumerable fountains and jets d'eau, sometimes magnificent, but generally on too small a scale, and too insignificant in their forms. The general arrangement was that of the formal style of French and Dutch gardens, from which however they were distinguished by natural advantages of climate and situation; by serene skies, and a profusion of fragrant flowers and luscious fruits; the myrtle, the almond blossoms, and the aloe, the orange and the palm, the citron, the olive, and the vine. We almost envy them the enchanting scenery of the Isola Bella rising from the bosom of the Lago Maggiore, with its terraces resembling the hanging gardens of Babylon, and its prospects over the limpid lake, surrounded by vineyards and richly cultivated valleys, and terminated by the dark forests and icy summits of the distant Alps.

In *France*, Le Notre, as we have said, banished nature, and displayed his artificial scenery at an expense so enormous, that gardening was necessarily confined to the royal palaces, and those of the principal nobility. Le Notre formed the national style, for it was hardly to be expected that a subject of Louis the Fourteenth would attempt to introduce a taste for natural scenery in opposition to that of the court: and the usual avidity for French fashions soon created specimens of this style of gardening in Italy;



Spain, Holland, Germany and England. As they were to be formed by the line and compass, and not by attention to natural situation or local advantages, the artist might, from his hotel in Paris, design the same gardens either for Madrid or Mosco.

We are not aware that the *Spaniards* have any pretensions to originality in their gardens. The only specimens worth notice are those belonging to the royal palaces, which are principally imitations or corruptions of the French style, probably introduced by the Spanish branch of the House of Bourbon.

Little alteration seems to have taken place in the principles of gardening in *Holland* since the reign of William the Third. The best specimens are on the banks of the Vecht Canal, between Amsterdam and Utrecht. They consist of a succession of small enclosures, which every proprietor arranges according to his own fancy: some with clipped arcades of lime trees or chestnuts, with a painting at the end, to continue a long line of perspective; others with mazes of various forms, and hedges of yew, linden, or hornbeam; sometimes there are straight lines of trees, or close arbours and berceaux, with banquetting-rooms or summer-houses, of six feet square, by the side of the canal, with many coloured doors and windows, and leaden pine apples with green leaves and golden fruit; parterres of various shapes, with neatly cut box borders, diversified with shells, flints, coals, brick-dust, and pieces of glass; rows of auriculas in pots, and beds of anemonies, hyacinths, and high priced tulips, with painted figures of the gardener and his assistant. These gardens are separated from each other by a canal or a fish-pond; they resemble those of the French in symmetrical arrangement, and those of the Italians in profusion of ornament. They are however on a smaller scale, and more compact, full of gewgaws and childish devices, and intersected by the stagnant canals or lazy rivers which characterize that singular country.

Baron Hirschfeld, the historian of *German* gardening, in 1785, complained that his countrymen were afflicted with a singular disease that refused to yield either to irony or to the strength and elevation of the national character. The symptoms of this disease, which he calls *Gallomania*, were servile imitations of the French. 'Ainsi font les François! voilà ce que j'ai vu en France!' These few words had the magical effect of introducing French fashions of every description. Their nobility set the example by creating a little *Versailles*, a little *Marli*, or a little *Trianon*—for these imitations were generally in miniature. A closer acquaintance however with their friend, the late Protector of the confederation of the Rhine, destroyed the enthusiastic admiration of the French; and we may now hope that the Germans will extend the principles of English gardening. Imitation is here out of the question;

for we shall only advise them *to study Nature*, and from their original genius and powers of deep thinking, we may perhaps anticipate new combinations that will materially contribute to the perfection of the art.

We have not sufficient materials for an inquiry concerning *Chinese gardening*, and shall therefore only observe, that the Imperial Gardens of Ghe Hol appears to consist of an enclosure of great extent converted by immense labour into pleasure grounds resembling, perhaps, those of England in appearance, but formed upon very different principles.\* Lord Macartney observes that 'it is our excellence to improve nature,' that of a Chinese gardener 'to conquer her;' his aim is 'to change every thing from what he found it. If there be a waste, he adorns it with trees; if a dry desert, he waters it with a river, or floats it with a lake; if a smooth flat, he varies it with all possible conversions.' Lord Macartney also notices their '*deceptions and eye-traps*,' and the frequent recurrence of large porcelain figures of lions and tigers; and the rough hewn steps and large masses of rock-work which they seem studious of introducing *near many of their houses and palaces*; and we are upon the whole rather inclined to doubt their pretensions to good taste in gardening, although their style has the merit of originality and variety.—Our leading principles are, that good taste and good sense are inseparable, and that the genius of the place should be consulted, and not annihilated. The mind is more easily reconciled to symmetrical arrangement than to unnatural irregularity; and we perfectly agree with Horace Walpole that 'a straight canal is at least as rational as a meandering bridge.'

Of other *Asiatic gardens* we shall only remark, that from the little change that has taken place in the manners and customs of Eastern nations, specimens might perhaps there be found of the most ancient style of gardening in the world. These, however, we shall leave to other inquirers, and return to the invention of a new art in our own country.

While the sources of the other arts are lost in tradition, conjecture, or fabulous invention, the history of English gardening may be traced to its fountain head—a circumstance of rare occurrence in inquiries concerning the progress of human knowledge.

Poets were often the earliest historians, and always the greatest admirers of rural scenery. To them we are indebted for the first glimmerings of good taste in gardening. Juvenal regrets the appearance of art near the fountain of Egeria.

'Thence, slowly winding down the vale, we view  
The Egerian Grotts; oh! how unlike the true!

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\* Barrow's Travels.

Nymph of the Spring ! more honour'd hadst thou been,  
 If, free from art, an edge of living green  
 Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,  
 And marble ne'er profaned thy native stone.'

In Tasso's Garden of Armida we find—

• 'E quel, che 'l bello, è 'l caro accresce al' opre,  
 L'Arte che tutto fa, nulla si scuopre.'

Thus literally translated in the Faery Queen :

'And that which all faire works doth most aggrace,  
 The art which all that wrought, appeared in no place.'

But the genius of *Milton* alone imagined a garden,

'A happy rural seat of various view,'

of which no example could be traced since the creation of the world, except where we are told 'The Lord God planted a garden, and out of the ground he made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food.'—(Genesis, c. ii. v. 9.)

Addison, while investigating the causes of the pleasures of the imagination arising from the works of nature, and of their superiority over those of art,\* prepared for the new art of gardening the firm basis of philosophical principles. Pope, about the same time,† attacked the prevailing style with his keenest shafts of ridicule : and as he was not one of those reformers who are eager to 'pull down a palace,' without being able to 'erect a cottage,‡ he afterwards, in his Epistle to Lord Burlington, so completely developed the true principles of gardening, that the theories of succeeding writers have been little more than amplifications of his short general precepts. These, divested of the charms of his poetry, are, 1. To study nature. 2. To display her beauties, and conceal her defects. 3. To consult the genius of the place. And lastly, Never to lose sight of good sense.

An artist now arose, who reduced these rules to practice. Kent was a painter, an architect, and a gardener, with genius to feel, and power to realize the dreams of the poet, and the principles of the philosopher.

The most indifferent observer must instantly feel the effect of removing a yew-hedge, or a garden wall, to open an unconfined view over hill and valley, lawns and woods, and distant prospects. But the new management of water was not so soon understood ; and we may imagine the surprise of the Londoners to see a string of ponds in Hyde Park metamorphosed into what they called the *Serpentine River*, from its not being exactly straight, like all the former ornamental canals ; and when Lord Bathurst ventured to

\* 1712, *Spectator*, No. 414.

† 1713, *Guardian*, No. 173.

‡ 1732.

follow the natural lines of the valley, in widening a brook at Ryskins, this effect of his good taste was attributed to his poverty, or to his economy, and Lord Stafford asked him to own fairly how little more it would have cost to make it straight.

The parterre and its accompaniments were soon swept away, and the regular grass slopes moulded into the undulating forms of beauty. But as mankind always run from one extreme to the other, nature's supposed abhorrence of a straight line occasioned the indiscriminate destruction of magnificent avenues and rows of trees, the growth of ages, and introduced the fashion of zig-zag, crincum-crankum walks, afterwards exploded in England by Brown, the successor of Kent; but of which a specimen still remains in the Prince of Orange's garden at the Hague.

Brown duly appreciated and extended the system of his predecessor; but having left behind him neither drawings nor literary productions, he has been unjustly confounded with the tasteless herd of working gardeners who succeeded. His fame is however established by his works, and his memory has been ably vindicated by Mr. Repton.

We never greatly admired Mason's *English Garden*. The subject is ill chosen, and his method of treating it injudicious. Precepts in blank verse are soon forgotten, and a long didactic poem will not be often read. The lovers of poetry will in vain look for the beautiful episodes that enliven Virgil's *Georgics*, and those who require practical instructions in gardening will more naturally seek it in plain prose.

Gardening, like all the other arts, advances towards perfection step by step. We have traced its progress from the wishes and the anticipations of poets, to the theoretical speculations of philosophers, and from thence to the unrecorded practice of artists. We shall now consider the works of a professor, who has united practice to theory, and experience to speculation, whose principles are recorded in his literary publications, and elucidated by his beautiful drawings.

Mr. Repton's former volumes 'On the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening' were systematically arranged, to establish fixed principles in the art. His province includes every object that relates to the comfort, magnificence, and picturesque effect of a gentleman's residence, for the landscape gardener has to consider, 1. The exterior effect and interior arrangement of the house. 2. The park, the pleasure-grounds and gardens. 3. The position of the home-farm. 4. The distant scenery. 5. The village, with its cottages, schools, poor-house, and all that relates to the employment and the comfort of its inhabitants. And let no one hastily conclude that these are objects of little importance, for by occu-

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pations such as these, the English country gentleman becomes the protector of his dependants, and the friend of his neighbours.

Instead of a collection of unconnected Fragments, we expected from Mr. Repton's increased experience another volume of systematically arranged '*Observations*.' But he found 'his difficulties, apparently, increase with the number of his subjects, for the fragments have been selected from more than four hundred different Manuscript Reports, and although each was treated with order and method in a separate state, yet, in combining them, the same order and method could not easily be preserved.'

The volume before us contains many beautiful architectural designs, and some judicious remarks on the different aspects and interior arrangement of houses. The character of their exterior, Mr. Repton observes, should depend upon that of the surrounding country. Thus,

'In the quiet, calm and beautiful scenery of a tame country, the elegant forms of Grecian art are surely more grateful than a ruder and severer style. But there are wild and romantic situations, whose rocks and dashing mountain streams, or deep umbrageous dells, would seem to harmonize with the proud Baronial Tower or Mitred Abbey, embosomed high in tufted trees, as tending to associate the character of the building with that of its native accompaniment.

'The outline of a building is never so well seen, as when in shadow and opposed to a brilliant sky, or when it is reflected on the surface of a pool. There the great difference between the Grecian and Gothic character is more peculiarly striking.'—p. 3.

This principle is strongly elucidated by two plates, to which we must refer the reader, as without them the subject can hardly be rendered intelligible. Among the 'local advantages' of Sherringham Bower, it is stated that

'There is no manufactory near. This, for the comfort of habitation, is of more importance than is generally supposed. Manufacturers are a different class of mankind from husbandmen, fishermen, or even miners. Not to speak of the difference in their religious and moral characters, the latter, from being constantly occupied in employments which require bodily exertion, and their relaxations being shared with their families and friends, become cheerful and contented. But the former lead a sedentary life, always working at home, and seeking relaxation at their clubs, the birth-place and cradle of equality, discontent and dissatisfaction.'—p. 207.

In tracing the progress of the useful or ornamental arts, it is always a curious subject of inquiry, to consider, from time to time, what were the *desiderata* of former writers, and how far they have been supplied by succeeding artists. We therefore give the following passage from Walpole's *History of the Modern*

Taste in Gardening, which we shall then consider with reference to Mr. Repton's practice.

'The total banishment of all particular neatness immediately about a house, which is frequently left gazing by itself in the middle of a park, is a defect.

'Sheltered, and even close walks, in so very uncertain a climate as our's, are comforts ill exchanged for the few picturesque days that we enjoy, and whenever a family can purloin a warm, and even something of an old-fashioned garden, from the landscape designed for them by the undertaker in fashion, without interfering with the picture, they will find satisfaction on those days that do not invite strangers to come and see their improvements.'

Mr. Brown and his followers extended the appearance of a park to the very windows of the house, but Mr. Repton observes,

'The scenery of nature, called landscape, and that of a garden, are as different as their uses; one is to please the eye, the other is for the comfort and occupation of man; one is wild, and may be adapted to animals in the wildest state of nature, the other is appropriated to man in the highest state of civilization and refinement.'—p. 11.

Thus at Cobham Hall, the character of the place has been entirely changed, and instead of 'a huge pile standing naked on a vast grazing ground,' this venerable mansion is now surrounded by gardens and pleasure-grounds, its walls are enriched 'with roses and jessamines, while the views of the park are improved by the rich foreground, over which they are seen from the several apartments.'

Even the kitchen-garden, as an object of comfort, should be placed near the house, for

'there are many days in winter, when a warm, dry, but secluded walk, under the shelter of an east or north wall, would be preferred to the most beautiful but exposed landscape; and in the Spring, when

"Reviving nature seems again to breathe,

As loosened from the cold embrace of death,"

on the south border of a walled garden, some early flowers and vegetables may cheer the sight, although every plant is elsewhere pinched with the north-east winds, peculiar to our climate in the months of March and April, when

"Winter, still lingering on the verge of Spring,

Retires reluctant, and from time to time

Looks back, while at his keen and chilling breath,

Fair Flora sickens."—p. 167.

There are many situations in which a visible and decided fence between the park and the pleasure ground, is an object of beauty. An open trellis is most garden-like. But if the house be architecturally Grecian, a terrace, terminated by an open balustrade, may be most appropriate. Mr. Repton observe that where balustrades form the parapet of a bridge, 'their dimensions ought to

relate to those of man, rather than to that of the building.<sup>1</sup> This is not always sufficiently attended to: thus, on Westminster-Bridge, 'the large lofty balustrade is so managed, that the swelling of each heavy baluster exactly ranges with the eye of a foot passenger; and from a carriage, the top of the balustrade almost entirely obstructs the view of the river. Thus one of the finest rivers in Europe is hid for the sake of preserving some imaginary proportion in architecture, relating to its form or entablature, but not applicable to its uses, as a defence for safety, without impeding the view. If it be urged, that we should judge of it from the water, we should consider that this bridge is seen by an hundred persons from the land, to one from the water. By the aid of an open upright iron fence, the most interesting view of the river might be obtained with equal safety to the spectator.' —p. 9.

In the infancy of modern gardening, a false taste was introduced by Shenstone, in his *Ferme Ornée*, at the Leasowes, where, 'instead of surrounding his house with such a quantity of ornamental lawn or park only, as might be consistent with the size of the mansion, or the extent of the property, his taste, rather than his ambition, led him to ornament the whole of his estate;' and in the vain attempt to combine the profit of a farm with the scenery of a park, 'he lived under the continual mortification of disappointed hope, and with a mind exquisitely sensible, he felt equally the sneer of the great man at the magnificence of his attempt, and the ridicule of the farmer at the misapplication of his paternal acres.'

Another fashion attempted to be introduced was that of *picturesque gardening*, or the art of laying out grounds according to the principles of painting; and perhaps Mr. Repton's opinion upon this subject cannot be better illustrated than by an extract from an unpublished letter of the late Mr. Windham, one of the few relics, alas, of his acute and comprehensive mind.

'The writers of this school show evidently that they do not trace with any success the causes of their pleasure. Does the pleasure that we receive from the view of parks and gardens result from their affording in their several parts subjects that would appear to advantage in a picture?

'In the first place, what is most beautiful in nature, is not always capable of being represented most advantageously by painting. The instance of an extensive prospect, the most affecting sight that the eye can bring before us, it quite conclusive. I do not know any thing that does, and naturally should so strongly affect the mind, as the sudden transition from such a portion of space as we commonly have in our minds, to such a view of the habitable globe as may be exhibited in the case of some extensive prospects. Many things too, as you illustrate well in the instance of deer, are not capable of representation in a

picture at all; and of this sort must every thing be that depends on motion and succession.

'But in the next place, the beauties of nature itself which painting can exhibit, are many, and most of them probably of a sort which have nothing to do with the purposes of habitation, and are even wholly inconsistent with them. A scene of a cavern, with banditti sitting by it, is the favourite subject of Salvator Rosa. But are we therefore to live in caves? or encourage the neighbourhood of banditti? Gainsborough's country girl is a more picturesque object than a child neatly dressed in a white frock; but is that a reason why our children are to go in rags?

'The whole doctrine is so absurd, that when set forth in its true shape, no one will be hardy enough to stand by it; and accordingly, they never do set it forth, nor exhibit it in any distinct shape at all; but only take a general credit for their attachment to principles which every body is attached to as well as they, and where the only question is of the application, which they afford you no means of making. They are lovers of picturesque beauty, so is every body else: but is it contended, that in laying out a place, whatever is most picturesque is most conformable to true taste? If they say so, as they seem to do in many passages, they must be led to consequences which they can never venture to avow. If they do not say so, the whole is a question of how much, or how little, which without the instances before you can never be decided; and all that they do is, to lay down a system as depending on one principle, which they themselves are obliged to confess afterwards depends upon many. They either say what is false, or what turns out upon examination to be nothing at all. . . .

'Places are not to be laid out with a view to their appearance in a picture, but to their use, and the enjoyment of them in real life: and their conformity to those purposes, is that which constitutes their true beauty. With this view, gravel walks, and neat mown lawns, and in some situations straight alleys, fountains, terraces, and, for aught I know, parterres and cut hedges, are in perfect good taste, and infinitely more conformable to the principles which form the basis of our pleasure in these instances, than the docks and thistles, and litter and disorder, that may make a much better figure in a picture.'

There are certainly many sources of pleasure in landscape gardening, wholly unconnected with picturesque effect. Mr. Repton has enumerated congruity, utility, order, symmetry, and, among others, '*appropriation*,' or that command over the landscape visible from the windows, which denotes it to be private property belonging to the place.

'A view into a square, or into the parks, may be cheerful and beautiful, but it wants *appropriation*; it wants that charm which only belongs to ownership; the exclusive right of enjoyment, with the power of refusing that others should share our pleasure; and however painful the reflection, this propensity is part of human nature. It is so prevalent, that in my various intercourse with proprietors of land, I have rarely met with those who agreed with me in preferring the sight of mankind



to that of herds of cattle ; or the moving objects in a public road ; to the dull monotony of lawns and woods.—The most romantic spot, the most picturesque situations, and the most delightful assemblage of nature's choicest materials, will not long engage our interest without some *appropriation* ; something we can call our own ; and if not our own property, at least it may be endeared to us by calling it our own home.'—p. 235.

Having thus far traced the history of the art of English gardening, an interesting subject of inquiry remains to be considered.—What will be its future progress, and ultimate fate? Shall we descend from the proud pre-eminence we have attained, or shall we continue to advance uniting comfort with picturesque effect, 'till Albion smile one ample theatre of sylvan grace?'

Horace Walpole feared the abolition or restriction of the modern taste in gardening from its *solitariness*, arising from the change which had, even in his time, taken place in the style of living in the country, where, however, 'superb palaces were still created, becoming a pompous solitude to the owner, and a transient entertainment to a few travellers.' Our style of living is now indeed changed, but from causes of which he could form no idea, and it is not wholly to be attributed to their *solitariness* that our nobility do not continue to reside upon their estates, while some of the parks of our country gentlemen are become farms, and others are transferred to successful speculators on the necessities of the times, or on the various demands that a long continued war has produced.

Many of these new possessors of the domains of our ancient families have neither taste nor inclination to improve their scenery, but continuing to act upon the principles by which their landed property has been acquired, they are rather solicitous to *increase* than to enjoy it; regarding their newly purchased estates as *investments of money*, from which they must derive the greatest possible return of profit, at the expense, perhaps, of every local association and attachment. They only wish to improve their rental, until other speculations shall transfer the estates to new proprietors. Others consider their estates as occasional retreats from the bustle and anxiety of business. Their objects are privacy and seclusion. They surround the whole place, perhaps, with a lofty pale and a thick plantation, and *improve* it according to *their own taste*, with white rails, serpentine walks, spruce firs, and Lombardy poplars, a sheet of water and a Chinese bridge. Novelty usurps the place of propriety; and to men whose former lives have been exclusively devoted to mercantile pursuits in London, almost every thing is new in the country. Their ideas of perfection are contained in a few words, '*I know what pleases myself.*'

'But the man of good taste endeavours to investigate the causes of the pleasure he receives, and to inquire whether others receive pleasure

also. He knows that the same principles which direct taste in the polite arts, direct the judgment in morality; that the knowledge of what is good, whether in actions, in manners, in language, in arts, or science, constitutes the basis of good taste, and marks the distinction between the higher ranks of polished society, and the inferior orders of mankind, whose daily labours allow no leisure for other enjoyments, than those of mere sensual, individual or personal gratification.'

Many of our new proprietors of estates are, however, gentlemen of liberal education, who have hitherto only wanted leisure to discover the true value of these scenes of active benevolence and tranquil enjoyment; to them it is reserved to extend the dominion of elegance around their own habitations, and diffuse cheerfulness and comfort among those of their dependents. This is an English gentleman's proper scene of action. He is no where so respectable as at the head of his tenants and his peasantry, and never so well employed as in promoting their welfare. The art of landscape gardening will, above all others, induce him, first to create, and afterwards to enjoy a *comfortable home*; and the reciprocity of good offices between the higher and lower classes of society, produced by the residence of the former upon their estates in the country, is an object of the greatest national importance. This is the true end of all plans of improvement, and we have therefore read with satisfaction the Fragment on the Duke of Bedford's *cottage*, (as it is called,) at Endsleigh, where Mr. Repton observes:

'It is with peculiar pleasure that I have been called upon to exercise my utmost skill on this subject, since every thing that can contribute to the enjoyment of its scenery, I know, must also contribute to the improvement of the neighbouring country, in its agriculture, its mineralogy, its civilization, and the general happiness of all who dwell within the influence of this *cottage on the banks of the Tamar*.'—p. 226.

We may appear to have dwelt too long upon this subject: but the history of its art, is a part of the history of our country; and according to an author who united good taste with profound erudition,\* 'Our skill in gardening, or rather laying out grounds, is the only taste we can call our own; the only proof of original talent in matters of pleasure. This is no small honour to us: since neither France nor Italy have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it.' And we agree with Mr. Repton, that

'Perhaps after all, the pleasure derived from a garden has some relative association with its evanescent nature and produce. We view with more delight a wreath of short lived roses, than a crown of amaranth of everlasting flowers. However this may be, it is certain that

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\* Gray.

the good and wise of all ages have enjoyed their purest and most innocent pleasures in a garden, from the beginning of time.'—p. 147.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Repton and his pleasing art, referring to the book itself such of our readers as have a taste for landscape gardening, or a desire to improve their grounds; convinced, that they will find it both interesting and entertaining. It is embellished with numerous highly finished and beautifully illustrative engravings; and his 'Fragments' are worthy of Mr. Repton's former volumes, and of his professional reputation.

ART. VIII. *Tales of My Landlord*. 4 vols. 12mo. Third Edition. Blackwood, Edinburgh. John Murray, London. 1817.

THESE Tales belong obviously to a class of novels which we have already had occasion repeatedly to notice, and which have attracted the attention of the public in no common degree,—we mean *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*, and we have little hesitation to pronounce them either entirely, or in a great measure, the work of the same author. Why he should industriously endeavour to elude observation by taking leave of us in one character, and then suddenly popping out upon us in another, we cannot pretend to guess without knowing more of his personal reasons for preserving so strict an incognito than has hitherto reached us. We can, however, conceive many reasons for a writer observing this sort of mystery; not to mention that it has certainly had its effect in keeping up the interest which his works have excited.

We do not know if the imagination of our author will sink in the opinion of the public when deprived of that degree of invention which we have been hitherto disposed to ascribe to him; but we are certain that it ought to increase the value of his portraits, that human beings have actually sate for them. These coincidences between fiction and reality are perhaps the very circumstances to which the success of these novels is in a great measure to be attributed: for, without depreciating the merit of the artist, every spectator at once recognizes in those scenes and faces which are copied from nature an air of distinct reality, which is not attached to fancy pieces however happily conceived and elaborately executed. By what sort of freemasonry, if we may use the term, the mind arrives at this conviction, we do not pretend to guess, but every one must have felt that he instinctively and almost insensibly recognizes in painting, poetry, or other works of imagination, that which is copied from existing nature, and that he forthwith clings to it with that kindred interest which thinks nothing which is human indifferent to humanity. Before therefore we proceed to analyze the

work immediately before us, we beg leave briefly to notice a few circumstances connected with its predecessors.

Our author has told us it was his object to present a succession of scenes and characters connected with Scotland in its past and present state, and we must own that his stories are so slightly constructed as to remind us of the showman's thread with which he draws up his pictures and presents them successively to the eye of the spectator. He seems seriously to have proceeded on Mr. Bays's maxim—'What the deuce is a plot good for, but to bring in fine things?'—Probability and perspicuity of narrative are sacrificed with the utmost indifference to the desire of producing effect; and provided the author can but contrive to 'surprise and elevate,' he appears to think that he has done his duty to the public. Against this slovenly indifference we have already remonstrated, and we again enter our protest. It is in justice to the author himself that we do so, because, whatever merit individual scenes and passages may possess, (and none have been more ready than ourselves to offer our applause,) it is clear that their effect would be greatly enhanced by being disposed in a clear and continued narrative. We are the more earnest in this matter, because it seems that the author errs chiefly from carelessness. There may be something of system in it however: for we have remarked, that with an attention which amounts even to affectation, he has avoided the common language of narrative, and thrown his story, as much as possible, into a dramatic shape. In many cases this has added greatly to the effect, by keeping both the actors and action continually before the reader, and placing him, in some measure, in the situation of the audience at a theatre, who are compelled to gather the meaning of the scene from what the dramatis personæ say to each other, and not from any explanation addressed immediately to themselves. But though the author gain this advantage, and thereby compel the reader to think of the personages of the novel and not of the writer, yet the practice, especially pushed to the extent we have noticed, is a principal cause of the flimsiness and incoherent texture of which his greatest admirers are compelled to complain. Few can wish his success more sincerely than we do, and yet without more attention on his own part, we have great doubts of its continuance.

In addition to the loose and incoherent style of the narration, another leading fault in these novels is the total want of interest which the reader attaches to the character of the hero. Waverley, Brown, or Bertram in *Guy Mannering*, and Lovel in the *Antiquary*, are all brethren of a family; very amiable and very insipid sort of young men. We think we can perceive that this error is also in some degree occasioned by the dramatic principle upon which the

author frames his plots. His chief characters are never actors, but always acted upon by the spur of circumstances, and have their fates uniformly determined by the agency of the subordinate persons. This arises from the author having usually represented them as foreigners to whom every thing in Scotland is strange,—a circumstance which serves as an apology for entering into many minute details which are reflectively, as it were, addressed to the reader through the medium of the hero. While he is going into explanations and details which, addressed directly to the reader, might appear tiresome and unnecessary, he gives interest to them by exhibiting the effect which they produce upon the principal person of his drama, and at the same time obtains a patient hearing for what might otherwise be passed over without attention. But if he gains this advantage, it is by sacrificing the character of the hero. No one can be interesting to the reader who is not himself a prime agent in the scene. This is understood even by the worthy citizen and his wife, who are introduced as prolocutors in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. When they are asked what the principal person of the drama shall do?—the answer is prompt and ready—'Marry, let him come forth and kill a giant.' There is a good deal of tact in the request. Every hero in poetry, in fictitious narrative, ought to come forth and do or say something or other which no other person could have done or said; make some sacrifice, surmount some difficulty, and become interesting to us otherwise than by his mere appearance on the scene, the passive tool of the other characters.

The insipidity of this author's heroes may be also in part referred to the readiness with which he twists and turns his story to produce some immediate and perhaps temporary effect. This could hardly be done without representing the principal character either as inconsistent or flexible in his principles. The ease with which Waverley adopts and afterwards forsakes the Jacobite party in 1745 is a good example of what we mean. Had he been painted as a steady character, his conduct would have been improbable. The author was aware of this; and yet, unwilling to relinquish an opportunity of introducing the interior of the Chevalier's military court, the circumstances of the battle of Preston-pans, and so forth, he hesitates not to sacrifice poor Waverley, and to represent him as a reed blown about at the pleasure of every breeze: a less careless writer would probably have taken some pains to gain the end proposed in a more artful and ingenious manner. But our author was hasty, and has paid the penalty of his haste.

We have hinted that we were disposed to question the originality of these novels in point of invention, and that in doing so, we do not consider ourselves as derogating from the merit of the author,

to whom, on the contrary, we give the praise due to one who has collected and brought out with accuracy and effect, incidents and manners which might otherwise have slept in oblivion. We proceed to our proofs.\*

The mutual protection afforded by Waverley and Talbot to each other, upon which the whole plot depends, is founded upon one of those anecdotes, which soften the features even of civil war, and as it is equally honourable to the memory of both parties, we have no hesitation to give their names at length. When the Highlanders upon the morning of the battle of Preston made their memorable attack, a battery of four field pieces was stormed and carried by the Camerons and the Stewarts of Appine. The late Alexander Stuart of Invernahyle was one of the foremost in the charge, and observed an officer of the King's forces, who, scorning to join the flight of all around, remained with his sword in his hand, as if determined to the very last to defend the post assigned to him. The Highland gentleman commanded him to surrender, and received for reply a thrust which he caught in his target. The officer was now defenceless, and the battle-axe of a gigantic Highlander (the miller of Invernahyle's mill) was uplifted to dash his brains out, when Mr. Stuart with difficulty prevailed on him to surrender. He took charge of his enemy's property, protected his person, and finally obtained him liberty on his parole. The officer proved to be Colonel Allen Whiteford, of Ballochmyle, in Ayrshire, a man of high character and influence, and warmly attached to the house of Hanover; yet such was the confidence existing between these two honourable men, though of different political principles, that while the civil war was raging, and straggling officers from the Highland army were executed without mercy, † Invernahyle hesitated not to pay his late captive a visit as he went back to the Highland to raise fresh recruits, when he spent a few days among Colonel Whiteford's whig friends as pleasantly and good humouredly as if all had been at peace around him. After the battle of Culloden it was Colonel Whiteford's turn to strain every nerve to obtain Mr. Stuart's pardon. He went to the Lord Justice Clerk, to the Lord Advocate, and to all the officers of state, and each application was answered by the production of a list in which Invernahyle (as the good old gentleman was wont to express it) appeared 'marked with the sign of the beast!' At length Colonel Whiteford went to

\* It will be readily conceived that the curious MSS. and other information of which we have availed ourselves were not accessible to us in this country: but we have been assiduous in our inquiries; and are happy enough to possess a correspondent whose researches on the spot have been indefatigable, and whose kind, and ready communications have anticipated all our wishes.

† As was the case with Mac Donald of Kinlochmoidart.

the Duke of Cumberland. From him also he received a positive refusal. He then limited his request for the present, to a protection for Stuart's house, wife, children, and property. This was also refused by the Duke: on which Colonel Whiteford, taking his commission from his bosom, laid it on the table before his Royal Highness, and asked permission to retire from the service of a sovereign who did not know how to spare a vanquished enemy. The Duke was struck, and even affected. He bade the Colonel take up his commission, and granted the protection he required with so much earnestness. It was issued just in time to save the house, corn and cattle, at Invernahyle, from the troops who were engaged in laying waste what it was the fashion to call 'the country of the enemy.' A small encampment of soldiers was formed on Invernahyle's property, which they spared while plundering the country around, and searching in every direction for the leaders of the insurrection, and for Stuart in particular. He was much nearer them than they suspected; for hidden in a cave, (like the Baron of Bradwardine,) he lay for many days within hearing of the sentinels, as they called their watch-word. His food was brought to him by one of his daughters, a child of eight years old, whom Mrs. Stuart was under the necessity of intrusting with this commission, for her own motions and those of all her inmates were closely watched. With ingenuity beyond her years the child used to stray about among the soldiers, who were rather kind to her, and watch the moment when she was unobserved to steal into the thicket, when she deposited whatever small store of provisions she had in charge, at some marked spot, where her father might find it. Invernahyle supported life for several weeks, by means of those precarious supplies, and as he had been wounded in the battle of Culloden, the hardships which he endured were aggravated by great bodily pain. After the soldiers had removed their quarters he had another remarkable escape. As he now ventured to the house at night and left it in the morning, he was espied during the dawn by a party of the enemy, who fired at and pursued him. The fugitive being fortunate enough to escape their search, they returned to the house and charged the family with harbouring one of the proscribed traitors. An old woman had presence of mind enough to maintain that the man they had seen was the shepherd. 'Why did he not stop when we called to him?' said the soldiers. 'He is as deaf, poor man, as a peat-stack,' answered the ready-witted domestic. 'Let him be sent for directly.'—The real shepherd accordingly was brought from the hill, and as there was time to tutor him by the way, he was as deaf when he made his appearance as was necessary to sustain his character. Stuart of Invernahyle was afterwards pardoned under the act of indemnity. 'I knew

him well,' says our correspondent, 'and have often had these circumstances from his own mouth. He was a noble specimen of the old Highlander, far descended, gallant, courteous and brave even to chivalry. He had been out in 1715 and 1745, was an active partaker in all the stirring scenes which passed in the Highlands, betwixt these memorable eras, and was remarkable, among other exploits, for having fought a duel with the broad sword with the celebrated Rob Roy Mac Gregor, at the Clachan of Balquidder. He chanced to be in Edinburgh when Paul Jones came into the Firth of Forth, and though then an old man, I saw him in arms, and heard him exult (to use his own words) in the prospect of "drawing his claymore once more before he died."'

The traditions and manners of the Scotch were so blended with superstitious practices and fears, that the author of these novels seems to have deemed it incumbent on him, to transfer many more such incidents to his novels, than seem either probable or natural to any English reader. It may be some apology that his story would have lost the national cast, which it was chiefly his object to observe, had this been otherwise. There are few families of antiquity in Scotland, which do not possess some strange legends, told only under promise of secrecy, and with an air of mystery; in developing which, the influence of the powers of darkness is referred to. The truth probably is, that the agency of witches and demons was often made to account for the sudden disappearance of individuals and similar incidents, too apt to arise out of the evil dispositions of humanity, in a land where revenge was long held honourable—where private feuds and civil broils disturbed the inhabitants for ages—and where justice was but weakly and irregularly executed. Mr. Law, a conscientious but credulous clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland, who lived in the seventeenth century, has left behind him a very curious manuscript, in which, with the political events of that distracted period, he has intermingled the various portents and marvellous occurrences which, in common with his age, he ascribed to supernatural agency. The following extract will serve to illustrate the taste of this period for the supernatural. When we read such things recorded by men of sense and education, (and Mr. Law was deficient in neither,) we cannot help remembering the times of paganism, when every scene, incident, and action, had its appropriate and presiding deity. It is indeed curious to consider what must have been the sensations of a person, who lived under this peculiar species of hallucination, believing himself beset on all hands by invisible agents; one who was unable to account for the restiveness of a nobleman's carriage horses otherwise than by the immediate effect of witchcraft: and supposed that the *sage femme* of the highest reputation



was most likely to devote the infants to the infernal spirits, upon their very entrance into life.

'It is remarkable that Michael, Jude 9, durst not bring against Sathan a railing accusation, but said, the Lord rebuke thee, Sathan. But it is fit to tremble and fear and be upon our watch. Women also in child-birth would look well whom they choice for their midwives, that they be of good report, it being very ordinary for them to be witches, such as are *mala fama*, because such as are so, ordinarily dedicate children to Sathan, especially the first-born, and use to baptize them in the name of the devil privately; howbeit that is of no force nor can be imputed to the children or parents, being free of any accession thereto; yet such a claim the devil may lay to such as to prove very troublesome to them by his temptations all their days, more especially to those children whose mothers are witches, there being nothing more ordinary to them than to dedicate their children to Sathan, and certainly it is a sin and an high provoke of God, and gives great ground to the devil to tempt, when parents are more satisfied with midwives of that name than others, as supposing them to have more skill, more helpfull, and better success in sic a case than others; a sin I fear too ryfe in the land, and indeed upon the matter, a forsaking of God. This John Stewart and his sister afore mentioned confessed that his mother gave them to the devil from the womb. It were good that our land had midwives fearing God, educate for that end. Sathan is God's ape, studies to imitate God in his covenanting with his people, so he hath his covenant with his; the seals of his covenant, his sip and the renewing of their covenant with the renewing of the sip, as also his other symbols and tokens, whereby he works, sic as these effigies or images, spells, syllables and charms; and if he fail in the performance of what he promises, he makes some of them miscarry in their hands, and lays the blame there. I say, he studies to imitate God in his covenant and promises, not for any liking he has to God or his ways, but because he finds God's method ensure the soul to himself: 2dly, for mocking of God and his holy ways. The Earl of Dundonald with his coach and himself and his lady, going to the marriage of his grandchild to the Lord Montgomery, from Paslay to Eglintown, an. 1676 in December, was stopt by the way at the said Jonet Mathie her daughter's house; the witch now a prisoner in Paslay upon that account; the horses of the coach refused to go by that door, and turned their heads homeward. Whereupon the gentlemen that rode with the Earl dismounted themselves, and yoked their horses in the coach; but by that door they would not go; on which occasion the Earl causes yoke his horses again in the coach, and so drives homeward with his Lady and all that was with him to Paslay. A very remarkable passage as has been in our days.'

To the superstitions of the North Britons must be added their peculiar and characteristic amusements; and here we have some atonement to make to the memory of the learned Paulus Pleydell, whose computatory relaxations, better information now inclines us

to think, we mentioned with somewhat too little reverence. Before the new town of Edinburgh (as it is called) was built, its inhabitants lodged, as is the practice of Paris at this day, in large buildings called *lands*, each family occupying a story, and having access to it by a stair common to all the inhabitants. These buildings, when they did not front the high street of the city, composed the sides of little, narrow, unwholesome *closes* or lanes. The miserable and confined accommodation which such habitations afforded, drove *men of business*, as they were called, that is, people belonging to the law, to hold their professional rendezvouses in taverns, and many lawyers of eminence spent the principal part of their time in some tavern of note, transacted their business there, received the visits of clients with their writers or attorneys, and suffered no imputation from so doing. This practice naturally led to habits of conviviality, to which the Scottish lawyers, till of very late years, were rather too much addicted. Few men drank so hard as the counsellors of the old school, and there survived till of late some veterans who supported in that respect the character of their predecessors. To vary the humour of a joyous evening many frolics were resorted to, and the game of *high jinks* was one of the most common.\* In fact, high jinks was one of the *petits jeux* with which certain circles were wont to while away the time; and though it claims no alliance with modern associations, yet, as it required some shrewdness and dexterity to support the characters assumed for the occasion, it is not difficult to conceive that it might have been as interesting and amusing to the parties engaged in it, as counting the spots of a pack of cards, or treasuring in memory the rotation in which they are thrown on the table. The worst of the game was what that age considered as its principal excellence, namely, that the forfeitures being all commuted for wine, it proved an encouragement to hard drinking, the prevailing vice of the age.

On the subject of Davie Gellatley, the fool of the Baron of Bradwardine's family, we are assured there is ample testimony that a custom, referred to Shakespeare's time in England, had, and in remote provinces of Scotland, has still its counterpart, to this day. We do not mean to say that the professed jester with his bauble and his party-coloured vestment can be found in any family north of the Tweed. Yet such a personage held this respectable office in the family of the Earls of Strathmore within the last cen-

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\* We have learned, with some dismay, that one of the ablest lawyers Scotland ever produced, and who lives to witness (although in retirement) the various changes which have taken place in her courts of judicature, a man who has filled with marked distinction the highest offices of his profession, *hush'd* (pehaw'd) extremely at the delinquency of our former criticism. And certainly he claims some title to do so, having been in his youth not only a witness of such orgies as are described as proceeding under the auspices of Mr. Pleydell, but himself a distinguished performer.

tury, and his costly holiday dress, garnished with bells of silver, is still preserved in the Castle of Glanis. But we are assured, that to a much later period, and even to this moment, the habits and manners of Scotland have had some tendency to preserve the existence of this singular order of domestics. There are (comparatively speaking) no poor's rates in the country parishes of Scotland, and of course no work-houses to immure either their worn out poor or the 'moping idiot and the madman gay,' whom Crabbe characterizes as the happiest inhabitants of these mansions, because insensible of their misfortunes. It therefore happens almost necessarily in Scotland, that the house of the nearest proprietor of wealth and consequence proves a place of refuge for these outcasts of society; and until the pressure of the times, and the calculating habits which they have necessarily generated had rendered the maintenance of a human being about such a family an object of some consideration, they usually found an asylum there, and enjoyed the degree of comfort of which their limited intellect rendered them susceptible. Such idiots were usually employed in some simple sort of occasional labour; and if we are not misinformed, the situation of turn-spit was often assigned them, before the modern improvement of the smoke-jack. But, however employed, they usually displayed towards their benefactors a sort of instinctive attachment which was very affecting. We knew one instance in which such a being refused food for many days, pined away, literally broke his heart, and died within the space of a very few weeks after his benefactor's decease. We cannot now pause to deduce the moral inference which might be derived from such instances. It is however evident, that if there was a coarseness of mind in deriving amusement from the follies of these unfortunate beings, a circumstance to the disgrace of which they were totally insensible, their mode of life was, in other respects, calculated to promote such a degree of happiness as their faculties permitted them to enjoy. But besides the amusement which our forefathers received from witnessing their imperfections and extravagancies, there was a more legitimate source of pleasure in the wild wit which they often flung around them with the freedom of Shakespeare's licensed clowns. There are few houses in Scotland of any note or antiquity where the witty sayings of some such character are not occasionally quoted at this very day. The pleasure afforded to our forefathers by such repartees was no doubt heightened by their wanting the habits of more elegant amusement. But in Scotland the practice long continued, and in the house of one of the very first noblemen of that country (a man whose name is never mentioned without reverence) and that within the last twenty years, a jester such as we have mentioned stood at the side-table during

dinner, and occasionally amused the guests by his extemporaneous sallies. Imbecility of this kind was even considered as an apology for intrusion upon the most solemn occasions. All know the peculiar reverence with which the Scottish of every rank attend on funeral ceremonies. Yet within the memory of most of the present generation, an idiot of an appearance equally hideous and absurd, dressed, as if in mockery, in a rusty and ragged black coat, decorated with a cravat and weepers made of white paper in the form of those worn by the deepest mourners, preceded almost every funeral procession in Edinburgh, as if to turn into ridicule the last rites paid to mortality.

It has been generally supposed that in the case of these as of other successful novels, the most prominent and peculiar characters were sketched from real life. It was only after the death of Smollet, that two barbers and a shoemaker contended about the character of Strap, which each asserted was modelled from his own: but even in the lifetime of the present author, there is scarcely a dale in the pastoral districts of the southern counties but arrogates to itself the possession of the original Dandie Dinmont. As for Baillie Mac Wheeble, a person of the highest eminence in the law perfectly well remembers having received fees from him. We ourselves think we recognize the prototype of Meg Merrilies, on on whose wild fidelity so much of the interest of Guy Mannering hinges, in the Jean Gordon of the following extract:\*

‘Old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe, was well remembered by old persons of the last generation. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farm-house of Lochside near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer’s property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood-sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was so much mortified at this irregularity, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years. At length, in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the Goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to get some money to pay his rent. Returning through the mountains of Cheviot he was benighted and lost his way. A light glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farm-house to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter, and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure, for she was nearly six feet high, and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a

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\* See a very curious paper entitled ‘Notices on the Scottish Gipsies,’ in a new publication called the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*.

terrible surprise to the poor man whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin to him) was about his person. Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—"Eh Sirs! the winsome Gude-man of Lochside! Light down, Light down, for ye munna gang farther the night and a friend's house sae near." The farmer was obliged to dismount and accept of the gipsy's offer of supper and a bed. There was abundance of provisions in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful supper, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve guests of the same description probably with his landlady. Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought up the story of the stolen sow, and noticed how much pain and vexation it had given her; like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grows worse daily; and like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding and neglected the old gipsy regulations which commanded them to respect in their depredations the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would soon return home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody; she made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless. This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of *shake-down*, as the Scotch call it, upon some straw, but, as will be easily believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering their guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there? "E'en the winsome Gude-man of Lochside, poor body," replied Jean, "he's been at Newcastle seeking for siller to pay his rent, honest man, but the de'il be lick'd he's been able to gather in, and so he's gaun e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart." "That may be, Jean," replied one of the banditti, "but we maun ripe\* his pouches a bit and see if it be true or no." Jean set up her throat in exclamations against the breach of hospitality, but without producing any change of their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the foresight of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no, but the smallness of the booty and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances determined them in the negative. They caroused and went to rest. So soon as day returned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse which she had accommodated behind the hallan, and guided him for some miles till he was on the high road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property, nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

'I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the Jury were equally divided, but that one of their number, a friend to justice,

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\* Rummage his pockets.

who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his casting vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, "Hang them a'!"—Jean was present, and only said, "The Lord help the innocent in a day like this." Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. Jean had among other demerits, or merits, as you may choose to rank it, that of being a staunch jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water, and while she had voice left continued to exclaim at such intervals, "*Charlie yet, Charlie yet.*" When a child, and among the scenes which he frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for the fate of poor Jean Gordon, who, with all the vices and irregularities of her degraded tribe and wandering profession, was always mentioned by those who had known her, with a sort of compassionate regret.'

Although these strong resemblances occur so frequently, and with such peculiar force, as almost to impress us with the conviction that the author sketched from nature, and not from fancy alone; yet we hesitate to draw any positive conclusion, sensible that a character dashed off as the representative of a certain class of men will bear, if executed with fidelity to the general outlines, not only that resemblance which he ought to possess as 'knight of the shire,' but also a special affinity to some particular individual. It is scarcely possible it should be otherwise. When Emery appears on the stage as a Yorkshire peasant, with the habit, manner, and dialect peculiar to the character, and which he assumes with so much truth and fidelity, those unacquainted with the province or its inhabitants see merely the abstract idea, the beau ideal of a Yorkshireman. But to those who are intimate with both, the action and manner of the comedian almost necessarily recall the idea of some individual native (altogether unknown probably to the performer) to whom his exterior and manners bear a casual resemblance. We are therefore on the whole inclined to believe, that the incidents are frequently copied from *actual* occurrences, but that the characters are either entirely fictitious, or if any traits have been borrowed from real life, as in the anecdote which we have quoted respecting Invernahyle, they have been carefully disguised and blended with such as are purely imaginary. We now proceed to a more particular examination of the volumes before us.

They are entitled '*Tales of my Landlord;*' why so entitled, ex-

cepting to introduce a quotation from *Don Quixote*, it is difficult to conceive; for *Tales of my Landlord* they are *not*, nor is it indeed easy to say whose tales they ought to be called. There is a proem, as it is termed, supposed to be written by Jedediah Cleishbotham, the schoolmaster and parish clerk of the village of Ganderclough, in which we are given to understand that these *Tales* were compiled by his deceased usher, Mr. Peter Pattieson, from the narratives or conversations of such travellers as frequented the Wallace Inn, in that village. Of this proem we shall only say that it is written in the quaint style of that prefixed by Gay to his *Pastorals*, being, as Johnson terms it, 'such imitation as he could obtain of obsolete language, and by consequence in a style that was never written nor spoken in any age or place.'

The first of the *Tales* thus ushered in is entitled the '*Black Dwarf*.' It contains some striking scenes, but it is even more than usually deficient in the requisites of a luminous and interesting narrative, as will appear from the following abridgment.

Two deer-stalkers, one the Laird of Earnscliff, a gentleman of family and property, the other Hobbie Elliot, of the Heugh-foot, a stout border yeoman, are returning by night from their sports on the hills of Liddesdale, and in the act of crossing a moor reported to be haunted, when they perceive to the great terror of the farther the being from whom the story takes its name, bewailing himself to the moon and the stones of a druidical circle, which our author has previously introduced to the reader's knowledge, as a supposed scene of witchery and an object of superstitious terror. The *Black Dwarf* is thus described:—

'The height of the object, which seemed even to decrease as they approached it, appeared to be under four feet, and its form, so far as the imperfect light afforded them the means of discerning, was very nearly as broad as long, or rather of a spherical shape, which could only be occasioned by some strange personal deformity. The young sportsman hailed this extraordinary appearance twice, without receiving any answer, or attending to the pinches by which his companion endeavoured to intimate that their best course was to walk on, without giving farther disturbance to a being of such singular and preternatural exterior. To the third repeated demand of "Who are you? What do you here at this hour of night?"—a voice replied, whose shrill, uncouth, and dissonant tones, made Elliot step two paces back, and startled even his companion, "Pass on your way, and ask nought at them that ask nought at you."

"What do you here so far from shelter? Are you benighted on your journey? Will you follow us home, ('God forbid!' ejaculated Hobbie Elliot, involuntarily,) and I will give you a lodging?"

"I would sooner lodge by mysel in the deepest of the Tarras-flow," again whispered Hobbie.

"Pass on your way," rejoined the figure, the harsh tones of his voice still more exalted by passion. "I want not your guidance—I want not your lodging—it is five years since my head was under a human roof, and I trust it was for the last time."

After a desperate refusal on the part of the misanthropical dwarf to hold any communication with the hunters, they proceed on their journey to Hobbie's house, of Heughfoot, where they are courteously received by his grandmother, his sisters, and Grace Armstrong, a fair cousin, with whom the doughty yeoman is described to be enamoured. The domestic scene is painted with the knowledge of the language and manners of that class of society, which give interest to the picture of Dandie Dinmont and his family, in 'Guy Mannering.' But we do not think it equal to the more simple sketch contained in the earlier novel. This must frequently be the case, when an author, in repeated efforts, brings before us characters of the same *genus*. He is, as it were, compelled to dwell upon the specific differences and distinctions instead of the general characteristics, or, in other words, rather to show wherein Hobbie Elliot differs from Dandie Dinmont, than to describe the former as he really was.

The mysterious dwarf, with speed almost supernatural, builds himself a house of stones and turf, encloses it with a rude wall, within which he cultivates a patch of garden ground, and all this he accomplishes by the assistance of chance passengers who occasionally stopped to aid him in a task which seemed so unfitted for a being of his distorted shape. Against this whole tale we were tempted to state the objection of utter improbability. We are given however to understand that such an individual, so misused by nature in his birth, did actually, within these twenty years, appear in a lone valley in the moors of Tweeddale, and so build a mansion without any assistance but that of passengers as aforesaid, and said house so constructed did so inhabit. The singular circumstances of his hideous appearance, of the apparent ease with which he constructed his place of abode, of the total ignorance of all the vicinity respecting his birth or history, excited, in the minds of the common people, a superstitious terror not inferior to that which the romance describes the appearance of the Black Dwarf to have spread through Liddesdale. The real recluse possessed intelligence and information beyond his apparent condition, which the neighbours, in their simplicity, were sometimes disposed to think preternatural. He once resided (and perhaps still lives) in the vale formed by the Manor-water which falls into the Tweed near Peebles, a glen long honoured by the residence of the late venerated Professor Ferguson.

The Black Dwarf is consulted (from an opinion of his super-



natural skill) by many in his vicinity, which gives opportunity to the author to introduce us to his *dramatis personæ*:—these are Willie of Westburnflat, a thorough-paced border robber, who is perhaps placed somewhat too late in the story, and Miss Isabella Vere, daughter of the Laird of Ellieslaw, betwixt whom and Earnscliff a mutual attachment subsists. But, as is usual in such cases, her father, who belonged to the Jacobite party in politics, and was deeply concerned in their intrigues, was hostile to the match. This unaccommodating sire had resolved to confer the hand of Miss Vere upon Sir Frederick Langley, an English baronet, of his own political creed, and whom he wished to bind yet more closely to his interest. These, with a confidante cousin of no importance, and a gay cavalier called Mareschal, who embarks in his kinsman Ellieslaw's plots with as much lively heedlessness as could be desired; and finally, a grave steward called Ratcliffe, who receives and accounts to Mr. Vere for the rents of some extensive English estates, which had belonged, as was supposed, to his deceased wife, fill up the *dramatis personæ*. This list of personages is not numerous, yet the tale is far from corresponding in simplicity. On the contrary, it abounds with plots, elopements, ravishments, and rescues, and all the violent events which are so common in romance, and of such rare occurrence in real life.

Willie of Westburnflat, the robber aforesaid, opens the campaign by burning the house of our honest friend Hobbie Elliot. The gathering of the borderers for redress and vengeance, their pursuit of the freebooter, and the siege of his tower, are all told with the spirit which shows a mind accustomed to the contemplation of such scenes. The robber, for his ransom, offers to deliver up his fair prisoner, who proves to be, not Grace Armstrong, but Miss Vere, whom her father, finding his plans on her freedom of choice likely to be deranged by the interference of the steward Ratcliffe, who seems to possess a mysterious authority over the conduct of his patron, had procured to be carried off by this freebooter, in order to place her the more absolutely at his paternal disposal. She is restored to the Castle of Ellieslaw by her lover Earnscliff, who (of course) had been foremost in her rescue. This ought not to be slurred over, being one of the few attempts which the poor gentleman makes to *kill a giant*, or otherwise to distinguish himself during the volume. In the meanwhile, the influence of the Black Dwarf with the robber obtains the freedom of Grace Armstrong, and the Solitary contrives also to throw in the way of her betrothed husband a purse of gold, sufficient to reimburse all his losses.

Ellieslaw, during these proceedings, is arranging every thing for a rising of the Jacobites, in order to cover the invasion which the

French were at that time meditating in behalf of the Chevalier St. George. He is suddenly menaced by the threatened desertion of his proposed son-in-law, Sir Frederick Langley, who becomes jealous of Mr. Vere's talents in *manœuvring*, and suspicious that he intends to cheat him of his intended bride; Vere takes advantage of this circumstance to persuade his daughter that his life and fortunes are at the mercy of this dubious confederate, and can only be saved by her consenting to an immediate union! She is rescued from the fate to which he had destined her, by the sudden appearance of the Black Dwarf, who proves to be the kinsman of Miss Vere's mother, to whom he had been fondly attached. A series of misfortunes, backed by the artifices of Vere, had driven him in a fit of gloomy misanthropy to renounce the world. Hobbie Elliot appears with an armed body to support his benefactor—the failure of the French expedition is made known—the baffled conspirators disperse—Vere escapes abroad, but leaves his daughter full authority to follow her own inclinations—the Solitary seeks some more distant and unknown cell, and Earnscliff and Hobbie marry the objects of their affection, and are happily settled for life.

Such is the brief abstract of a tale of which the narrative is unusually artificial. Neither hero nor heroine excites interest of any sort, being just that sort of *pattern* people whom nobody cares a farthing about. The explanation of the dwarf's real circumstances and character, too long delayed from an obvious wish to protract the mystery, is at length huddled up so hastily that, for our parts, we cannot say we are able to comprehend more of the motives of this principal personage than that he was a mad man, and acted like one—an easy and summary mode of settling all difficulties. As for the hurry and military bustle of the conclusion, it is only worthy of the farce of the Miller and his Men, or any other modern melo-drama, ending with a front crowded with soldiers and scene-shifters, and a back scene in a state of conflagration.

We have dealt with this tale very much according to the clown's argument in favour of Master Froth—'Look upon his face, I will be sworn on a book that his face is the worst part about him, and if his face be the worst part about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm?' Even so we will take our oaths that the narrative is the worst part of the Black Dwarf, and that if the reader can tolerate it upon the sketch we have given him, he will find the work itself contains passages both of natural pathos and fantastic terror, not unworthy of the author of the scene of Stanie's burial, in the Antiquary, or the wild tone assumed in the character of Meg Merrilies.

The story which occupies the next three volumes is of much deeper interest, both as a tale and from its connexion with histori-

cal facts and personages. It is entitled 'Old Mortality,' but should have been called the Tale of Old Mortality, for the personage so named is only quoted as the authority for the incidents. The story is thus given in the introduction :

"According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm ; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period, it is said, of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries ; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light, which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true his wants were very few, for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged, by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country church-yard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality."—vol. ii. pp. 15—18.

We believe we can add a local habitation and a name to the accounts given of this remarkable old man. His name was Robert Patterson, and in the earlier part of his life he lived in the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, where he was distinguished for depth of piety and devotional feeling. Whether domestic affliction, or some other cause, induced him to adopt the wandering course of life described in the tale which bears his name, we have not been informed : but he continued it for many years, and about fifteen years since closed his weary pilgrimage in the manner described in the introduction, 'being found on the highway, near Lockerby, in Dumfriesshire, exhausted and just expiring. The old pony, the companion of his wanderings, was found standing by the side of his master.' This remarkable personage is mentioned in a note upon Swift's *Memoirs of Captain John Creighton*, in Mr. Scott's edition of that author.

The tale, as may be supposed from the title thus explained, is laid during the period of the persecution of the Presbyterians in Scotland, in the reign of Charles II. The scene opens with a description of a popular assembly of the period, brought together for the purpose of mustering the military vassals of the crown, and afterwards shooting at the popinjay, a custom, we believe, which is still kept up in Ayrshire, and we may add in several parts of the continent. The reluctance of the Presbyterians to appear at these musters gives rise to a ludicrous incident. Lady Margaret Belenden, a personage of great dignity and cavalierism, is, by the recusancy of her ploughmen to bear arms, compelled to fill up her feudal ranks by the admission of a half-witted boy entitled Goose Gibbie, who, arrayed in the panoply of a man-at-arms of the day, is led forth under the banners of her valiant butler, John Gudyill. But mark the consequences.

'No sooner had the horses struck a canter than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and being armed with long-rowelled spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounced and plunged, while poor Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too heedless butler, being drowned partly in the concave of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the Gallant Grames, which Mr. Gudyill whistled with all his power of lungs.

'The upshot was, that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all the spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family-coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely

over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the Duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage, insides and outsides, at once, which had the blessed effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently so soon as he recovered. The jack boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurred out of those wide and ponderous greaves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide, of the buff coat, that is, in which he was muffled.—vol. ii. pp. 61—64.

Upon this ludicrous incident turns the fate, as we shall presently see, of the principal personages of the drama. These are Edith Bellenden, the grand-daughter and heiress of Lady Margaret, and a youth of the Presbyterian persuasion, named Morton, son of a gallant officer who had served the Scotch parliament, in the former civil wars, but by his death had become the dependent of a sordid and avaricious uncle, the Laird of Milnwood. This young gentleman gains the prize at the shooting match, and proceeds to entertain his friends and competitors at a neighbouring public house. The harmony of the meeting is disturbed by a fray which arises between a sergeant of the King's Life-guards, a man of high descent, but of brutal and insolent manners, nick-named Bothwell, from being derived from the last Scottish earls of that name, and a stranger of a dark and sullen aspect, great strength of body and severity of manners, who proves afterwards to be one of the outlawed Presbyterians, named John Balfour, of Burley, at this time in circumstances of peculiar danger, being in the act of flight, in consequence of his share in the assassination of James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews. Bothwell is foiled, and thrown upon the floor of the tavern by the strong-limbed covenanter.

His comrade, Halliday, immediately drew his sword: "You have

killed my sergeant," he exclaimed to the victorious wrestler, "and by all that's sacred you shall answer it!"

"Stand back!" cried Morton and his companions, "it was all fair play; your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it."

"That is true enough," said Bothwell, as he slowly rose; "put up your bilbo, Tom. I did not think there was a crop-ear of them all could have laid the best cap and feather in the King's Life Guards on the floor of a rascally change-house.—Hark ye, friend, give me your hand." The stranger held out his hand. "I promise you," said Bothwell, squeezing his hand very hard, "that the time shall come when we will meet again, and try this game over in a more earnest manner."

"And I'll promise you," said the stranger, returning the grasp with equal firmness, "that, when we next meet, I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again."

"Well, beloved," answered Bothwell, "if thou be'st a whig, thou art a stout and a brave one, and so good even to thee—Had'st best take thy nag before the cornet makes his round; for, I promise thee, he has stay'd less suspicious-looking persons."

The stranger seemed to think that the hint was not to be neglected; he flung down his reckoning, and going into the stable, saddled and brought out a powerful black horse, now recruited by rest and forage, and turning to Morton, observed, "I ride towards Milnwood, which, I hear is your home; will you give me the advantage and protection of your company?"

"Certainly," said Morton, although there was something of gloomy and relentless severity in the man's manner from which his mind recoiled. His companions, after a courteous good-night, broke up and went off in different directions, some keeping them company for about a mile, until they dropped off one by one, and the travellers were left alone.—vol. ii. pp. 83—85.

We may here briefly notice that Francis Stewart, the grandson and representative of the last Earl of Bothwell, who was himself a grandson of James V. of Scotland, was so much reduced in circumstances, as actually to ride a private in the Life-guards at this period, as we learn from the Memoirs of Creighton, who was his comrade. Nothing else is known of him, and the character assigned to him in the novel is purely imaginary.

Balfour and Morton having left the village together, the former in the course of their journey discovers himself to Morton as an ancient comrade of his father, and on hearing the kettle-drums and trumpets of a body of horse approaching, prevails upon him to give him refuge in his uncle's house of Milnwood. And here, like Don Quixote, when he censured the anachronisms of Mr. Peter's puppet-show, we beg to inform our novelist that cavalry never march to the sound of music by night, any more than the Moors of Jansuena used bells.

It must be remarked that by the cruel and arbitrary laws of the time, Morton, in affording to the comrade of his father a protection which he could not in humanity refuse him, incurred the heavy penalty attached to receiving or sheltering intercommuned persons. There was, by the severity of government, a ban put upon the refractory calvinists, equal to the *aqua et ignis interdictio* of the civil law, and whoever transgressed it by relieving the unhappy fugitive, involved himself in his crime and punishment. Another circumstance added to the hazard which Morton thus incurred. The ploughman of Lady Margaret Bellenden, Cuddie Headrigg by name, had been, with his mother, expelled from the castle of Tillietudlem, on account of his refusing to bear arms at the weapon-showing, and thereby occasioning the substitution of Goose-Gibbie, to the disgrace, as we have already seen, of Lady Margaret's troop. The old woman is described as a zealous extra-presbyterian; the son as an old-fashioned Scotch boor, sly and shrewd in his own concerns, dull and indifferent to all other matters; reverencing his mother, and loving his mistress, a pert serving damsel in the castle, better than was uniformly expressed by his language. The submission of this honest countryman, upon a martial summons, to petticoat influence, was not peculiar to his rank of life. We learn from Fountainhall, that when thirty-five heritors of the kingdom of Fife were summoned to appear before the council for neglecting to join the King's host, in 1680, with their horses and arms, some of their apologies were similar to those which Cuddie might have preferred for himself. 'Balcanquhal of that ilk alleged that his horses were robbed, but shunned to take the declaration for fear of disquiet from his wife.'—'And Young of Kirkton stated his lady's dangerous sickness, and bitter curses if he should leave her; and the appearance of abortion on his offering to go from her.' Now as there was a private understanding between Morton and the fair Edith Bellenden, the former is induced, at the request of the young lady, to use his interest with his uncle and his uncle's favourite housekeeper to receive the two exiles as menials into the house of Milnwood. The family there are seated at dinner when they are disturbed by one of those tyrannical domiciliary visits which the soldiers were authorized and encouraged to commit. The scene may very well be extracted as a specimen of the author's colouring and outline.

'While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Cuddie took the opportunity to whisper to his mother, "Now ye daft auld carline, mak yoursel deaf—ye hae made us a' deaf ere now—and let me speak for ye. I wad like ill to get my neck raxed, for an auld wife's flashes, though ye be our mither."

“O, hinney, ay; I’se be silent or thou sall come to ill,” was the corresponding whisper of Mause; “but bethink ye, my dear, them that deny the Word, the Word will deny”—

Her admonition was cut short by the entrance of the Life Guard’s-men, a party of four troopers commanded by Bothwell.

In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone floor with the iron-shod heels of their large jack-boots, and the clash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-hilted-broad-swords. Milnwood and his housekeeper trembled, from well-grounded apprehension of the system of exaction and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Burley. The widow Mause Headrigg, between fear for her son’s life, and an overstrained and enthusiastic zeal, which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to belie her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for they knew not well what. Cuddie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scotch peasant can at times assume as a mask for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large spoonfuls of his broth, to command which, he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself, amid the confusion, to a sevenfold portion.

“What is your pleasure here gentlemen?” said Milnwood, humbling himself before the satellites of power.

“We come in behalf of the king,” answered Bothwell. “Why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?”

“We were at dinner,” answered Milnwood, “and the door was locked, as is usual in landward towns in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had kenn’d ony servants of our gude king had stood at the door—But wad ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of canary sack, or claret wine?” making a pause between each offer as long as a stingy bidder at an auction, who is loath to advance his offer for a favourite lot.

“Claret for me,” said one fellow.

“I like ale better,” said another, “provided it is right juice of John Barleycorn.”

“Better never was malted,” said Milnwood; “I can hardly say sae muckle for the claret. It’s thin and cauld, gentlemen.”

“Brandy will cure that,” said a third fellow; “a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the curmurring in the stomach.”

“Brandy, ale, wine, sack, and claret,—we’ll try them all,” said Bothwell, “and stick to that which is best. There’s good sense in that, if the damn’dest whig in Scotland had said it.”—pp. 176, 177.

The military intruder proceeds with such insolence to enforce the King’s health, which was one of the various indirect modes they had of ascertaining the political principles of those they conversed with.

“Well,” said Bothwell, “have ye all drunk the toast?—What is that



old wife about ? Give her a glass of brandy, she shall drink the king's health by——

"If your honour pleases," said Cuddie, with great stolidity of aspect, "this is my mither, stir; and she's as deaf as Corralinn; we canna make her hear day nor door; but if your honour pleases, I am ready to drink the King's health for her in as mony glasses of brandy as ye think neshessary."

"I dare swear you are," answered Bothwell, "you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy—help thyself, man; all's free where'er I come.—Tom, help the maid to a comfortable cup, though she's but a dirty jilt neither. Fill round once more—Here's to our noble, commander, Colonel Graham of Claverhouse!—What the devil is the old woman groaning for? She looks as very a whig as ever sate on a hill side—Do you renounce the Covenant, good woman?"

"Whilk Covenant is your honour meaning? Is it the Covenant of Works, or the Covenant of Grace?" said Cuddie, interposing.

"Any covenant; all covenants that ever were hatched," answered the trooper.

"Mither," cried Cuddie, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, "the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renounce the Covenant of Works?"

"With all my heart, Cuddie," said Mause, and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof."

"Come," said Bothwell, "the old dame has come more frankly off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we'll proceed to business.—You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person of the Archbishop of St Andrews, by ten or eleven armed fanatics?—vol. ii. pp. 180, 181.

This question enforced and persisted in, at length produces the discovery, that Morton had privately received Balfour, one of the assassins, into the house of his uncle on the preceding evening. Still, although Bothwell prepares to take him into custody, it appears that the high-born sergeant is not unwilling to overlook this deceit, if the inhabitants of the family will take the test-oath, and if his uncle will pay a fine of twenty pounds, for the use of the party.

"Old Milnwood cast a rueful look upon his adviser, and moved off, like a piece of Dutch clock-work, to set at liberty his imprisoned angels in this dire emergency. Meanwhile, Sergeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his Majesty's Custom house.

"You—what's your name, woman?"

"Alison Wilson, sir."

"You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and declare, that you judge it unlawful for subjects under pretext of reformation, or any other pretext whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants"——

'Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Cuddie and his mother, which long conducted in whispers, now became audible.

"O, whisht, mither, whisht! they're upon a communing—Oh! whisht, and they'll agree weel e'enow."

"I will not whisht, Cuddie," replied his mother, "I will uplift my voice and spare not—I will confound the man of sin, even the scarlet man, and through my voice shall Mr. Henry be freed from the net of the fowler."

"She has her leg ower the harrows now," said Cuddie, "stop her wha can—I see here cocked up behind a dragoon on her way to the Tolbooth—I find my ain legs tied below a horse's belly—Ay—she has just mustered up her sermon, and there—wi' that grane—out it comes, and we are a' ruined, horse and foot!"

"And div ye think to come here," said Mause, her withered hand shaking in concert with her keen, though wrinkled visage, animated by zealous wrath, and emancipated by the very mention of the test, from the restraints of her own prudence and Cuddie's admonition,—“div ye think to come here, wi' your soul-killing, saint-seducing, conscience-confounding oaths, and tests, and bands—your snares, and your traps, and your gins?—Surely it is in vain that a net is spread in the sight of any bird.”

"Eh! what, good dame?" said the soldier. "Here's a whig miracle, egad! the old wife has got both her ears and tongue, and we are like to be driven deaf in our turn. Go to, hold your peace, and remember whom you talk to, you old idiot."

"Whae do I talk to? Eh, sirs, ower weel may the sorrowing land ken what ye are. Malignant adherents ye are to the prelates, foul props to a feeble and filthy cause, bloody beasts of prey, and burdens to the earth."

"Upon my soul," said Bothwell, astonished as a mastiff-dog might be should a hen-partridge fly at him in defence of her young, 'this is the finest language I ever heard! Can't you give us some more of it?"

"Gie ye some mair o't?" said Mause, clearing her voice with a preliminary cough, 'I will take up my testimony against you ance again.—Philistines ye are, and Edomites—leopards are ye, and foxes—evening-wolves, that gnaw not the bones till the morrow—wicked dogs, that compass about the chosen—thrusting kine, and pushing bulls of Bashan—piercing serpents ye are, and allied baith in name and nature with the great Red Dragon. Revelations, twalfth chapter, third and fourth verses.'

'Here the old lady stopped, apparently much more from lack of breath than of matter.

"Curse the old hag," said one of the dragoons, "gag her, and take her to head-quarters."

"For shame, Andrews," said Bothwell; "remember the good lady belongs to the fair sex, and uses only the privileges of her tongue.—But, hark ye, good woman, every Bull of Bashan and Red Dragon will not be so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool. In the mean time, I must necessarily

carry off this young man to head quarters. I cannot answer to my commanding officer to leave him in a house where I have heard so much treason and fanaticism."

"See now, mither, what ye hae dune," whispered Cuddie; "there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are gaun to whirry awa' Mr. Harry, and a' wi' your nashgab, de'il be on't!"

"Haud ye're tongue, ye cowardly loon," said the mother, "and lay na the wyte on me; if you and thae thowless gluttons that are sitting staring like cows bursting on clover, wad testify wi' your hands as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle the precious young lad awa' to captivity."—vol. ii. pp. 190—195.

This testimony of Mause having fairly broken up the secret treaty, between the sergeant and old Milnwood, the former nevertheless without regard to good faith, does not hesitate to appropriate the subsidy of twenty pounds, on which he had already laid his clutches; and sets off with his party and his prisoner to the castle of Tillietudlem, where he is detained all night by the hospitality of Lady Margaret Bellenden, who conceives she cannot pay too much attention to the soldiers of his most sacred majesty, commanded by a man of such distinguished birth as Bothwell. The scene which we have transcribed seems to have been sketched with considerable attention to the manners. But it is not quite original, and probably the reader will discover the germ of it in the following dialogue, which Daniel Defoe has introduced into his History of the Church of Scotland. It will be remembered that Defoe visited Scotland on a political mission, about the time of the Union, and it is evident that the anecdotes concerning this unhappy period, then fresh in the memory of many, must have been peculiarly interesting to a man of his liveliness of imagination, who excelled all others in dramatizing a story, and presenting it as if in actual speech and action before the reader.

'They tell us another story of a soldier, not so divested of humanity as most of them were, and who meeting a man upon the road, who he suspected was one of the poor out-lawed proscribed people, as indeed he was; the man was surprised, and would have got from him, but he saw it was in vain, and yet the soldier soon let him know that he was not very much inclined to hurt him, much less to kill him: whereupon the following dialogue, as it is said, happened between them.

'The soldier seeing the countryman willing to shun, and get from him, begins thus:

'*Soldier.* Hold, Sir, ye mon no gang frae me, I have muckle business at you.

'*C. Man.* Well, what's your will then?

'*Soldier.* I fear ye are one of the Bothwell-Brigg-men, what say ye to that?

'*C. Man.* Indeed, no Sir, I am not.

'*Soldier.* Well, but I mon spier some questions at you; and ye answer me right, ye and I'll be good friends again.

'*C. Man.* What questions will ye ask at me?

'*Soldier.* First, Sir, will ye pray for the king?

'*C. Man.* Indeed, Sir, I will pray for all good men. I hope ye think the king a good man, or ye wou'd not serve him.

'*Soldier.* Indeed do I, Sir, I think him a good man, and ye are all wicked that wo' no' pray for him.\* But what you say then to the business of Bothwell-Brig.—Was not Bothwell-Brigg a rebellion?

'*C. Man.* I wot not weel what to say of Bothwell-Brigg, but and hey took up arms there against a good king, without a good cause, mun be rebellion, I'll own that.

'*Soldier.* Nay then, I hope thou and I'se be friends presently, I think thou't be an honest man. But they have killed the Archbishop of St. Andrews, honest man. O that was a sore work, what say you to that, was not that murder?

'*C. Man.* Alas, poor man, and ha'e they kill'd him, truly and he were an honest man, and they have kill'd him without any cause, weel, I wot it mun be murther; what else can I call it?

'*Soldier.* Weel hast thou said, man: now I have een but ane question more, and ye and I'se tak a drink together. Will ye renounce the Covenant?

'*C. Man.* Nay, but now I mun spier at you too, and ye like. There are twa Covenants, man, which of them do ye mean?

'*Soldier.* Twa Covenants, say you, where are they?

'*C. Man.* There's the Covenant of Works, man, and the Covenant of Grace.

'*Soldier.* Fou fa me and I ken, man; but een renounce ane of them, and I am satisfied.

'*C. Man.* With au my heart, Sir, indeed I renounce the Covenant of Works with au my heart.

'Upon this dialogue, if the story be true, the soldier let the poor man pass. But be the story true or not true, it serves to give the reader a true idea of the dreadful circumstances every honest man was in at this time, when their life was in the hand of every soldier, nor were the consequences other than might be expected on such occasions.'—*Defoe's History of the Church of Scotland.*

This story seems to intimate, that the inhumanity of the soldiers did not in all instances keep pace with the severity of their instructions. Indeed even the curates sometimes were said to connive at the recusancy of their parishioners, and held it as a sufficient compliance with the orders of the council, that their parishioners should keep the church; if they occasionally walked in at one door, and out at the other, though without remaining during divine service. To return to our tale.

Morton is visited in the cell to which he is confined, by Miss

\* By this time the poor man began to see the soldier was not designing to hurt him, and he took the hint, and was encouraged to answer as he did.

Bellenden, and her hand-maiden Jenny Dennison, the beloved of the exiled Cuddie. The result of their conference, is an attempt on the part of the young lady to secure her lover's safety, through the mediation of her uncle, Major Bellenden, an old cavalier by whom he was known and well-esteemed. She has an opportunity of trying her influence the next morning, when the celebrated Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount of Dundee, arrives at the castle with the regiment of horse, which he commanded, in search of the refractory covenanters, who were making head on the moors in the vicinity. We will extract the portrait of this celebrated commander, whom one party exalted into a hero, while the other degraded him into a demon, as a favourable specimen of the author's powers of description.

'Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light-brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

'The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.'—vol. ii. pp. 286—289.

Major Bellenden's intercession in favour of Morton proves in vain. Claverhouse, with all the politeness of a soldier, exhibited the remorseless rigour which characterized one who had so much distinguished himself in the persecution. A file of dragoons is drawn out for summary execution, when Edith, in the distracting emergency, applies to a young nobleman, holding a subordinate

commission in Claverhouse's regiment, but possessing, from his rank and political importance, great influence with that officer. Lord Evandale, himself an admirer of Edith, and more than suspecting her partiality for the rival who is now on the point of destruction, yet generously complies with her request, and makes it a point of personal favour with Claverhouse, that the execution of Morton shall not proceed. The following speech expresses the hard and determined character of the superior officer, and his obduracy in the execution of his supposed duty.

"Be it so then," replied Grahame:—"but, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, affections, and feelings. These are not times to sacrifice to the dotage of graybeards, or the tears of silly women, the measures of salutary severity, which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember that if I now yield this point, in compliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature."

"He then stepped forwards to the table, and bent his eyes keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the by-standers with horror, should produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness, which nothing but a mind which had nothing left on earth to love, or to hope, could have supported at such a crisis.

"You see him," said Claverhouse, in a half whisper to Lord Evandale, "he is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet his is the only cheek unblanched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual time, the only nerves that are not quivering. Look at him well, Evandale—If that man heads an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for on account of this morning's work."—vol. ii. 335—337.

Morton is therefore carried off in the rear of the forces, which now are moving towards a place called Loudoun-hill. He finds himself united with three companions in affliction, namely, Kettle-drummie, a presbyterian preacher, taken in the act of exhorting a conventicle, and Mause with her forlorn son Cuddie, who had been apprehended among the audience.

Claverhouse finds the insurgents strongly drawn up. They are summoned to surrender, but fire upon the officer (a nephew of Claverhouse, according to the story) and kill him on the spot. The soldiers then rush to the assault, and the various incidents and fluctuations of the battle are described with clearness and accuracy. The most striking part is the personal encounter between Bothwell and Balfour, or Burley, in which the former falls.

“You are the murdering villain, Burley,” said Bothwell, gripping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—“you escaped me once, but” (he swore an oath too tremendous to be written) “thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me.

“Yes, replied Burley,” with stern and gloomy deliberation, “I am that John Balfour who promised to lay thy head where thou should’st never lift it again; and God do so to me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word.”

“Then a bed of heather, or a thousand marks!” said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

“The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!” answered Balfour as he parried and returned the blow.

There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to enclose the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveteracy of thorough-bred bull-dogs.

Several horses passed over them in the *melée* without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by a kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell’s right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left gripped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle, —and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary’s body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling—it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no further defence, but, looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed,—“Base peasant churl, thou has spilt the blood of a line of kings!”

“Die, wretch!—die,” said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and setting his foot on Bothwell’s body as he fell, he a third time transixed him with his sword.—“Die, blood-thirsty dog! die, as thou hast lived!—die, like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing—”

“And FEARING nothing!” said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.—vol. iii. pp. 61—64.

At length Claverhouse and his party are totally routed and driven from the field.

This is a lively, but exaggerated account of a remarkable skirmish, the only one in which Claverhouse was ever worsted. The relation betwixt him and the Cornet Grahame who was slain is quite imaginary. The accounts given by Creighton and by Guild, (author of a Latin poem, called *Bellum Bothuellianum*,) state that the body of this officer was brutally mangled after death, by the conquerors, from a belief that it was that of his commander Claverhouse. A curious detail of the action, which we should be tempted to transcribe had we space, from the manuscript of James Russell, one of the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe, and who was himself present, ascribes the mangling of the corpse of Cornet Grahame, to some indiscreet language which he was reported to have held on the morning of the fight. Both parties, no doubt, made a point of believing their own side of the story, which is always a matter of conscience in such cases.

Morton, set at liberty by the victorious Covenanters, is induced to join their cause and accept of a command in their levy; as well by the arguments of Burley and a deep sense of the injustice with which the insurgents have been treated by government, as by natural indignation at the unworthy and cruel treatment which he had himself experienced. But, although he adopts this decisive step, yet it is without participating the narrow minded fanaticism and bitter rancour with which most of the persecuted party regarded the prelatists, and not without an express stipulation, that, as he joined a cause supported by men in open war, so he expected it was to be carried on, according to the laws of civilized nations. If we look to the history of these times, we shall find reason to believe that the Covenanters had not learned mercy in the school of persecution. It was perhaps not to be expected, from a people proscribed and persecuted, having their spirits embittered by the most severe personal sufferings. But that the temper of the victors of Drumclog was cruel and sanguinary, is too evident from the report of their historian, Mr. Howie, of Lochgoin; a character scarcely less interesting or peculiar, than Old Mortality, and who, not many years since, collected, with great assiduity, both from manuscripts and traditions, all that could be recovered concerning the champions of the Covenant. In his History of the rising at Bothwell-bridge and the preceding skirmish of Drumclog, he records the opinions of Mr. Robert Hamilton, who commanded the Whigs upon the latter occasion, concerning the propriety and legality of giving quarter to a vanquished enemy.

Mr. Hamilton discovered a great deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict with and pursuit of the enemy; but when he and some others were pursuing the enemy, others flew too greedily upon the spoil, small as it was, instead of pursuing the victory; and some, without Mr.



Hamilton's knowledge, and directly contrary to his express command, gave five of these bloody enemies quarters, and then let them go; this greatly grieved Mr. Hamilton, when he saw some of Babel's brats spared, after the Lord had delivered them to their hands, that they might dash them against the stones. *Psal. 137—9*—In his own account of this he reckons the sparing of these enemies and the letting them go, to be among their first stepping aside; for which he feared that the Lord would not honour them to do much more for him; and he says, that he was neither for taking favours from, nor giving favours to, the Lord's enemies.—*Battle of Bothwell Bridge, p. 9.\**

The author therefore has acted in strict conformity with historical truth (whether with propriety we shall hereafter inquire) in representing the covenanters or rather the ultra-covenanters, for those who gained the skirmish fell chiefly under this description, as a fierce and sanguinary set of men, whose zeal and impatience under persecution had destroyed the moral feeling and principle which ought to attend and qualify all acts of retaliation. The large body of Presbyterians, both clergy and people, were far from joining in these extravagances, and when they took up arms to unite them-

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\* The same honest but bigoted and prejudiced historian of the Scottish worthies has, in the Life of John Nesbit, of Hardhill, another champion of the covenanted cause canvassed this delicate point still more closely. It would appear that James Nesbit, at the time of his execution, had testified, among other steps of defection and causes of wrath against the lenity shown to the five captive dragoons.

‘He was by some thought too severe in his design of killing the prisoners at Drumclog. But in this he was not altogether to blame; for the enemy’s word was,—No quarters,—and the sufferers were the same; and we find it grieved Mr. Hamilton very much, when he beheld some of them spared, after the Lord had delivered them into their hands. *Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Psal. 137—8.*—Yea. Hardhill himself seems to have had clear grounds and motives for this, in one of the above-mentioned steps of defection, with which we shall conclude this narrative.’

‘16thly. As there has been rash, envious and carnal executing of justice on his and the church’s enemies, so he has also been provoked to reject, cast off, and take the power out of his people’s hand, for being so sparing of them, when he brought forth and gave a commission to execute on them that vengeance due unto them, as it is *Psal. 149—9*. For as justice ought to be executed in such and such away and manner as aforesaid, so it ought to be fully executed without sparing, as is clear from *Joshua, 7, 24, &c.* For sparing the life of the enemy, and fleeing upon the spoil, *1 Sam. 15, 18*, Saul is sharply rebuked, and though he excused himself, yet for that very thing he is rejected from being king. Let the practice of Drumclog be remembered and mourned for. If there was not a deep ignorance, reason might teach this; for what master having servants and putting them to do his work, would take such a slight at his servants’ hands as to do a part of his work, and come and say to the master, that it is not necessary to do the rest, when the not doing of it would be dishonourable to the master, and hurtful to the whole family? Therefore was the wrath of the Lord against his people, inasmuch that he abhorred his inheritance, and hiding his face from his people, making them afraid at the shaking of a leaf, and to flee when none pursueth, being a scorn and hissing to the enemies, and fear to some who desire to befriend his cause. And, O! lay to heart and mourn for what has been done to provoke him to anger, in not seeking the truth to execute judgment, and therefore he has not pardoned. *Behold! for your iniquities have you sold yourselves, and for your transgressions is your mother put away. Isa. 50, 1, &c.—Scottish Worthies, p. 439.*

selves to the insurgents, were received with great jealousy and suspicion by the high-flyers of whom we have spoken. The clergy who had been contented to exercise their ministry by the favour of the government, under what was called the Indulgence, were stigmatized by their opponents as Erastians and will-worshippers, while they, with more appearance of reason, recriminated upon their adversaries that they meant, under pretence of establishing the liberty and independence of the kirk, altogether to disown allegiance to the government. The author of *Old Mortality* has drawn a lively sketch of their distracted councils and growing divisions, and has introduced several characters of their clergy, on each of whom religious enthusiasm is represented as producing an effect in proportion to its quality, and the capacity upon which it wrought. It is sincere but formal in the indulged Presbyterian clergyman Pound-text, who is honest, well-meaning, and faithful, but somewhat timorous and attached to his own ease and comfort. The zeal of Kettledrummy is more boisterous, and he is bold, clamorous, and intractable. In a youth called Mac Briar, of a more elevated and warm imagination, enthusiasm is wild, exalted, eloquent, and impressive; and in Habbakuk Mucklewrath it soars into absolute madness.

We have been at some pains to ascertain that there were such dissensions as are alluded to in the novels, and we think it is but fair to quote the words of those who lived at the period. James Russell has left distinct testimony on this subject.

‘On the Sabbath the army convened at Rutherglen with all the ministers, where they controverted about preaching; for these officers that the Lord had honoured to bring the work that length, opposed any that would not be faithful and declare against all the defections of the time, but ministers taking on them to agree there, they preached at three several places; the one party preached against all the defections and encroachments upon the prerogatives of Jesus Christ; Mr. Welch and his party preached up the subjects’ allegiance to the magistrate. These things gave great offence on all hands, for such as adhered to the former testimonies found that a step of defection if they should join with it; and those which favoured the king’s interest and indulgence were likewise displeased; and that day Mr. Hall, Rathillet, Carmichael, Mr. Smith, were commanded out to Campsie, the militia being rendezvousing there, to scatter them, whether designedly or not we cannot tell; for they were all honest and strangers; however, there began strife and debate through all the army, the one party pleading the Lord’s interest, and the other the king’s and their own, and cried out against the honest party as factious and seditious.’

Howie of Lochgoin, with whom we have already made the reader acquainted, informs us that there were great harmony and unity among the victors of *Dramclog*, until their spirits were over-

clouded by the *ill news* that Mr. Welch, a favourer of the Indulgence, was approaching to join them with a powerful reinforcement. This would have been joyful tidings to any others in a similar situation. But this most extraordinary body of warriors, to whom a trifling polemical difference was of more consequence than the swords of some hundred assistants, were filled with consternation at the news.

‘Hitherto they were of one accord, and of one mind, in what concerned the cause and testimony of Jesus Christ, that they were appearing for, in this there was great harmony amongst them; but now, alas! their sweet and pleasing union, concord, and harmony were near an end: for this day in the evening, a sad company of Achans came into the camp, which grievously troubled the Lord’s host, viz. Mr. John Welch, who brought with him about 140 horsemen from Carrick, and young Blachan upon their head, about 300 footmen, some corrupt ministers of his own stamp, and Thomas Weir of Greenridge, and a troop of horsemen under him; though justly rejected by the council of war the Tuesday before this. All these were enemies to the true state of the cause that that army was appearing for; and, as faithful Rathillet observes, that now they had one among them, viz. Greenridge, that was guilty of shedding the blood of the saints, and some who were possessing the estates of the godly sufferers, who had not come that length of repentance that Judas came, when he brought back the price of blood and gave it again. Now came on the honest men’s sorrow and vexation; for, from the time that Mr Welch came among them, till they were broken by the enemy, they were vexed with debates, strifes, contentions, prejudices, divisions, confusions, and disorders, and at last the utter overthrow of that once pleasant army; for ever after that there were two parties in that army struggling with each other; the one for truth, the other for defection; like Jacob and Esau struggling in Rebekah’s womb. Gen. xxv. 22. There was Mr. Hamilton and the honest party with him, and Mr. Welch with the new incomers, with others who came in afterward; and such as were drawn from the right state of the testimony to their corrupt ways, which made up a new and very corrupt party.’—*Howie’s Account of the Battle of Bothwell Bridge*

To return to the novelist, of whom we had well nigh lost sight in examining the authenticity of his historical representations.—We have to notice, that he engages the insurgent presbyterians in the siege of his imaginary castle of Tillietudlem, defended against them by old Major Bellenden, to whom Lady Margaret Bellenden commits that charge by the solemn symbol of delivering into his hands her father’s gold-headed staff, ‘with full power,’ as she expresses it, ‘to kill, slay, and damage all those who should assail the same, as freely as she could have done herself.’ The garrison is strengthened by the arrival of Lord Evandale, and by a party of dragoons left there by Claverhouse in his retreat from Drumclog. Thus prepared, they resolved to stand a siege; the incidents of

which are told with great minuteness, according to the custom of this author, who gives much of his attention (perhaps too much) to military description. At length, after some changes of fortune, Lord Evandale is made prisoner in a sally, and on the point of being executed by the more violent party of the insurgents. The more moderate leaders unite with Morton in opposing this cruel resolution, and liberate Evandale upon conditions, one of which is the surrender of the castle, the other, his promise to forward their remonstrance and petition to the Council, petitioning for a redress of those grievances which had occasioned the insurrection.

This incident is not in any respect strained. From the principles expressed in former quotations, it seems that the Cameronian part of the insurgents had resolved to refuse quarter to their prisoners. It appears, from the joint testimony of Creighton and Guild, countenanced by a passage in Blacader's Manuscript Memoirs, that they set up in the centre of their camp at Hamilton, a gallows of unusual size and extraordinary construction, furnished with hooks and halters for executing many criminals at once; and it was avowed that this machine was constructed for the service of the malignants: nor was this an empty threat, for they actually did put to death, in cold blood, one Watson, a butcher in Glasgow, whose crime was that of bearing arms for the government. This execution gave great displeasure to that portion of their own friends whom they were pleased to call Erastians, as appears from Russell's Memoirs, already quoted.

The deliverance of Lord Evandale occasions an open breach betwixt Morton, the hero of the novel, and his father's friend Burley, who considered himself as specially injured in the transaction. While these dissensions are rending asunder the insurgent army, the Duke of Monmouth, at the head of that of Charles II., advances towards them, like the kite in the fable, hovering over the pugnacious frog and mouse, and ready to pounce on both. Morton goes as an envoy to the Duke, who seems inclined to hear him with indulgence, but is prevented by the stern influence of Claverhouse and General Dalzell. In this last point, the author has cruelly falsified history, for he has represented Dalzell as present at the battle of Bothwell Bridge; whereas that 'old and bloody man,' as Wodrow calls him, was *not* at the said battle, but at Edinburgh, and only joined the army a day or two afterwards. He also exhibits the said Dalzell as wearing *boots*, which it appears from the authority of Creighton the old general never wore. We know little the author can say for himself to excuse these sophistications, and, therefore, may charitably suggest that he was writing a romance, and not a history. But he has done strict justice to the facts of history in representing Monmouth as anxious to prevent bloodshed,

both before and after the engagement, and as overpowered by the fiercer spirits around him when willing to offer favourable terms to the insurgents.

Morton, after having, as is incumbent on him as the hero of the tale, done prodigious things to turn the scale of fortune, is at last compelled to betake himself to flight, accompanied by the faithful Cuddie, the companion of his distress. They arrive at a lone farmhouse occupied by a party of the retreating Whigs, with their preachers. As unfortunately these happened to be of the wilder cast of Cameronians, who regarded Morton as an apostate at least, if not a traitor, they prepared, after consulting among themselves, to put him to death; his unexpected arrival among them being considered as a sufficient proof that such was the will of Providence. These unfortunate men were, indeed, too apt to consider such coincidences, joined to the earnest conviction impressed upon their own minds by long dwelling upon ideas of vengeance, to be an immediate warrant from Heaven to shed the blood of others. In Russell's narrative we find John Balfour (the Burley of the romance) assuring the party which were assembled on the morning of Bishop Sharpe's murder, that the Lord had some great service for him, since, when he was on the point of flying to the Highlands, he felt it was borne upon him that he ought to remain. He twice consulted Heaven by earnest prayer, and to the first petition for direction obtained the response, and on the second the more decisive command, 'Go! Have I not sent thee?' James Russell himself conceived that he had received a special mandate upon this memorable occasion.

Morton is rescued from his impending fate by the arrival of his old acquaintance Claverhouse, who was following the pursuit with a body of horsemen, and, surrounding the house, put to death, without mercy, all who had taken refuge within it. This commander is represented as sitting quietly down to his supper, while his soldiers led out and shot two or three prisoners who had survived the fray. He treats the horror which Morton expresses at his cruelty with military non-chalance, and expresses, in bold and ardent language, his attachment to his sovereign, and the obligation he felt himself under to execute his laws, to the uttermost, against the rebels. Claverhouse takes Morton under his immediate protection, in consideration of the favour he had conferred on Lord Evandale, and, carrying him to Edinburgh, procures the doom of death, which he had incurred for being found in arms against the government, to be exchanged for a sentence of banishment. But he witnesses the dreadful examination by torture imposed upon one of his late companions. The scene is described in language which seems almost borrowed from the records of those horrible pro-

ceedings, and, with many other incidents, true in fact, though mingled with a fictitious narrative, ought to make every Scotchman thank God that he has been born a century and a half later than such atrocities were perpetrated under the sanction of law. The accused person sustains the torture with that firmness which most of the sufferers manifested, few of whom, excepting Donald Cargil the preacher, who is said by Fountainhall to have behaved very timorously, lost their fortitude even under these dreadful inflictions. Cuddie Headrigg, whose zeal was by no means torture-proof, after as many evasions as were likely from his rank and country, for Scotch country-people are celebrated for giving indirect answers to plain questions, is at length brought to confess his error, drink the king's health, recant his whiggish principles, and accept a free pardon. The scene of his examination is characteristic, but we have not room for its insertion.

Morton receives a second communication from his old friend Burley, stating that he possessed unbounded influence over the fortune of Edith Bellenden, to whom he knew Morton's attachment, and would exercise it in his favour in case of his perseverance in the Presbyterian cause. The reason given for this unexpected change of conduct is Burley's having witnessed Morton's gallant behaviour at Bothwell Bridge. But we consider the motive as inadequate, and the incident as improbable. Morton being on ship-board when he receives the letter, has no opportunity to take any step in consequence of it.

Of the remaining events we must give a brief and very general summary. After an absence of some years, Morton returns to his native country, and finds that the house of Tillietudlem has been saved from that disgrace which Cato was so anxious to avoid: it had not stood secure nor flourished in a civil war: by the loss of a deed of importance, which Burley for his own ends had secreted, the possession of the inheritance had passed to Basil Oliphant, the heir male of the family; and Lady Margaret Bellenden, with her grand-daughter, had found a retreat in a small cottage of Lord Evandale, whose steady friendship had long delayed their ruin. Morton arrives in this humble abode; and the projected marriage of Lord Evandale with Miss Bellenden, to which *she* reluctantly assents, in consequence of her persuasion that her first lover has long been dead, and which *he* generously presses, for the purpose of placing the fortunes of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her niece beyond that risk to which he was just about to expose himself,—for his old commander, Dundee, was to strike another stroke for his exiled king,—is prevented, by Edith's discovery that Morton still existed.

Such of the events as may be necessary to the mere development

of the story may be told in a single sentence. In a recess far in the mountains, whose wild and savage features are portrayed by a master's hand, to which he had been driven by his abhorrence of the government of King William, Morton finds his early associate John Balfour of Burley; his mind tottering on the verge of insanity, produced by the united working of his political and religious enthusiasm, and compunctious visitings for a base and cowardly deed of murder, which the fervour of his zeal could not altogether allay. After effecting his escape from this moody maniac, who attempts to involve him in his favourite scheme of radical reformation, and who destroys the deed under which Lady Margaret Bellenden claimed the inheritance of her fathers, Morton, with high-minded generosity, endeavours to save the life of his rival, which is in peril from the machinations of Basil Oliphant and Balfour. His exertions, however, are unsuccessful. Just as he is setting out to join the insurgent jacobites, Lord Evandale is surrounded by the assassins, and mortally wounded. Balfour is slain after a most desperate resistance, well and strikingly described. The intrusive heir male is killed in the fray—which opens to Lady Margaret an easy access to her rightful inheritance; and Miss Edith, who must now have obtained the ripe age of *thirty* years, bestows her hand on Morton.

We have given these details partly in compliance with the established rules which our office prescribes, and partly in the hope that the authorities we have been enabled to bring together might give additional light and interest to the story. From the unprecedented popularity of the work, we cannot flatter ourselves that our summary has made any one of our readers acquainted with events with which he was not previously familiar. The causes of that popularity we may be permitted shortly to allude to; we cannot even hope to exhaust them, and it is the less necessary that we should attempt it, since we cannot suggest a consideration which a perusal of the work has not anticipated in the minds of all our readers.

One great source of the universal admiration which this family of Novels has attracted, is their peculiar plan, and the distinguished excellence with which it has been executed. The objections that have frequently been stated against what are called Historical Romances, have been suggested, we think, rather from observing the universal failure of that species of composition, than from any inherent and constitutional defect in the species of composition itself. If the manners of different ages are injudiciously blended together,—if unpowdered crops and slim and fairy shapes are commingled in the dance with volumed wigs and far-extending hoops,—if in the portraiture of real character the truth of history be violated,

the eyes of the spectator are necessarily averted from a picture which excites in every well regulated and intelligent mind the hatred of incredulity. We have neither time nor inclination to enforce our remark by giving illustrations of it. But if those unpardonable sins against good taste can be avoided, and the features of an age gone by can be recalled in a spirit of delineation at once faithful and striking, the very opposite is the legitimate conclusion: the composition itself is in every point of view dignified and improved; and the author, leaving the light and frivolous associates with whom a careless observer would be disposed to ally him, takes his seat on the bench of the historians of his time and country. In this proud assembly, and in no mean place of it, we are disposed to rank the author of these works; for we again express our conviction—and we desire to be understood to use the term as distinguished from *knowledge*—that they are all the offspring of the same parent. At once a master of the great events and minuter incidents of history, and of the manners of the times he celebrates, as distinguished from those which now prevail,—the intimate thus of the living and of the dead, his judgment enables him to separate those traits which are characteristic from those that are generic; and his imagination, not less accurate and discriminating than vigorous and vivid, presents to the mind of the reader the manners of the times, and introduces to his familiar acquaintance the individuals of his drama as they thought and spoke and acted. We are not quite sure that any thing is to be found in the manner and character of the Black Dwarf which would enable us, without the aid of the author's information, and the facts he relates, to give it to the beginning of the last century; and, as we have already remarked, his free-booting robber lives, perhaps, too late in time. But his delineation is perfect. With palpable and inexcusable defects in the *denouement*, there are scenes of deep and overwhelming interest; and every one, we think, must be delighted with the portrait of the Grandmother of Hobbie Elliott, a representation soothing and consoling in itself, and heightened in its effect by the contrast produced from the lighter manners of the younger members of the family, and the honest but somewhat blunt and boisterous bearing of the shepherd himself.

The second tale, however, as we have remarked, is more adapted to the talents of the author, and his success has been proportionably triumphant. We have trespassed too unmercifully on the time of our gentle readers to indulge our inclination in endeavouring to form an estimate of that melancholy but, nevertheless, most attractive period in our history, when by the united efforts of a corrupt and unprincipled government, of extravagant fanaticism, want of education, perversion of religion, and the influence of ill-



instructed teachers, whose hearts and understandings were estranged and debased by the illapses of the wildest enthusiasm, the liberty of the people was all but extinguished, and the bonds of society nearly dissolved. Revolting as all this is to the Patriot, it affords fertile materials to the Poet. As to the *beauty* of the delineation presented to the reader in this tale, there is, we believe, but one opinion: and we are persuaded that the more carefully and dispassionately it is contemplated, the more perfect will it appear in the still more valuable qualities of fidelity and truth. We have given part of the evidence on which we say this, and we will again recur to the subject. The opinions and language of the *honest party* are detailed with the accuracy of a witness; and he who could open to our view the state of the Scottish peasantry, perishing in the field or on the scaffold, and driven to utter and just desperation, in attempting to defend their first and most sacred rights; who could place before our eyes the leaders of these enormities, from the notorious Duke of Lauderdale downwards to the fellow mind that executed his behest, precisely as they lived and looked,—such a chronicler cannot justly be charged with attempting to extenuate or throw into the shade the corruptions of a government that soon afterwards fell a victim to its own follies and crimes.

Independently of the delineation of the manners and characters of the times to which the story refers, it is impossible to avoid noticing, as a separate excellence, the faithful representation of general nature. Looking not merely to the litter of novels that peep out for a single day from the mud where they were spawned, but to many of more ambitious pretensions—it is quite evident that in framing them, the authors have first addressed themselves to the involutions and developement of the story, as the principal object of their attention; and that in entangling and unravelling the plot, in combining the incidents which compose it, and even in depicting the characters, they sought for assistance chiefly in the writings of their predecessors. Baldness, and uniformity, and inanity are the inevitable results of this slovenly and unintellectual proceeding. The volume which this author has studied is the great book of Nature. He has gone abroad into the world in quest of what the world will certainly and abundantly supply, but what a man of great discrimination alone will find, and a man of the very highest genius will alone depict after he has discovered it. The characters of Shakespeare are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author. It is from this circumstance that, as we have already observed, many of his personages are supposed to be sketched from real life. He must

have mixed much and variously in the society of his native country; his studies must have familiarized him to systems of manners now forgotten; and thus the persons of his drama, though in truth the creatures of his own imagination, convey the impression of individuals who we are persuaded must exist, or are evoked from their graves in all their original freshness, entire in their lineaments, and perfect in all the minute peculiarities of dress and demeanour. The work now more immediately under our consideration is accordingly equally remarkable for the truth and the endless variety of its characters. The stately and pompous dignity of Lady Margaret Bellenden, absorbed in the consciousness of her rank;—the bustling importance and unaffected kindness of Mrs. Alison Wilson, varying in their form, but preserving their substance, with her variations of fortune;—the true Caledonian prudence of Neil Blane;—we cannot stay to examine, nor point out with what exquisite skill their characteristic features are brought to the reader's eye, not by description or enumeration, but by compelling him, as in real life, to observe their effect when forced into contact with the peculiarities of others. The more prominent personages it would be superfluous to notice. We must be pardoned, however, for offering one slight tribute of respect to the interesting old woman by whom Morton is directed to Burley's last retreat: she is portrayed as a patient, kind, gentle, and generous being, even in the lowest state of oppression, poverty and blindness; her religious enthusiasm, unlike that of her sect, is impressed with the pure stamp of the Gospel, combining meekness with piety, and love to her neighbour with obedience and love of the Deity. And the author's knowledge of human nature is well illustrated in the last glimpse he gives of our early acquaintance, Jenny Dennison. When Morton returns from the continent, the giddy *fille de chambre* of Tillietudlem has become the wife of Cuddie Headrigg, and the mother of a large family. Every one must have observed that coquetry, whether in high or low life, is always founded on intense selfishness, which, as age advances, gradually displays itself in its true colours, and vanity gives way to avarice; and with perfect truth of representation, the lively, thoughtless girl has settled into a prudent housewife, whose whole cares are centered in herself, and in her husband and children, because they are *her* husband and children. Nor in this rapid and imperfect sketch can we altogether pass over the peculiar excellence of the *dialogue*. We do not allude merely to its dramatic merit, nor to the lively and easy tone of natural conversation by which it is uniformly distinguished: we would notice the singular skill and felicity with which, in conveying the genuine sentiments of the Scottish peasant in the genuine language of his native land, the

author has avoided that appearance of grossness and vulgarity by which the success of every similar attempt has hitherto been defeated. The full value of this praise we, on this part of the island, cannot, perhaps, be expected to feel, though we are not wholly insensible to it. The Scottish peasant speaks the language of his native country, his *national* language, not the *patois* of an individual district; and in listening to it we not only do not experience even the slightest feeling of disgust or aversion, but our bosoms are responsive to every sentiment of sublimity, or awe, or terror which the author may be disposed to excite. Of the truth of all this, Meg Merrilies is a sufficiently decisive instance. The terrible graces of this mysterious personage, an outcast and profligate of the lowest class, are complete in their effect, though conveyed by the *medium* of language that has hitherto been connected with associations that must have altogether neutralized them. We could, with much satisfaction to ourselves, and much we fear to the annoyance of our patient readers, dilate on this part of the subject, and illustrate our views by quotations from some of the scenes that peculiarly struck ourselves; but we have trespassed much on their indulgence, and there is one not unimportant view we have still to open to them. This chiefly relates to the historical portraits with which the author has presented us. We propose to examine these somewhat in detail, and we trust the information we have collected from sources not often resorted to, may be an apology for the length of the Article.

Most of the group are drawn in harsh colours, and yet the truth of the resemblances, when illustrated by historical documents, will scarcely be disputed, except by those staunch partisans whose religious or political creed is the sole gauge for estimating the good or bad qualities of the characters of past ages. To such men an extensive knowledge of history is only the means of further perversion of its truth. The portraits of their favourites (as Queen Elizabeth is said to have required of her own) must be drawn without shadow, and the objects of their political antipathy be blackened, horned, hooped, and clawed ere they will acknowledge the likeness of either. But if we are to idolize the memory of deceased men of worth and piety of our own persuasion, as if they had not been fallible mortals, it is in vain that we are converted from paganism, which transformed deceased heroes into deities; and if we damn utterly the characters and motives of those who stood in opposition to their opinions, we have gained little by leaving the Church of Rome, in whose creed heresy includes every other possible guilt.

The most prominent portrait, historically considered, is that of John Grahame, of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount of Dundee;

and its accurate resemblance can hardly be disputed, though those who only look at his cruelty towards the Presbyterians will consider his courage, talents, high spirit, and loyal devotion to an unfortunate master, as ill associated with such evil attributes. They who study his life will have some reason to think that a mistaken opinion of the absolute obedience due by an officer to his superiors, joined to unscrupulous ambition, was the ruling principle of many of his worst actions. Yet he was not uniformly so ruthless as he is painted in the Tales. In some cases he interceded for the life of those whom he was ordered to put to death; and particularly, he pleaded hard with Sir James Johnstone, of Westerhall, for the life of one Hyslop, shot on Eskdale moor. It appears also, from his correspondence with Lord Lithgow, that he was attentive to his prisoners, as he apologizes for not bringing one of them, who laboured under a disease rendering it painful for him to be on horseback. From the following anecdote it would seem that his activity against the Whigs did not always correspond with the wishes of those in power:

‘The Thesr. Queensberry having taken some disgust at Claverhouse, for not being so active against the Whigs as he ought, (they having killed two men, and made one Mr. Shaw, a minister, swear never to preach under bishops,) orders his brother Colonel Douglas, to take two hundred men of his regiment and attack the rebels. But having one day with a party of his men met with as many of the rebels in a house, they killed two of his men and Captain Urquhart Meldrum’s brother, and was near being shot himself, had not a Whig’s carabine misgiven, (the more pity, considering what a vile traitor the Colonel after proved to King James VII.), that Douglas therefore shot the said Whig, January, 1685.’  
—*Fountainhall’s MS. Diary.*

Something is also to be given to the exaggeration of political and polemical hatred. For example, John Brown of Muirkirk is, in Wodrow’s history, said to have been shot by Claverhouse with his own hand. But in the Life of Peden, which gives a minute and interesting account of this execution, the particulars whereof the author had from the unfortunate widow, we are expressly told that Brown was shot by a file of soldiers, Claverhouse looking on and commanding. Enough will, however, remain, after every possible deduction, to stigmatize Claverhouse during this earlier part of his military career, as a fierce and savage officer; the ready executioner of the worst commands of his superiors, forgetting that no officer is morally justifiable in the execution of cruelty and oppression, however the commands of his superiors may be his warrant in an earthly court of justice: for the alternative of surrendering his commission being at all times in his power, he who voluntarily continues in a service where such things are exacted at his

hand, cannot be judged otherwise than as one who prefers professional advancement and private interest to good faith, justice, and honour. But there are circumstances in Grahame's subsequent conduct which have gilded over cruelties that, we shall presently show, belonged as much to the age as to the man, and they have been glossed over, if not extenuated, by the closing scenes of his life.

During the general desertion of James II. Claverhouse, then Viscount of Dundee, remained inalienably firm to his benefactor. In his personal expenses he had been a rigid economist, but he was profuse of his fortune when it could aid the cause of his misguided prince. When James had disbanded his army, and was about to take the last and desperate step of leaving Britain, Claverhouse withstood it. He maintained, that the army, though disembodied, was not so dispersed but that they could be again assembled; and he offered to collect them under the king's standard, and to give battle to the Dutch.\* Disappointed in this enterprise by the pusillanimity of the king, he did not desert his sinking cause. He fought his cause in the convention of estates in Scotland; and finally retreating to the Highlands, raised the clans in his defence. No name is yet so loved and venerated among the Highlanders as that of Dundee, and the influence which he had been able to acquire over the minds of this keen-spirited and aboriginal race is of itself sufficient to prove his talents. Sir John Dalrymple has idly represented him as studying their ancient poetry, and heating his enthusiasm with their ancient traditions. The truth is, that Dundee did not even understand their language, and never learned above a few words of it. His ascendancy over them was acquired by his superior talents and the art which he possessed of managing minds inferior to his own. He fell in the moment of a most decided victory, gained over troops superior to his own in number, in equipment, in military skill, in every thing but the valour and activity of the soldiers and the military talents of the general. Few men have left to posterity a character so strikingly varied. It is not shaded—it is not even chequered—it is on the one side purely heroic, on the other, cruel, savage and sanguinary. The old story of the gold and silver shield is but a type of the character of Claverhouse; and partisans on either side may assail or defend his character with as good faith as the knights in the fable. The minstrels have not been silent on the occasion, and the censure of the amiable Grahame may be well contrasted with the classical epitaph of Pitcairn.

Claverhouse is the only cavalier of importance upon whom our author has dwelt, though he has touched slightly on Sir John Dalzell

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\* See Mac Pherson's State Papers.

and the Duke of Lauderdale. Among the Covenanters, the character of Balfour is most prominent. This man (for he actually existed) was a gentleman by birth, and brother-in-law to Hackston of Rathillet, an enthusiast of another and more unmixed mould. In point of religious observances he did not act up to the strictness of his sect, but he atoned for such negligence by his military enterprise and unsparing cruelty. This we learn from Howie, whose work we have already quoted; and at the same time we become acquainted with what the honest man considered as the criterion of a soldier of the Covenant.

‘He joined with the more faithful part of our late sufferers, and although he was by some reckoned none of the most religious, yet he was always zealous and honest-hearted, courageous in every enterprise, and a brave soldier, *seldom any escaping that came in his hands.*’—*Scottish Worthies*, p. 563.

From another passage we gain something of his personal appearance, which seems to have been as unattractive as his proceedings were ruthless.

‘At that meeting at Loudon Hill, dispersed May 5th, 1681, it is said that he disarmed one of Duke Hamilton’s men with his own hand, taking a pair of fine pistols belonging to the duke from his saddle, telling him to tell his master, he would keep them till meeting. Afterwards, when the Duke asked his man, What he was like? he told him he was a little man, squint eyed, and of a very fierce aspect; the Duke said, he knew who it was, and withal prayed that he might never see his face, for if he should, he was sure he would not live long.’—*Ibidem*.

Burley appears to have been wounded in the battle of Bothwell Bridge, for he was heard to execrate the hand which had fired the shot. He fled to Holland, where his company was shunned by such of the Scottish fugitives as had their religious zeal qualified by moral considerations, and he was refused the communion by the Scottish congregation. He is said to have accompanied Argyle in his unfortunate attempt, along with one Fleming, also an assassin of the Archbishop. And finally, he joined the expedition of the Prince of Orange, but died before the disembarkation; an event to which Mr. Howie fondly ascribes the limitation of the revenge which would otherwise have been taken on the persecutors of the Lord’s people and cause in Scotland.

‘It is said he (Balfour) obtained liberty from the prince for that purpose, but died at sea before their arrival in Scotland. Whereby that design was never accomplished, and so the land was never purged by the blood of them who had shed innocent blood, according to the law of the Lord. Gen. ix. 6. *Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*’—*Scottish Worthies*, *ibidem*.

It will hardly be alleged that our author has greatly misrepresented

this singular character. On the contrary, he appears to have imputed to Burley, as the prime motive of his actions, a deep though regulated spirit of enthusiasm, which, from Howie's account, he seems not to have in reality possessed, and so far has rendered him more interesting and terrible, than if he had been painted as the thorough-going, bloody-minded ruffian, with little religion and less mercy, in which character he figures among the Scottish Worthies.

Admitting, however, that these portraits are sketched with spirit and effect, two questions arise of much more importance than any thing affecting the merits of the novels—namely, whether it is safe or prudent to imitate, in a fictitious narrative, and often with a view to a ludicrous effect, the scriptural style of the zealots of the seventeenth century; and secondly, whether the recusant presbyterians, collectively considered, do not carry too reverential and sacred a character to be treated by an unknown author with such insolent familiarity.

On the first subject, we frankly own we have great hesitation. It is scarcely possible to ascribe scriptural expressions to hypocritical or extravagant characters without some risk of mischief, because it will be apt to create an habitual association between the expression and the ludicrous manner in which it is used, unfavourable to the reverence due to the sacred text. And it is no defence to state that this is an error inherent in the plan of the novel. Bourdaloue, a great authority, extends this restriction still farther, and denounces all attempts to unmask hypocrisy by raillery, because in doing so the satirist is necessarily compelled to expose to ridicule the religious vizard of which he has divested him. Yet even against such authority it may be stated, that ridicule is the friend both of religion and virtue, when directed against those who assume their garb, whether from hypocrisy or fanaticism. The satire of Butler, not always decorous in these particulars, was yet eminently useful in stripping off their borrowed gravity and exposing to public ridicule the affected fanaticism of the times in which he lived. It may also be remembered, that in the days of Queen Anne a number of Camisars or Huguenots of Dauphiné arrived as refugees in England, and became distinguished by the name of the French prophets. The fate of these enthusiasts in their own country had been somewhat similar to that of the Covenanters. Like them, they used to assemble in the mountains and desolate places, to the amount of many hundreds, in arms, and like them they were hunted and persecuted by the military. Like them, they were enthusiasts, though their enthusiasm assumed a character more decidedly absurd. The fugitive Camisars who came to London had convulsion-fits, prophesied, made converts, and attracted the public attention by ap

offer to raise the dead. The English minister, instead of fine and imprisonment and other inflictions which might have placed them in the rank and estimation of martyrs, and confirmed in their faith their numerous disciples, encouraged a dramatic author to bring out a farce on the subject which, though neither very witty nor very delicate, had the good effect of laughing the French prophets out of their audience and putting a stop to an inundation of nonsense which could not have failed to disgrace the age in which it appeared. The Camisars subsided into their ordinary vocation of psalm-odic whiners, and no more was heard of their sect or their miracles. It would be well if all folly of the kind could be so easily quelled: for enthusiastic nonsense, whether of this day or of those which have passed away, has no more title to shelter itself under the veil of religion than a common pirate to be protected by the reverence due to an honoured and friendly flag.

Still, however, we must allow that there is great delicacy and hesitation to be used in employing the weapon of ridicule on any point connected with religion. Some passages occur in the work before us for which the writer's sole apology must be the uncontrollable disposition to indulge the peculiarity of his vein of humour—a temptation which even the saturnine John Knox was unable to resist either in narrating the martyrdom of his friend Wisbeart or the assassination of his enemy Beatson, and in the impossibility of resisting which his learned and accurate biographer has rested his apology for his mixture of jest and earnest.

'There are writers,' he says, (rebutting the charge of Hume against Knox,) 'who can treat the most sacred subjects with a levity bordering on profanity. Must we at once pronounce them profane, and is nothing to be set down to the score of natural temper inclining them to wit and humour? The pleasantry which Knox has mingled with his narrative of his (Cardinal Beatson's) death and burial is unseasonable and unbecoming. But it is to be imputed not to any pleasure which he took in describing a bloody scene, but to the strong propensity which he had to indulge his vein of humour. Those who have read his history with attention must have perceived that he is not able to check this even on very serious occasions.'—*Macrie's Life of Knox*, p. 147.

Indeed Dr. Macrie himself has given us a striking instance of the indulgence which the Presbyterian clergy, even of the strictest persuasion, permit to the *vis comica*. After describing a polemical work as 'ingeniously constructed and occasionally enlivened with strokes of humour,' he transfers, to embellish his own pages, (for we can discover no purpose of edification which the tale serves,) a ludicrous parody made by an ignorant parish-priest on certain words of a Psalm, too sacred to be here quoted. Our own innocent pleasantry cannot, in this instance, be quite reconciled with that of the



learned biographer of John Knox, but we can easily conceive that his authority may be regarded in Scotland as decisive of the extent to which a humourist may venture in exercising his wit upon scriptural expressions without incurring censure even from her most rigid divines.

It may however be a very different point how far the author is entitled to be acquitted upon the second point of indictment. To use too much freedom with things sacred is a course much more easily glossed over than that of exposing to ridicule the persons of any particular sect. Every one knows the reply of the great Prince of Condé to Louis XIV. when this monarch expressed his surprise at the clamour excited by Molière's *Tartuffe*, while a blasphemous farce called *Scaramouche Hermite* was performed without giving any scandal: 'C'est parceque Scaramouche ne jouoit que le ciel et la religion, dont les dévots se soucioient beaucoup moins que d'eux-mêmes.' We believe, therefore, the best service we can do our author in the present case is to show that the odious part of his satire applies only to that fierce and unreasonable set of extra-presbyterians, whose zeal, equally absurd and cruel, afforded pretexts for the severities inflicted on non-conformists without exception, and gave the greatest scandal and offence to the wise, sober, enlightened, and truly pious among the Presbyterians.

The principal difference betwixt the Cameronians and the rational presbyterians has been already touched upon. It may be summed in a very few words.

After the restoration of Charles II. episcopacy was restored in Scotland, upon the unanimous petition of the Scottish parliament. Had this been accompanied with a free toleration of the presbyterians, whose consciences preferred a different mode of church-government, we do not conceive there would have been any wrong done to that ancient kingdom. But instead of this, the most violent means of enforcing conformity were resorted to without scruple, and the ejected presbyterian clergy were persecuted by penal statutes and prohibited from the exercise of their ministry. These rigours only made the people more anxiously seek out and adhere to the silenced preachers. Driven from the churches, they held conventicles in houses. Expelled from cities and the mansions of men, they met on the hills and deserts like the French huguenots. Assailed with arms they repelled force by force. The severity of the rulers, instigated by the episcopal clergy, increased with the obstinacy of the recusants, until the latter, in 1666, assumed arms for the purpose of asserting their right to worship God in their own way. They were defeated at Pentland; and in 1669 a gleam of common sense and justice seems to have beamed upon the Scottish councils of Charles. They granted what was called an

*indulgence* (afterwards repeatedly renewed) to the presbyterian clergy, assigned them small stipends, and permitted them to preach in such deserted churches as should be assigned to them by the Scottish Privy Council. This 'indulgence,' though clogged with harsh conditions, and frequently renewed or capriciously recalled, was still an acceptable boon to the wiser and better part of the presbyterian clergy, who considered it as an opening to the exercise of their ministry under the lawful authority, which they continued to acknowledge. But fiercer and more intractable principles were evinced by the younger ministers of that persuasion. They considered the submitting to exercise their ministry under the control of any visible authority as absolute erastianism, a desertion of the great invisible and divine Head of the church, and a line of conduct which could only be defended, says one of their tracts, by nullifidians, time-servers, infidels, or the Archbishop of Canterbury. They held up to ridicule and abhorrence such of their brethren as considered mere toleration as a boon worth accepting. Every thing, according to these fervent divines, which fell short of re-establishing presbytery as the sole and predominating religion, all that did not imply a full restoration of the Solemn League and Covenant, was an imperfect and unsound composition between God and mammon, episcopacy and prelacy. The following extracts from a printed sermon by one of them, on the subject of 'soul-confirmation,' will at once exemplify the contempt and scorn with which these high-flyers regarded their more sober-minded brethren, and serve as a specimen of the homely eloquence with which they excited their followers. The reader will probably be of opinion that it is worthy of Kettledrummle himself, and will serve to clear Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham of the charge of exaggeration.

'There is many folk that has a face to the religion that is in fashion, and there is many folk, they have ay a face to the old company, they have a face for godly folk, and they have a face for persecutors of godly folk, and they will be daddies bairns and minnies bairns both; they will be *prelates* bairns and they will be *malignants* bairns, and they will be the people of God's bairns. And what think ye of that bastard temper? Poor Peter had a trial of this soupleness, but God made Paul an instrument to take him by the neck and shake it from him: And O that God would take us by the neck and shake our soupleness from us.

'Therefore you that keeps only your old job-trot, and does not mend your pace, you will not wone at *soul-confirmation*, there is a whine (i. e. a few) old job-trot, and does not mend your pace, you will not wone at *soul-confirmation*, there is a whine old job-trot ministers among us, a whine old job-trot professors, they have their own pace, and faster they will not go; O therefore they could never wine to *soul-confirmation* in the mettere of God. And our old job-trot ministers is turned *curates*, and our old job-trot professors is joined with them, and now this way

God has turned them inside out, and has made it manifest and when their heart is hanging upon this braw, I will not give a gray groat for them and their profession both.

'The devil has the ministers and professors of Scotland, now in a mive, and O as he sifs, and O as he riddles, and O as he rattles, and O the chaff he gets; And I fear there be more chaff nor there be good corn, and that will be found among us or all be done: but the *soul-confirmed* man leaves ever the devil at two more, and he has ay the matter gadged, and leaves ay the devil in the lee-side,—Sirs O work in the day of the cross.'

The more moderate presbyterian ministers saw with pain and resentment the lower part of their congregation, who had least to lose by taking desperate courses, withdrawn from their flocks by their more zealous pretenders to purity of doctrine, while they themselves were held up to ridicule, old jog trot professors and chaff-winnowed out and flung away by Satan. They charged the Cameronian preachers with leading the deluded multitude to slaughter at Bothwell, by prophesying a certainty of victory, and dissuading them from accepting the amnesty offered by Monmouth. 'All could not avail,' says Mr. Law, himself a presbyterian minister, 'with M'Cargill, Kidd, Douglas, and other witless men amongst them, to hearken to any proposals of peace. Among others that Douglas, sitting on his horse, and preaching to the confused multitude, told them that they would come to terms with them, and like a drone was always droning on these terms with them: "they would give us a half Christ, but we will have a whole Christ," and such like impertinent speeches as these, good enough to feed those that are served with wind and not with the sincere milk of the word of God.' Law also censures these irritated and extravagant enthusiasts, not only for intending to overthrow the government, but as binding themselves to kill all that would not accede to their opinion, he gives several instances of such cruelty being exercised by them, not only upon straggling soldiers whom they shot by the way or surprised in their quarters, but upon those who, having once joined them, had fallen away from their principles. Being asked why they committed these cruelties in cold blood, they answered 'they were obliged to do it by their sacred bond.' Upon these occasions they practised great cruelties, mangling the bodies of their victims that each man might have his share of the guilt. In these cases the Cameronians imagined themselves the direct and inspired executioners of the vengeance of heaven. Nor did they lack the usual incentives of enthusiasm. Peden and others among them set up a claim to the gift of prophecy, though they seldom foretold any thing to the purpose. They detected witches, had bodily encounters with the enemy of mankind in his own shape, or could discover him as, lurking in the disguise of a raven, he inspired

the rhetoric of a Quaker's meeting. In some cases, celestial guardians kept guard over their field-meetings. At a conventicle held on the Lomond-hills, the Rev. Mr. Blacader was credibly assured, under the hands of four honest men, that at the time the meeting was disturbed by the soldiers, some women who had remained at home, 'clearly perceived as the form of a tall man, majestic-like, stand in the air in stately posture with the one leg, as it were, advanced before the other, standing above the people all the time of the soldiers shooting.' Unluckily this great vision of the Guarded Mount did not conclude as might have been expected. The divine sentinel left his post too soon, and the troopers fell upon the rear of the audience, plundered and stripped many, and made eighteen prisoners.

But we have no delight to dwell either upon the atrocities or absurdities of a people whose ignorance and fanaticism were rendered frantic by persecution. It is enough for our present purpose to observe that the present Church of Scotland, which comprises so much sound doctrine and learning, and has produced so many distinguished characters, is the legitimate representative of the indulged clergy of the days of Charles II. settled however upon a comprehensive basis. That after the revolution, it should have succeeded episcopacy as the national religion, was natural and regular, because it possessed all the sense, learning, and moderation fit for such a change, and because among its followers were to be found the only men of property and influence who acknowledged presbytery. But the Cameronians continued long as a separate sect, though their preachers were bigoted and ignorant, and their hearers were gleaned out of the lower ranks of the peasantry. Their principle, so far as it was intelligible, asserted that paramount species of presbyterian church-government which was established in the year 1648, and they continued to regard the established church as erastian and time-serving, because they prudently remained silent upon certain abstract and delicate topics, where there might be some collision between the absolute liberty asserted by the church and the civil government of the state. The Cameronians, on the contrary, disowned all kings and government whatsoever, which should not take the Solemn League and Covenant; and long retained hopes of re-establishing that great national engagement, a bait which was held out to them by all those who wished to disturb the government during the reign of William and Anne, as is evident from the Memoirs of Ker of Kersland, and the Negotiations of Colonel Hooke with the jacobites and disaffected of the year.

A party so wild in their principles, so vague and inconsistent in their views, could not subsist long under a free and unlimited toleration. They continued to hold their preachings on the hills,

God has turned them inside out, and his heart is hanging upon this braw, I will their profession both.

'The devil has the ministers and p and O as he sifts, and O as he ridd chaff he gets; And I fear there be and that will be found among us or man leaves ever the devil at two no and leaves ay the devil in the lee cross.'

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was described by the author, vo. pp. 151. London. 1817.

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the rear of the *original* are satisfied that it is only because he  
eighteen prisoners. *opportunities of doing mischief essentially re-*

But we have *original* indeed, that he should be so far deceived by  
absurdities of a *original* and any sympathy in this part of the world. He  
dered *original* the epitaph on his predecessor Robes-

to observe that *original*  
so much *original* *ne plaigne pas son sort,*  
distinguished *original* *tu serais mort.*

indulged *original* *original* that there is one man in Europe who feels  
comprehensive *original* regard for the ex-Emperor: individually  
ceded *original* parties, at least in France. Talleyrand deposed  
because *original* *original* him, De Staël and Constant libelled him,  
such a *original* moderate republicans feared him, Lainé and  
the only *original* monarchists hated him; all his Marshals aban-  
bytery. But *original* his own creatures deserted him; Bertrand him-  
though *original* transfer his allegiance to the King; and, what we  
were *original* Buonaparte more than all the rest, his very cook  
principle *original* him to St. Helena.

species of *original* despised or hated as he may be, he is not on that  
in the *original* *original*. He is the representative of the Revolution—  
chance *original* *original* and heir of all the Neckers and Rolands, the  
named *original* Robespierres, the Tom Paynes and Anarcharsis Cloots,  
might *original* and Barrères, the Henriots and the Hoches. All that  
church and *original* Jacobinism in Europe looks up to him as 'its child  
on the *original* *original*. The turbulent and disaffected of all nations,—  
which *original* *original* an inconsiderable number, but after such con-  
retained *original* Europe has lately suffered, a very dangerous party,—  
a *original* *original* towards him—he is

vident *original* *The cynosure of jaundiced eyes.'*

General *original* all the various classes and shades of turbulence may  
A party *original* themselves, and however soon their differences might  
their *original* mutual violence, yet—for a season, and to overturn  
liberation *original* enemies, good order, legitimacy and religion—they

but they lost much of their zeal when they were no longer liable to be disturbed by dragoons, sheriffs, and lieutenants of Militia.—The old fable of the Traveller's Cloak was in time verified, and the fierce sanguinary zealots of the days of Claverhouse sunk into such quiet and peaceable enthusiasts as Howie of Lochgoin, or Old Mortality himself. It is, therefore, upon a race of sectaries who have long ceased to exist, that Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham has charged all that is odious, and almost all that is ridiculous, in his fictitious narrative; and we can no more suppose any moderate presbyterian involved in the satire, than we should imagine that the character of Hampden stood committed by a little raillery on the person of Ludovic Claxton, the Muggletonian. If, however, there remain any of those sectaries who, confining the beams of the Gospel to the Goshen of their own obscure synagogue, and with James Mitchell, the intended assassin, giving their sweeping testimony against prelacy and popery, The Whole Duty of Man and bordles, promiscuous dancing and the Common Prayer-book, and all the other enormities and backslidings of the time, may perhaps be offended at this idle tale, we are afraid they will receive their answer in the tone of the revellers to Malvolio, who, it will be remembered, was something a kind of Puritan: 'Doeest thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?—Aye, by Saint Anne, and ginger will be hot in the mouth too.'

We intended here to conclude this long article, when a strong report reached us of certain transatlantic confessions, which, if genuine, (though of this we know nothing,) assign a different author to these volumes, than the party suspected by our Scottish correspondents. Yet a critic may be excused seizing upon the nearest suspicious person, on the principle happily expressed by Claverhouse in a letter to the Earl of Linlithgow. He had been, it seems, in search of a gifted weaver, who used to hold forth at conventicles: 'I sent to seek the webster, (weaver), they brought in his brother for him: though he may be cannot preach like his brother, I doubt not but he is as well principled as he, wherefore I thought it would be no great fault to give him the trouble to go jail with the rest.'

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ART. IX.—1. *An Appeal to the British Nation on the Treatment experienced by Napoleon Buonaparte in the Island of St. Helena.* By M. Santini, Porter of the Emperor's Closet.

2. *Official Memoir dictated by Napoleon, being a Letter from Count de Montholon to Sir Hudson Lowe.* Fourth Edition, with a Preface. 8vo. pp. 79. London. 1817.

3. *A Tour through the Island of St. Helena, &c. with some particulars respecting the Arrival and Detention of Napoleon Bu-*

*naparte.* By Captain John Barnes, Town Major, and Civil and Military Surveyor in the Hon. Company's Services on the Island. 12mo. pp. 239. London. 1817.

4. *Manuscrit venu de St. Hélène d'une manière inconnue.* Troisième Edition. 8vo. pp. 151. London. 1817.

WE have perused Santini's publication and Montholon's Letter with considerable satisfaction.—Whatever proves the discontent of Buonaparte and his satellites is to us an additional pledge for the peace of the world. The ill humour of one man is the security of millions; and when Buonaparte complains of the treatment he receives, we are satisfied that it is only because he finds his means and opportunities of doing mischief essentially restricted. We wonder, indeed, that he should be so far deceived by the flattery of his followers or his own vanity as to imagine that his complaints would find any sympathy in this part of the world. He should have remembered the epitaph on his predecessor Robespierre,

Passant, ne plains pas son sort,  
S'il eut vécu, tu serais mort.

We do not believe that there is one man in Europe who feels the slightest personal regard for the ex-Emperor: individually he is odious to all parties, at least in France. Talleyrand deposed him, Fouché betrayed him, De Staël and Constant libelled him, Lanjuinais and the moderate republicans feared him, Lainé and the constitutional monarchists hated him; all his Marshals abandoned him; even his own creatures deserted him; Bertrand himself offered to transfer his allegiance to the King; and, what we believe affected Buonaparte more than all the rest, his very cook refused to follow him to St. Helena.

But personally despised or hated as he may be, he is not on that account innoxious. He is the representative of the Revolution—the lineal descendant and heir of all the Neckers and Rolands, the Marats and Robespierres, the Tom Paynes and Anarcharsis Cloots, the Talliens and Barrères, the Henriots and the Hoes. All that survives of jacobinism in Europe looks up to him as 'its child and champion.' The turbulent and disaffected of all nations,—never in any times an inconsiderable number, but after such convulsions as Europe has lately suffered, a very dangerous party,—all turn towards him—he is

'The cynosure of jaundiced eyes.'

And however all the various classes and shades of turbulence may differ amongst themselves, and however soon their differences might burst out into mutual violence, yet—for a season, and to overturn their common enemies, good order, legitimacy and religion—they



would cordially and unanimously unite under the tri-coloured banner of Buonaparte: the authors of the Political Register and the Nain Jaune would coalesce, and Spafields and the Fauxbourg St. Antoine would renew the alliance which existed twenty years ago between Copenhagen-house and the Jacobin Club.

These are causes which *now* give importance to Buonaparte; and when we see that he himself still dreams of being an emperor, and endeavours, by all the means with which intrigue or accident can supply him, to keep alive the criminal expectations to which we have alluded, we feel it to be our duty to expose the danger of his pretensions, the magnitude of the object he has in view, and the fraud and falsehood which he employs to attain it.

We think we shall be able to satisfy our readers that, instead of any relaxation of the already too loose custody in which Buonaparte is held, some further restrictions should be imposed. Does any man alive think that the ordinary parole of a prisoner of war would restrain Buonaparte, or that for him there can be any tie of honour or gratitude? He never possessed these qualities himself, and always discountenanced them in others. The chosen of his heart were men of the most infamous character; and Lefebre Desnouettes, we all know, was overwhelmed with his favour and associated to his intimate society, for no other reason than that he had broken his parole of honour to this country.

When Buonaparte was first deposed at Fontainebleau in 1814, we rather desired than hoped that he might be brought to justice. The alliances and treaties which he had made from time to time with the Emperors of Russia and Austria appeared to justify a certain degree of deviation from the strict rule of retribution which might have been applied to an usurper—but while his life was spared, *his power should have been put to death*. Stripped of the titles and rank to which he had waded through seas of blood, he should have considered himself fortunate in being permitted to expiate in a close and safe, if not rigorous, confinement, the injuries he had inflicted on the world. Such an arrangement would have met, at that moment, we believe, universal concurrence; and we are confident that no public act of these latter days ever filled Europe with so much astonishment and disgust as that joint production of weakness and vanity, the treaty of Fontainebleau; which continued to Buonaparte not only a titular but a territorial sovereignty; which revived and encouraged the revolutionary spirit then about to expire under the arms of allied Europe, and to which nothing but this lamentable treaty could have given the vivacity and force in which we now see and *feel* it.

Instead, however, of a close imprisonment, such as he (wisely for his bad purposes) had inflicted upon others, he received, by

this treaty, the guarantee of every thing which good taste or common sense (to say nothing of retributive justice) should have denied him.

Let us recall to our readers' recollection some of its principal provisions.

1st. He is permitted to treat as an equal with the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia; and his name is even allowed to precede theirs in the enumeration of the contracting parties.

2d. After the defeat of his armies, the capture of his capital, the disavowal of his power by the French nation itself, Buonaparte is permitted to *renounce* for himself and his descendants the throne of St. Louis:—this was an admission that, though no longer *de facto* sovereign of France, (for the senate and people had deposed him on the 2d April, 1814, and this treaty is dated the 11th,) he was so *de jure*, and had therefore a right to dispose of the crown: for it is plain, that he who has a free right to *renounce*, has also, if he will, a free right to *retain*.

3d. He and his second wife are not only to keep their titles as long as they live, but his mother, dame Letzia Raniolini; his brothers, Mr. Joseph, Mr. Louis, Mr. Jerome Buonaparte; his sisters, the widow Le Clerc, Mrs. Bacciochi, and tutti quanti, are to preserve, in all circumstances, the rank and titles of the *imperial* family.

4. The Emperor Napoleon *chooses* the island of Elba for his residence, as a separate and sovereign principality. This article exceeds all the rest—before this, the treaty only acknowledges Buonaparte as rightful monarch of France; but here he seems to be the Sovereign of Europe, selecting out of the vast possessions which he condescends to renounce, an island which did not belong to France, and creating it, *by his posthumous power*, into a sovereign state.

5. But, as he was so modest as to choose an island, whose revenues does not exceed 20,000*l.* a year, he retains for himself a portion of the revenues of France, to the annual amount of 200,000*l.*, and for the princes and princesses of his august family, a further sum of 350,000*l.* Thus, without the consent of the French nation, without the concurrence of the French King, their Majesties the Emperors Napolione, Francis, and Alexander, and the King of Prussia, dispose of above half a million per annum of the revenues of France. This goes still farther to prove that Napolione was considered not as the *late*, nor merely the *then* sovereign of France, but as having claims and powers which extended over the future; for, it could only be by the authority of Napolione that France was required to pay the said sum during the life of the said Napolione and his wife and family, and for such payment, this expression of the will of the said Napolione was to be the King of France's sufficient warrant.

6. But, as if the treaty would be imperfect if it only recognized his imperial character and made provision for his financial concerns, some doubtful transactions of his domestic life and moral character are sanctified in this precious document; and his repudiated wife, her Majesty the Empress Josephine, *ci-devant* Madame Buonaparte, *ci-devant* Madame Barras, *ci-devant* Madame Beauharnais, *ci-devant* Mademoiselle Josephine-Rose Tascher, is recognized by her highest titles, and is gratified with an annuity of an hundred thousand pounds sterling, to be paid (*nolens volens*) by Louis XVIII. over and above all the property of all kinds which the aforesaid lady had before carefully appropriated to her own use. We believe that the barefaced profligacy of recognizing, in a public document, *two* wives living at the same time, is unexampled. Captain Macheath himself, at the conclusion of the *Beggar's Opera*, is more modest, and in his engagement *before the public* contents himself with *one*.

7. The Emperor Napolione, of his good grace and generosity, cedes to his Majesty the King of France (who is no party to the treaty) all the property, whether in lands or diamonds, &c. which is attached to the crown of France; in other words, Buonaparte consents to create Louis Capet, King of France.

Such are the chief articles of this monstrous treaty, which, by legitimatizing usurpation, sanctioning plunder, prostituting imperial rank and sovereign dignity to grooms, billiard markers, and filles de joie, by recognizing an impious divorce, and by setting at defiance, in the heart of France, the due authority of the French king and French nation, has done more mischief than any single act in which Buonaparte was ever before engaged, and was, in fact, the first if not the sole cause of the second invasion, and of that lamentable expenditure of blood and treasure in the year 1815, and of the consequent distressed and impoverished state of the greater part of Europe.

The crowning circumstance of this treaty was, that the signature of Lord Castlereagh was fraudulently affixed to the copies which were published on the continent, though the British minister was in no degree a party to it; so that it may be truly said to have commenced in folly and ended in falsehood.

We have thought it necessary to recall the circumstances of this treaty to our readers' recollection, because it affords a striking and melancholy lesson of the danger of compromising the great principles of politics or morals for any minor considerations, and of extending, under the specious names of candour and generosity, countenance to fraud, and impunity to crime. But there is another reason still more intimately connected with our present purpose for which we quote this document: this treaty, thus dic-

tated by himself, scandalously favourable to all his views, Buonaparte wantonly violated, and has, indeed, always treated with such contempt, that he has never even deigned to apologize for having broken it.

Buonaparte now professes to have finished his political career, and to desire only a peaceful and quiet retirement—so he said at Elba—Why then did he leave that retirement which he himself had chosen? and is he *now* more entitled to credence and confidence than he was *then*?—can rivers flow backward?—can the hyæna be tamed?—can Buonaparte change his nature, and be bound by *ties* which he has over and over again *broken*, or restrained by *feelings* which confessedly he *never felt*?—and are the lives and happiness of mankind to be risked upon the empty promises of a bankrupt in honour, whose only distinction is that he has failed so often and to such a frightful amount?

It is unfortunate for the world that when—after the breach of this treaty, after his new usurpation, and after having occasioned the death of an hundred thousand men—he fell again into the power of his conquerors, it is unfortunate, we repeat, that his life was not the forfeit of his treason and his treachery. His public execution would have been a great and useful act of justice.—More guilty than Ney, Labedoyère, or Murat, his punishment would have had an infinitely greater effect than theirs; and if *he*, the great cause of all the evil, had been brought to the block, the blood of the other less guilty victims might have been spared—Labedoyère might have been permitted to make living reparation to his injured country; and Ney might, perhaps, by a long repentance have atoned for his crime and retrieved his dishonour. The king of France might then have gathered all his subjects (except the murderers of his brother) under the wings of amnesty and oblivion, and the sins of the whole people might have been buried in the GRAVE OF THE GREAT OFFENDER.

But that better and juster course being rejected, we believe every sound head and uninfected heart in Europe will agree that there remained but one alternative to be adopted—that system of seclusion and safe custody of which Buonaparte now so vehemently complains.

This brings us to a nearer consideration of the works mentioned in the title to this Article: we say *nearer*—for we flatter ourselves that our readers will see that these introductory observations are intimately connected with the grounds and principles of the subject under discussion.

We shall begin with Montholon's Letter.—To this tissue of falsehood we have reason to believe that Count Montholon has contributed nothing but his signature, and that it is the joint pro-

duction of Buonaparte and his *ame damné* Count Las Cases, whose name and qualities are not new to our readers—nor is it to be considered as a single document, standing on its own intrinsic demerit—it is part of a system of fraud, intrigue, and (to use their own term) of *mystification*, which these worthies—consistent in their objects and their modes of attaining them—are carrying on in little at St. Helena, as they formerly practised them in gross at the Tuileries.

This Letter, purporting to be addressed to Sir Hudson Lowe, the governor of St. Helena, was written for the *sole* purpose of being printed and circulated in Europe, to keep alive the interest of the Revolutionists about Buonaparte, which he supposed to be flagging; and for the same object, and about the same time, other publications in various shapes, under different names, but all having the same object, have been disseminated throughout Europe. Of these, that which is best known in England are the Letters of Mr. Warden, who has been made (we will not say the innocent, but) the ignorant tool of the cabal. Our readers will recollect that in our review of this man's work, we ventured to assert—1st, that no such Letters were ever written; and 2d, that Mr. Warden only brought home with him certain notes of conversations with Buonaparte and his followers, of which the tone and substance were made to fit, not the truth of the facts, but the object which Buonaparte had to accomplish.

These suspicions have been fully realized.—Mr. Warden, though he affects in an Advertisement to a new edition of his work to take notice of our animadversions,\* does not venture to affirm that such Letters ever were written. He confesses indeed that he employed a literary man to correct his work, but alleges that this person added nothing of his own: but, we repeat it, he does not and he cannot deny that the character of letters written from St. Helena, which

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\* This poor man is at once so ignorant and so mulish that he has not been able to correct the errors which we pointed out to him. In his late edition, he still misspels almost all the names he mentions, and in one instance he has made what he thought a *correction*, which, besides out-blundering all his former blunders, is such a happy satire on the Buonaparte dynasty that it will at once amuse our readers and sink Mr. Warden, if possible, into lower contempt.

He had stated, p. 212, that Buonaparte had lost at Waterloo a necklace given him by his sister the Princess Hortense. Somebody, skilled in the Almanach Impérial, informed him that Hortense was Buonaparte's step daughter, and not his sister, and that as Warden pretended to have heard the story from General Bertrand, so gross a falsehood threw his whole work into utter discredit. To give therefore some degree of consistency to the story, it was necessary that one of the sisters should replace the daughter, and accordingly Madame la Princesse Borghese was suggested:—but Mr. Warden is so profoundly ignorant not only of the names of the family, but even of the French language, that he has, with a delightful stupidity, called this illustrious lady, La Princesse Bourgoise! Heaven and earth! her Imperial Highness the Princess Borghese, Duchess of Guastalla and Parma, Vice-Queen of Etruria, a '*princesse bourgeoise*!'

was intended to give authority to and to vouch for the authenticity of his work, is false, and that the whole foundation and substance of his apology for Buonaparte (for such it is) was information given him by that person and his followers, and *given by them for the purpose of publication.*

We have been informed that when Mr. Warden had left St. Helena, it was well known to all the French that he was carrying home notes for publication: and that, on the arrival of a ship from England which brought newspapers and books, Buonaparte heedlessly asked if *Warden's book* was come. Unluckily, Mr. Warden's book was only published in London about the time when Buonaparte asked the question, and was not known at St. Helena for six weeks after. Whether it was by Buonaparte's desire that Warden gave his publication the shape in which we see it, or whether the surgeon acted from a natural tendency to sophistication, we cannot pretend to say,—it is enough for us to repeat, that his book is a gross imposition; the substance of which are the falsehoods of Las Cases and Buonaparte, and the shape of which is the fabrication of the anonymous editor.

Montholon's paper assumes a more formal character: it is rather a Manifesto than a Letter, and must be received less as a complaint of Buonaparte's grievances than a record and register of his pretensions—a *word to the wise* of both parties, and a plain intimation that he considers himself, *de jure*, still Emperor of France.

We have already said that the whole of these transactions belong to history, and that it is our duty not to permit misrepresentations and falsehoods, which we have the means of contradicting, to pass by unrefuted. Buonaparte's character is pretty well known at this day; but, hereafter, the system of fraud which this *Jupiter-Scapin* practises in great and in little—the now mean, now monstrous frauds which he employs on every occasion, will appear almost incredible, and will require, to obtain the credence of posterity, the full weight of contemporary evidence.

The motion in the House of Peers which Lord Holland founded on these publications has done—whatever may have been his lordship's intention—a great deal of good, by leading to the fullest and most complete overthrow of a fabric which Buonaparte and his followers had been building up for upwards of a year past.

The speech of Earl Bathurst, in reply to Lord Holland and in refutation of Buonaparte, was equally victorious over both. It was triumphant on every point, and was alike distinguished by good taste, easy pleasantry, and irresistible argument. It overwhelmed this precious Manifesto with ridicule and disgrace, and left its hearers amazed at the folly and disgusted at the falsehood of this great effort of Napolione's genius. It is much to be regretted that

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no full and authentic report of this speech has been published: from the notes, however, which were given in the newspapers, we shall be able to collect some important observations; and though the wit and eloquence will have evaporated, the facts, which are still more valuable, will remain.

Buonaparte sets out with protesting against the Convention for his confinement signed on the 2d August, 1815, between England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. His first ground of protest is, that 'he is not the prisoner of England. After having placed his abdication in the hands of the representatives of the nation, for the *advantage of the constitution adopted by the French people, and in favour of his son*, he repaired *VOLUNTARILY and FREELY* to England, with the view of living there, as a private individual, under the protection of the British laws.'—p. 41.

We shall not here repeat what we have said about his abdications; we shall only observe of the first, that it was *un-conditional*, and absolute against himself and *his descendants*—and of the second, in violation of the former, and in favour of his son, that it was the trick of a thief caught in the fact who endeavours to convey his booty to his accomplice. The bare mention of such impudent pretensions is a sufficient refutation. But he repeats, for the ninety-ninth time, and after ninety-nine refutations, the old lie—that he repaired *voluntarily and freely to England*. His pertinacity in this assertion must excuse the repetition of our denial,\* which we shall take out of the mouth of his associates. First, let us hear the Count de las Cases in his conversation with Mr. Warden.

'When the Emperor quitted Paris, it was with the fixed determination of proceeding to America. On our arrival at Rochefort, the difficulty of proceeding to the Land of Promise appeared to be much greater than had been projected. Every inquiry was made, and various projects proposed, but no very practicable scheme offered itself. At length, as a *dernier resort*, two chasse-marees were procured, and it was in actual contemplation to attempt a voyage across the Atlantic in them, and it was thought that *during the night* we might effect our meditated *ESCAPE*. This project, however, was soon abandoned, (as too dangerous,) and *no alternative* appeared but to throw ourselves on the generosity of England.'—Warden, pp. 61, 63.

And this same Las Cases came to Captain Maitland's ship in Basque Roads, to ask for passports for America:—they were refused. He next proposed terms of surrender:—they were rejected; and there was no alternative but to *surrender at discretion*.

General Bertrand also repeated to Mr. Warden, that when Buonaparte consulted him as to surrendering himself to the English,

\* We beg to refer our readers to Art III. of our 27th Number, in which this part of the subject is discussed in detail.

he declined to become his counsellor at that critical moment, because he 'thought it not impossible that his *liberty* might be *endangered* by the resolution of that hour.'—*Warden*, p. 16.

This *forced volition* and this *free necessity* remind us of the reluctant alacrity of Bullcalf, who begins by offering to give up his *French Crowns*, and concludes by protesting that he is ready to go voluntarily, if he cannot help it.—

'Good mastert Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry-ten shillings in *French crowns* for you.—In very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hanged, Sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, Sir, I do not care; but rather because I am unwilling, and for mine own part have a desire to stay with my friends; else, Sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.'—*2d Part Henry IV.*

The imperial Bullcalf then goes on—

'The person of the Emperor Napoleon is actually in the power of England; but he neither has been, nor is, in the power of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, either in fact, or of right, even according to the laws and customs of England, which never included, in the exchange of prisoners, Russians, Prussians, Austrians, Spaniards, or Portuguese, though united to these powers by treaties of alliance, and making war conjointly with them.'—p. 41.

This is an impudent falsehood on a matter now of little importance; but as truth is always worth something, we shall set even this matter right. Buonaparte, in the negotiation for the exchange of prisoners of war in 1810 insisted, as a *sine qua non*, that England should exchange her French prisoners for the allied prisoners in the possession of Buonaparte; and to this principle\* England agreed. The negotiation broke off, as will be seen by reference to the papers, on points of detail; but the proposition which Buonaparte now denies, was on that occasion advanced by himself, and conceded by England. So much for his veracity in a plain matter of fact.

Having thus strenuously denied that the three sovereigns have any right over him, he, rather inconsistently, proceeds to say, that if they had, they no doubt would, in consideration of alliance and old friendship, have treated him better. It really excites one's indignation to hear Napolione Buonaparte representing himself as four times the benefactor of the Emperor of Austria, because he four times invaded his country, and twice desolated his capital—describing as the mere effect of his own good nature and moderation, that 'the house of Austria had not ceased (like those of Bourbon and Braganza) to reign;' and reproaching to that family the bitterest of all the evils he had inflicted upon it, by a sarcastic allusion 'to the relations which religion and nature have formed be-

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\*See the *Moniteur* of the 2d December, 1810.



tween a father and a child—relations which never are violated with impunity.' (p. 59.) Alas, alas! the Devil can speak truth; and the Emperor of Austria, when he sacrificed his young and innocent child to this bloody Moloch, did indeed violate relations, the contempt of which certainly has not escaped with impunity!

His claims on the good will of the Emperor of Russia are stated with still more effrontery.

'Had the person of the emperor Napoleon been in the power of the Emperor Alexander, he would have recollected the ties of friendship contracted at Tilsit, at Erfurth, and during twelve years of daily correspondence.

'He would have recollected the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon the day after the battle of Austerlitz, when, though he could have made him, with the wreck of his army, *prisoner*, he contented himself with taking his parole, and *allowed* him to operate his retreat. He would have recollected the dangers to which the Emperor Napoleon personally exposed himself in order to extinguish the fire of Moscow, and to preserve that capital for him—assuredly, that Prince would never have violated the duties of friendship and gratitude towards a friend in misfortune.'—pp. 43, 45.

To this we have only to observe that the impudence of the man who could thus refer to what had passed before his wanton and flagitious invasion of Russia, and allude to this invasion, not as cancelling former connexions, but as giving him new claims on Alexander's gratitude, is only equalled by the ridiculous absurdity of such a proceeding; the mention, above all, of the destruction of Mosco is a sublime trait of egotism and insensibility; it requires no answer, but we gladly subjoin a remark made upon this passage by Count Rastopchin, the heroic governor of that ill-fated but illustrious capital.

'I was much surprised in seeing, in Buonaparte's Appeal to the British Nation, that he had incurred danger in wishing to save Moscow from the conflagration, in the year 1812. His amazing efforts and greatness of mind were, however, limited to mounting his horse as soon as the fire appeared, and galloping to the distance of two English miles from the town in order to place himself in safety. He passed three days and three nights in a palace in the midst of a corps of troops who bivouacked, and only returned to Moscow on the fourth day, when the conflagration had ceased, after having consumed 7,632 houses. I was well informed of all that was passing in the town by means of six officers disguised, who remained undiscovered during the whole of Buonaparte's stay at Moscow; but on his quitting it, he set fire to the Palace of the Kremlin among others, and to the castle of Petrovsky, which had served him as an asylum during the great conflagration. Perhaps this was done by him as an act of kindness, with the intention of purifying them by fire from the evils he had been the source of. From the tone of this Appeal it would seem that he dictated it at the moment

when his mind was guided by the same feelings as during his passage to the island of St. Helena in 1815, and he appears unwilling to forget the style of his bulletins, which serves as a proof that habit is a second nature.'

The climax, however, of his audacity, is his claim upon the gratitude of the king of Prussia, 'because after the battle of Friedland he did not place another prince on the throne of Berlin.' (p. 43.) Does Buonaparte forget the injuries he inflicts, as a generous man forgets the benefits he confers? or does he think that Prussia can forget what he made her suffer in the three dreadful years after the treaty of Tilsit? Does he suppose that we can forget his base and unmanly insults of the Queen of Prussia while she lived, or that we are ignorant of *the more base and unmanly calumnies with which, in his atrocious jocularities, he still persecutes her memory?*—By the treaty of Tilsit, Prussia was to have been evacuated on the 1st October, 1807. It may be truly said that it never was evacuated till after the battle of Leipsic, and every day of that long and disastrous period afforded fresh instances of the treachery, the rapacity, and the cruelty of Buonaparte and his myrmidons. We do not believe (and it is saying a great deal) that any other portion of this man's public life is more disgraceful to his character as a soldier, a statesman, a man, than the whole of his proceedings in Prussia,—and yet he has claims, forsooth, on the gratitude of her king!

Having thus insulted her allies, he next honours England with reproaches for secluding him in St. Helena—he wished only for retirement in England, under the protection of the English laws, and in the bosom of a 'great, generous, and free people.'

— quantum mutatus ab illo  
Hectore!

How this Hector has lowered his tone!—we are, it seems, no longer the English of the Moniteurs:—no longer '*a people without shame or decency;*' no longer '*the incendiaries of mankind;*' no longer '*an infamous horde of pirates who shudder at the sight of the peace of the world as the devil did at the happiness of our first parents.*' We have ceased to be the '*objects of the malediction of every virtuous heart*'—it is no longer our distinctive '*character to make a jest of every thing the most sacred—to be pusillanimous to our enemies, and treacherous to our allies.*' These delicate compliments to the GREAT, GENEROUS, and FREE people, are selected from the very first Moniteur which we happened to open, that of 30th January, 1810. And on what subject will our readers believe that this torrent of Billingsgate is let loose?—truly upon our base, infamous, pusillanimous, and treacherous determination to assist Spain and Portugal in their ill-judged opposition to the

fraternal embraces of Buonaparte—a fraternity which, as was wittily said of his friend Marat's,\* resembled that of Cain to Abel.

Buonaparte now complains that this great and pusillanimous—generous and treacherous—free and shameless people, are insensible to the '*démarche franche, NOBLE et pleine de confiance*' of Buonaparte; (we assure our wondering readers we use his own modest expressions;) and have transported him to a rock in the ocean, 2,000 miles from Europe, the climate of which is the most inimical in the whole world to the health of his *imperial Majesty*. We should like to ask whether it is a much worse climate than Egypt, where he deserted one army? or St. Domingo, where he confesses that he sent another to perish? Is his prison more damp than the tower of the Temple in which Captain Wright was murdered, or closer than the castle of Valencey in which he cooped up Ferdinand? Is the weather worse or the dungeon damper than those to which he wantonly exposed the Earl of Elgin, whose sacred character of an ambassador only aggravated the virulence of his imperial persecutor? He was not used to be so nice about climates, this emperor—when the *Moniteur* was so good as to assuage the anxiety of Europe with grave assurances that in the snows of Russia, and the arid sands of Castille, where his followers were perishing by thousands, *sa Majesté Impériale était toujours bien portante*. But this story of the climate is, like all the rest, a falsehood; as we shall show in a subsequent part of these observations.

'*Rancour only*,' says the much injured Napoleon, 'could have chosen such a residence for me.'—p. 49.—

The truth is, that with a needless attention to the health and comforts of him who never attended to those of any human being but himself, the island of St. Helena was selected as the place where the greatest security to Europe could be combined with the greatest personal indulgence to the prisoner, an indulgence which, as we shall see by and by, has been carried much too far.

The next complaint is one which, at first, sounds very light, but is, in fact, very serious; not only on account of the obstinacy and virulence with which it is urged, but of the consequences which would be deduced from a compliance with Buonaparte's wishes.

He insists on being called **EMPEROR** and **MAJESTY**!

He resents with great indignation the title of *General Buonaparte*, which is given to him, 'as if the English wished to oblige him to consider himself as never having reigned in France:' (p. 49) 'to style him *General* now is to declare that he has neither been

\* Buonaparte was so obscure during Marat's reign that we dare not assert that there was a personal friendship between these two worthies, but it is known that there was a perfect congeniality of sentiment; and his Majesty Joachim of Naples, Napolione's brother-in-law, publicly requested permission to change his name from *Murat* to *Marat*, in honour of the deceased patriot.

chief magistrate of the republic, nor a sovereign of the fourth dynasty,' (p. 51.) And he asserts with that dashing kind of logic which characterizes his school, that we were bound to give him this title because we sent an envoy to the republic when he was first consul, and in 1807 and 1813 offered to treat with France, by Lords Lauderdale and Castlereagh. To all this the answer is simple,—that this country never did consider him as reigning—never did acknowledge the fourth dynasty—never did recognize him in any other character than that of General Buonaparte holding the office of first consul of the French republic; and though he affects to consider that the title of First Consul, which we recognized, obliterated that of General, to which we recur, we can show on his own evidence that it did not.—The following extract from the *Moniteur*, (after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and only six months before he began to call himself Emperor,) proves that the titles of General and First Consul were not quite inconsistent, and will amuse our readers, as a specimen of the ridiculous insanity and presumptuous contempt of the *free and generous* English, with which he was at that period intoxicated.

‘*Boulogne, 18 Brumaire, an xii.*

‘On Tuesday last, the First Consul reviewed the army, and put it through several manœuvres—the Boulogne flotilla has been reinforced by 60 vessels carrying twenty-four pounders.’

‘It has been remarked, as a happy omen, that in digging the ground for the First Consul’s camp, a battle-axe was found, which belonged to the Roman army which invaded England. In pitching the First Consul’s tent also, at Ambleteuse, medals of *William the Conqueror* were found. It will be admitted that these coincidences are at least extraordinary; but they will appear much more singular if we recollect that **GENERAL BUONAPARTE**, on visiting the ruins of Pelusium in Egypt, found an engraved head of *Julius Cæsar*.’ (*Mon. 12th Nov. 1803.*)

This is really very pleasant; and we entertain ourselves with fancying the grimace which this modern William, this Corsican Cæsar, will make, when this *ominous* passage is brought to his recollection.—We beg to add he has quite as much reason to expect that we should call him William the Conqueror, or Julius Cæsar, as Emperor: as far as *we* are concerned he has equal claims to all *three*.

Our refusal, however, to admit this absurd pretension which asks from us, his conquerors and masters, more than he could obtain in the plenitude of his power, is the most grievous of all his griefs, and we suspect that the climate of St. Helena would be greatly improved if Sir Hudson Lowe would only be so good as to intersperse his communications with those two little words *Emperor* and *Majesty*.

But how does this anxious pertinacity to keep the imperial rank accord with his wish to live in *retirement*, and to occupy a *private*

station, of which we hear so much? Is it not, on the contrary, like the whole of his preceding conduct, a reach at political character and power? Why did he walk about the decks of the *Bellerophon* bareheaded? but that he might exact an involuntary mark of respect from our countrymen—why, when he endeavoured to play off the same trick on board the *Northumberland*, and when Sir G. Cockburn put on his hat, did he suddenly and sul- lenly quit the deck? but that he was resolved to spare no trick to maintain his empty mark of sovereignty—and why does he now so scrupulously exact from his followers at St. Helena the full ceremonies of the Tuileries?—The reason is obvious: he nei- ther abandons his own schemes of criminal ambition, nor is willing to permit the partisans of revolution in Europe to forget that their emperor is still alive and still an emperor. It is this which makes what would be otherwise ridiculous, important; and we have no hesitation in saying, that this obstinate assumption of a rank which England never recognized imposes an obligation on our government to put an end to this scandal at once, by directing that no such forms and ceremonies shall be used, and that, if those who have accompanied Buonaparte do not choose to conform to our usages, and persist in giving him a title which it were treason to admit, they shall be removed to some situation where their folly can have no other consequences than making themselves ridiculous.

This imperial mummary did no harm while played off in their own private circle, and without any public claim; but it has now been *publicly* avowed, and an appeal to the world has been made, in behalf of this pretension, and therefore our ministers have no alternative—they can no longer connive at, without approving, the practice—and if they do not immediately put a period to the *farce*, they will be responsible for scenes of a more serious nature, which may follow.

Our readers would smile if we had room to enumerate the little arts with which Buonaparte labours after this shadow of a shade. Whenever any visiter approaches Longwood, his coming is watched—the chairs are put out of the way—his majesty places himself in great state, with his cocked hat under his arm, leans against a table, pulls out a fine snuff-box, and copies to the minutest particular the attitude in which he used to give his audiences in the Tuileries.—When he drives out, in the hottest weather, the obsequious Ber- trand and Las Cases sit in the front of the barouche, bareheaded, with their hats under their arms. Poor Mr. Warden, when he went to dine with them, was quite astonished at the forms and cere- monies which they practised, and was particularly surprised and pleased that at table a vacant chair was left for the Empress Maria

Louisa, to which they all showed great gallantry and attention. The surgeon, our readers will recollect, makes Buonaparte quote *Macbeth*—we are therefore surprised that the empty chair at his banquet did not rather remind him of Banquo and the Duke d'Enghien, than of the Austrian Arch-duchess.

One of Buonaparte's projects on this point is curious, and characteristic of the fraudulent and tricky turn of his mind : he affected, it seems, to lament the difficulties which had occurred about this title, and intimated that, if Sir Hudson Lowe would engage to acknowledge it, he would assume what is called an *incognito* name, such as Colonel Meuron or Barón-Duroc. This was accordingly conveyed to Sir Hudson, as a great condescension, and as the proof of a spirit of humility and conciliation; but Sir Hudson Lowe, it appears, was not to be deceived with these professions of moderation; he knew, we dare say, that none but *princes* are in the habit of using the *incognito*—individuals who are not of royal blood, like Napolione Buonaparte or Maximilian Robespierre, have their proper christian and surnames, which they have no right to lay down or take up at pleasure; and he must have seen that an admission of Buonaparte's proposition would have contravened our laws, and have led to the very result which Sir Hudson wished to avoid. Buonaparte must, therefore, be content to be neither Colonel Meuron, nor Baron Duroc, nor the Emperor Napoleon, nor Napoleon the Great, but plain Napolione Buonaparte, son of Carlo Buonaparte and Letzia Raniolini, born at Ajaccio in Corsica, on the 5th February, 1768,\* heretofore general in the service of the French republic, and now a prisoner both of war and of state in the island of St. Helena.

His next complaint is, of a continuation of the same spirit of *malice* which dictated

‘the order by which the Emperor Napoleon was prevented from writing or receiving any letter which had not previously been opened and read by the English Ministers and the officers of St. Helena.

‘The possibility of his receiving letters from his mother, his wife, his son, or his brothers, has thus been interdicted; and when he wished to remove the inconvenience of having *all his letters read by subaltern officers*, and to send sealed letters to the Prince Regent, he was informed, that none but open letters could be passed—such were the orders of the Ministry.’

This is not true. The general and his suite have been told that they shall not send or receive letters except through the hands of the governor, and that these letters must be open for his perusal; but

\* See the note in page 239 of our 12th volume, in which is shown that Buonaparte, on his rise in the world, falsified the date of his birth, his own christian and surnames, and the names of his first wife and of *all his family*.

every assurance has been given them that this necessary check on their correspondence shall go no farther, and that no eye but the governor's should see their contents.—It will not, we suppose, be alleged that we are to risk a second edition of Elba, or that Buonaparte is to be allowed an uncontrolled correspondence with America or France; and that St. Helena, instead of being the depository of the peace of the world, should become the workshop of intrigue and the focus of the disaffection and turbulence of all nations. But it is amusing enough to find that there is hardly any restriction of which he complains, of which we happen not to have his own example to plead against him: thus, for instance, we have now before us, the copy of a letter which a British officer, a prisoner at Verdun, endeavoured to transmit to England in the year 1810. The letter contained, as might be expected, nothing of any importance, but even this was not permitted to pass without being read by the imperial spy himself: it was translated into French for his perusal, and, by some mistake in the office in which the letter was made up, the *copy*, with the assent of Buonaparte to its transmission, in his *own hand-writing*, was set, and is now on our table!

We beg our readers to observe, that we are far from denying that Buonaparte, while exercising the government of France, had a perfect right to inspect the letters written by our prisoners of war; undoubtedly he had; but we quote the anecdote, not merely as a proof of his suspicious temper, but as an example which contrasts strangely with his new fangled doctrines, and practically refutes his present complaints. He proceeds in the same strain—

'Letters have arrived for general officers in the suite of the Emperor; they were broken open and delivered to you; but you refused to communicate them because they had not been received through the channel of the English Minister. *They had to travel back four thousand leagues, and these officers endured the mortification of knowing that there existed on the island accounts of their wives, their parents and their children, of which they could not be informed in less than six months. The heart revolts at such treatment!*'

This burst of pathos we shall leave Lord Bathurst to answer—and we beg our readers' particular attention to his lordship's closing observation.

'This is a direct falsehood, for which there was not the smallest foundation. Sir Hudson Lowe, on seeing this passage in the Letter, wrote to Montholon, saying there was no foundation for this charge, and calling on him to adduce any one instance. No instances had been given, no answer even had been returned, and the reason was this, that the assertion was absolutely false. Indeed, in the voluminous papers which had been transmitted from St. Helena, *nothing was more painfully disgusting than the utter indifference to truth shown throughout.*'

Lord Bathurst proceeds to state that,

'The next complaint of General Buonaparte was, that when he had requested to have some books from Europe, those which referred to modern times had been kept back. The fact was this—soon after his arrival at St. Helena he expressed a wish for some books to complete his library, and a list was made out by General Buonaparte himself, and transmitted to this country. This list was sent to an eminent French bookseller in this town, with orders to supply such of the books as he had, and to obtain the rest from other booksellers. As several of the books were not to be obtained in London, the bookseller was desired to write to Paris for them. He accordingly obtained some of them from Paris, but others of them could not be obtained; those which could not be procured were principally on military subjects. These books, to the amount of 13 or 1400*l.* worth, (*which the Letter calls a few books!*) were sent, with an explanation of the circumstances which prevented the others from having been procured.'

Buonaparte next complains that

'Permission could not be obtained to subscribe, occasionally, for the Morning Chronicle, the Morning Post, any of the French Journals, or even to get a few detached numbers of the Times conveyed to Longwood. The English ministry is not authorized to order any of these vexations. The law, *though unworthy of the British Parliament*, considers the Emperor Napoleon as a *prisoner of war*; now a prisoner of war is *never* forbidden to subscribe for newspapers, or to receive printed books—Such a prohibition exists only in the cells of the Inquisition.'

We beg his Imperial Majesty's pardon; this prohibition did exist in a certain prison called the Temple, in the city of Paris, in the case of a prisoner of war of the name of Captain Wright, whose history his Imperial Majesty affects sometimes to forget. We happen to have before us a letter from Captain Wright to a friend, dated in September, 1805, eighteen months after his capture, in which he states, that it was but lately that he had the indulgence of books, and of subscribing to the *Moniteur*, 'whose foibles or prejudices (he adds) I assure you I am not in the least danger of adopting.' But *this* was the only journal he was allowed to see; on a strict principle of reciprocity Buonaparte could only demand the London Gazette.

But though we are glad to refute Buonaparte's assertions by his own practice, this restriction is obviously proper, and even necessary, on other and better grounds; for Lord Bathurst states further, that it had been discovered that attempts were making to convey intelligence from Europe to Buonaparte by means of advertisements in the English newspapers; and his lordship very properly declared, that, even had the indulgence not been thus abused, the British government would not have thought it safe or proper that this nest of intriguers should be kept regularly informed of the progress of their affairs throughout Europe.



In addition to this, we beg our readers to observe, that here again a private and uncontrolled correspondence with Europe is the real object of Buonaparte's intrigues and calumnies. 'Why,' he asks, 'subject so innocent a correspondence as an order to his bookseller to the inspection of the governor?' Why, we reply, complain of the governor's seeing a correspondence which must be of so innocent and indifferent a nature? Of all communications which can possibly be imagined, an order to a bookseller must of necessity be the least confidential; but if an unrestricted and unnecessary permission were to be granted, how long does any one believe that it would be confined to an order for books?

In the same spirit Buonaparte offers to bear the expenses of his own establishment, provided he is allowed an unrestricted correspondence with his banker; and he complains grievously that not only is he deprived of a free communication with persons dear to his heart, (*dear to his heart!*) but even his letters to his bankers must be read. Upon this Lord Bathurst observes—

'I do not deny that in a correspondence between friends the necessity of sending letters open is a most severe restriction, because it is impossible to consign to paper the warm effusions of the heart, under the consciousness that it will be subject to the cold eye of an inspector. But this surely does not apply to a correspondence with a Banker.' Who has ever heard of an *affectionate* draft on a banking-house, or a *tender* order for the sale of stock?

But there is one yet more important observation to be made on this point; namely, that Buonaparte is willing to *pay twenty thousand pounds a-year*, (such is the expense he offers to defray,) for permission to correspond *secretly* with his banker. There cannot be, we think, a more decisive proof of his anxiety to carry this point, and of the absolute necessity of resisting in every shape in which this imperial Proteus may propose it.

Our readers will not be surprised to find that even the attentions which are shown to this man are warped by the falsehood and malignity with which he surrounds himself, into grounds of complaint and calumny. A remarkable instance of this species of ingratitude we shall give in Lord Bathurst's words:—

'It is stated that Sir H. Lowe permitted letters written by General Buonaparte or his followers to be read by subaltern officers on the island. This was not true—Sir Hudson Lowe had exercised the trust reposed in him with the utmost delicacy: and when any letters were transmitted through his hands had never permitted any individual, however confidential, to see them, whether they were addressed to individuals at home or at St. Helena. It is difficult to know on what such general charges are founded, but the following occurrence is the only one which I can conceive to have any reference to it: when Napoleon and his suite were first sent out to St. Helena, from the haste

in which the ships sailed, they were left in want of many necessaries, such as linen and other articles of that kind. It was judged that great inconvenience might be felt if they were obliged to wait till they could send to this country for them, and accordingly a considerable quantity of such articles were sent out in anticipation of their wants. It so happened, that about the time when these articles arrived, Las Cases wrote a letter to Europe, which of course came under the inspection of Sir Hudson Lowe, who found that it contained an order for some of those very articles which had been sent out. Sir Hudson Lowe then wrote to Las Cases to inform him that he had those articles which he had ordered, and which were much at his service, and observed, that it would not, perhaps, be necessary to send the letter, or that he might now omit that order. Las Cases returned an answer full of reproaches to Sir Hudson Lowe, for his presumption in reading a letter directed to a lady, and for offering him articles out of a common stock, when he knew that he had been solely supported by the Emperor. Thus was Sir Hudson Lowe treated for his endeavours to accommodate these intractable people, and such was the only foundation for this part of the charge.'

The temporary residence in Mr. Balcombe's cottage is complained of as being '*ni propre ni commode*,' neither clean nor convenient; but it is omitted that this was a residence *chosen by Buonaparte himself*, and that he insisted on living there in preference to the best house in James Town, which Sir G. Cockburn had prepared for him.

The permanent residence appointed for him at Longwood is next abused. It is too hot, and too cold, and too dry, and too damp; it is too wild and open by nature, and too much narrowed and restricted by the governor's precautions. But why is it so cautiously concealed that the choice of this situation was made with the most delicate regard to Buonaparte's wishes, and that he himself at first concurred in the selection? The great plain (of whose wildness, aridity, and want of shelter he now complains) was its principal recommendation, because it was the only part of the island in which exercise on horseback or in a carriage (which Buonaparte represented as necessary to his health) could be conveniently had, and Sir G. Cockburn, on a representation from Buonaparte to this effect, not only fixed him at Longwood, but provided him with horses and a carriage to take the air. If he had been placed in one of the shady dingles of the island, we should have heard violent complaints, that by cutting him off from his favourite and necessary exercise, we were endeavouring to shorten his life.

Nay, indeed, he does say, that for the not permitting him to *range over the whole island*, there can be but one motive, namely, 'to prevent his enjoying that exercise, the privation of which must, in the opinion of medical men, shorten the life of the Emperor.'

Here again the truth breaks out through the misrepresentation, and it is evident, that nothing will satisfy him but the uncontrolled liberty of ranging the whole island, and the consequent *facilities of intrigue*, and perhaps of *escape*.

He complains of the climate of Longwood in terms so inconsistent that he refutes himself—our readers will have already seen by the extract from Governor Beatson's work,\* that it is the most favourable temperature of the whole island, and it appears from the Meteorological Journals, which were accurately kept in the years 1812 and 1813, and which are quoted by Major Barnes, that the medium heat at James-town was 74, and that at Longwood only 66, (p. 123.) which is nearer the mean temperature of Marseilles than any other place we have been able to find in atmospherical tables now before us. And Major Barnes further states, that Longwood is undoubtedly one of the most healthy parts of St. Helena, (p. 35.) a climate which is unquestionably one of the most temperate and salubrious in the universe.—(p. 121.)

We shall conclude upon this point, by quoting the account of the choosing of Buonaparte's residence by Major Barnes.

'On the fifteenth day of October, 1815, arrived in James's Bay, His Majesty's ship Northumberland, bearing the flag of Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn, K. C. B. having on board General Napoleon Buonaparte and his suite, consisting of Marshal and Countess Bertrand and three children, General and Countess Montholon and child, General Gourgaud, Count Las Cases and his son, and eight servants. The Icarus brig of war, which arrived a few days before, announced his approach, and one of the best houses in the town was prepared to receive him; on the evening of the seventeenth, after sunset, he landed, and was conducted to his quarters, and the next morning early, accompanied by the admiral and General Bertrand, rode into the country to see the place destined for his future residence.

'Long Wood House, the official country-seat of the lieutenant-governor, was selected for this purpose, being in every respect the most eligible situation on the island: Buonaparte, it was said, did not seem to think so, but this happening to be a minor consideration, had no effect on the determination of government. On their return Sir George took Napoleon to the Briars, the residence of William Balcombe, Esq. a small but pleasant estate about a mile and a half from town; with this place he was much pleased, and particularly requested he might be permitted to remain at it until Long Wood was ready for his accommodation; his wish was complied with, and apartments were immediately prepared for himself, Las Cases, senior and junior, and a few attendants, which they occupied nearly eight weeks.

'During this period the most indefatigable exertions were made by Sir George Cockburn, to improve and enlarge the premises at Long

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Wood ; and it is almost incredible with what rapidity a spacious and comfortable house was erected ; residences were also as quickly provided for the persons of his establishment, and at the expiration of two months the whole party were removed to their respective abodes.

'The boundary which limits Buonaparte's excursions is a circle round Long Wood, twelve miles in circumference: nearly the whole is level ground, well adapted for exercise on foot, in a carriage, or on horse-back,'—p. 174—7.

In return for all this supererogative kindness, Sir G. Cockburn and Sir Hudson Lowe are told that their conduct has been guided by a *rancorous* design against the life of the person whom they were labouring to oblige!

Buonaparte next finds that the house at Longwood is only a barn, unfit to be inhabited; but he adds, every new building would prolong the inconvenience of the presence of workmen.—(p. 59.)

We reply, that if his wayward Majesty will neither be content with the accommodation which satisfied the Lieutenant-Governor of the island, nor yet permit alterations to be made, we have no pity for him ; but it appears that here again there are concealment and misrepresentation.—The house, it is well known, though not regularly built, was agreeable and commodious even when inhabited by the Lieutenant-Governor; when it was hired for Buonaparte, all the means which the island or the squadron afforded, were employed, as we have seen, by Sir G. Cockburn in enlarging and rendering it, as far as could be, satisfactory to Buonaparte, and Lord Bathurst distinctly stated that, *at first*, he *was* satisfied: but when he found that Longwood, in addition to its being the best country-house on the island, (except the Governor's,) and to its having a space for walking, riding, or driving, had the further advantages of being easily watched, and of being difficult of access from the coast, he suddenly altered his favourable opinion of the place. The Governor's house then became the great object of his desire, not merely because he might be there less securely guarded, but because it was the *Governor's*; the same imperious spirit which induced him to attempt to usurp Sir George Cockburn's cabin in the Northumberland, makes him long for the Plantation House; because it is the residence of the first man in the island; and though he complains of the heat of Longwood, and that Plantation House is of a higher mean temperature by four or five degrees, he makes serious complaints that from residing at this house he was expressly restricted.

Upon all this, we have a very different complaint to allege—we think that too much attention has been paid to Buonaparte's whims in several particulars. His opinions should not have been asked as to his residence; no expense should have been incurred in enlarging

and beautifying a house which had been considered as sufficient for a British officer; and above all, he should not have had an offer, which it seems Sir Hudson Lowe made, to erect a house for him in any other part of the island which he should prefer. Anxious that the whole of this case should be fully understood, we shall, at the risk of being prolix, quote Lord Bathurst's account of these transactions.

'It was now said, that the residence pitched upon for General Buonaparte was unpleasant and unwholesome. I can only say, that this was not the general account of that place. It had formerly been the House of the Lieutenant-Governor, and it was not usual for Lieutenant-Governors to choose the most unpleasant and unwholesome spots. Neither had this been the former opinion of General Buonaparte himself. When the General had first been sent there, it was left to the discretion of Sir G. Cockburn to fix on a residence for him, with only one exception, namely, the house of the Governor. That choice was to be directed by a view to the safe custody, and as far as was consistent with that, by the consideration due to his comfort. Soon after his landing, General Buonaparte rode out with Sir George Cockburn, till he reached Longwood, with which, at first sight, *he was so much captivated, that he wished to remain there*, and not to go back to the town. He was told that it would be impossible so soon to remove the Lieutenant-Governor's family. He then wished a tent to be erected, which it was also represented would much incommode the Lieutenant-Governor, but he was assured that the occupants should be removed as soon as possible. As they returned they came to a house prettily situated, which belonged to Mr. Balcombe, near which a detached room had been built. General Buonaparte expressed a wish to occupy that room, and after Sir G. Cockburn had in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from it, he took up his abode there for the time. It was but two days after, however, that his attendants complained of this harsh usage, as they termed it, in placing the Emperor in a single room. This was the manner in which the compliance of Sir G. Cockburn was received. So many alterations were made at Longwood, that General Buonaparte remained in that room two months. Constant improvements or alterations suggested by himself or his suite delayed his removal; for the fact was that he was unwilling to remove from Mr. Balcombe's, on account of the facility of communication with the town. During his residence there, he was circumscribed to a small garden, beyond which he never moved without a guard; he did not, however, at that time, make any complaint; but he now, for the first time, complained of restrictions on his liberty, when he was allowed to range within a circuit of eight miles if he pleased, unattended. When the prisoners were first sent to St. Helena, orders were given to send out a frame for the purpose of constructing a house for General Buonaparte. When the materials arrived, Sir H. Lowe wrote to the General, whether he would like to have a new house erected, or additions made to the old one. He received no answer; in two or three weeks he went to the General to en-

deavour to obtain a decision from him. The General at last answered, that "if he were to answer him *officially*, he should say 'build a new house;' but as that must take five or six years, and *as he knew that in two or three years either the Administration in this country would be overturned, or a change would take place in the Government of France, and in either case he should be released*, he was privately of opinion that additions should be made to Longwood." In compliance with this suggestion Sir Hudson Lowe proceeded to make alterations in the present house. General Buonaparte then objected to this, though it was done by his own desire, and for the purpose of lodging his attendants. I do not object to General Buonaparte's choice either of the new house or the old one, or between alterations and no alterations, but I object to this—that every attempt to render his residence convenient is made the foundation of a charge against the Governor, and that he watches the moment when an attention is paid to his wishes, to make that very attention a source of complaint.

Nothing of this should be done, no change should be made, no further expense incurred, and Buonaparte should be taught to understand that Longwood, Longwood as it is, and nothing but Longwood, is to be his residence for the remainder of his days.—He will not be satisfied with it—we are aware of that: but what would satisfy him?—he had St. Cloud and Fontainebleu, and yet he could not rest without the Escorial and Schönbrunn. If he had been contented with the palaces of the ancient sovereigns of France, he would not now be reduced to make comparisons between the houses of the Governor and Deputy Governor of St. Helena—nay, if he had been satisfied with his castle at Porto Ferrajo, and his villa at San Martino, he would not now be afflicted with the *cold warmth* and *dry wet* which he has discovered at Longwood; and we think we may venture to assure him that, even though the administration should be changed, his situation would not be altered, and that he would find Lord Holland, if he became Secretary of State, acting, to the best of his abilities, on the principles of Lord Bathurst.

He says, that Sir Hudson Lowe 'has aggravated his unfortunate situation.'—He is mistaken:—Sir Hudson Lowe seems only to have executed regulations which he found established, and which are proper and necessary. But it is the mind of the man himself which is getting more exasperated—his hopes are declining—his patience is wearing out—the vigilance of the Governor affords no prospect of escape,—and it is therefore that from day to day he feels his situation more irksome;—every month of peace in Europe is an age of misery to him, because it increases the chances of solid and universal tranquillity.

But we really think that Sir Hudson Lowe would be perfectly justified in taking some measures of additional precaution when we perceive that Buonaparte fancies he is in a condition to tamper

with the troops.—He presumes to say, in the style of one of his old bulletins,—

*'The Emperor has every reason to be satisfied with the spirit which animates the officers and men of the BRAVE 53d.'*

That the officers and men of the 53d regiment are brave, we did not want the obliging evidence of his majesty to authenticate; their bravery was proved, by rather more satisfactory evidence than his, at Talavera, Salamanca, and Thoulouse; but we beg to ask, what spirit it is which animates them with which HE has every reason to be satisfied?—He complains with vehemence of the restrictions under which he is placed—of the camp formed near his residence—of the sentinels placed around him. If the officers and men do their duty with alacrity, he cannot surely be pleased at that spirit which executes exactly the regulations of which he complains: he might perhaps respect, or forbear to complain of, them for fulfilling their duty as soldiers; but it is not possible that he should *applaud the spirit which animates* them, unless he wished to have it understood that this spirit is at variance with their orders. We know very well, that neither the officers nor men of this excellent regiment care a farthing for these cajoleries; but we insist that this passage affords an additional reason for restricting Buonaparte. Absurd as his evident design is, it is not the less atrocious; and his ignorance of the British character—which leads him to suppose that we are to be seduced by the epithets of *great, free, and brave*, whenever he shall condescend to honour us with them—ought not to relieve him from the consequences of his criminal intentions.

In concluding his Manifesto, Buonaparte, who, as we have seen, fancied himself some years ago Julius Cæsar, intimates that he now looks upon himself as Cato of Utica, and modestly applies to himself the compliment which was paid to the adversity of that republican, who died on his own sword rather than acknowledge an emperor.

*'Are not your ministers aware that the spectacle of a great man struggling with adversity is the most sublime of all others? are they ignorant that Napoleon, at St. Helena, in the midst of persecutions of every kind, to which he opposes only the firmness of resolution, is GREATER, more SACRED, and more VENERABLE than when he was seated on the first throne in the world, where he was so long the arbiter of kings? What shall we think of the man who could dictate such sentences of self-adulation!*

Our final observation on this Letter, so characteristic of its authors, is, that it seems to have been dictated by Buonaparte, written by Las Cases, and signed by Montholon, (triformis Chimæra,) in order to divide, or, rather, elude, the responsibility of such infamous falsehoods. Buonaparte will protest that he did not write

it;—Las Cases will swear that he declined to put his name to it;—and Montholon is ready to make affidavit that it is none of his letter.—And so the very outward form and manual preparation of this precious document are exactly of a piece with its internal composition.

Next we have Signor Santini, who is so good as to inform us that he is, like his Emperor, a Corsican; and that at the age of thirteen he entered (he omits to say as a drummer) the battalion of Corsican sharp-shooters. This fellow details his history with great complacency: it will suffice our readers to know, that, previously to his becoming *AUTHOR of an Appeal to the English Nation*, he was a private soldier, a courier, and at last a huissier, (porter) to Buonaparte; and that on a reduction of the establishment at Longwood, he, two grooms, and an under-butler, were dismissed. This fellow, who has been, we know not why, permitted to land in England, brought a copy of Montholon's Manifesto, which he has printed with a preface and appeal, purporting to be his own.—This preface and appeal must have been written for him: the preface probably in England; the Appeal, or notes on which it has been made, he obviously brought with him from St. Helena. The style and spirit are much the same as those of Montholon's letter; and if they are not both by the same hand, we have only to say, that Buonaparte has infected his porter with the same style which he has taught to his secretary—the same complaints, calumnies as atrocious, and falsehoods as impudent, only a little more in detail. We should not insult our readers by entering into any discussion with such a person as Santini; but as he is the ambassador and representative of Buonaparte, and *has been so received by some persons in England*; as his story has obtained what countenance Lord Holland could give it by his motion in the House of Lords, and as Lord Bathurst condescended to observe on it, our readers will excuse our amusing them with some of these statements which charge Sir H. Lowe with a design to *starve* Buonaparte.

‘It is not, however, economy which the *new* Governor has introduced into the household of the Emperor, *it is absolute want.*’—p. 13.

‘It has often happened that, on finding himself without any butcher's meat for the Emperor's table, the steward has sent me to purchase a sheep, for which I have paid *four guineas*, and often could only procure *pork* for making soup.’

‘Captain Poppleten, of the 53d regiment, appointed to guard the Emperor, if he is the man of honour I believe him to be, will not fail to bear witness that he has often lent candles to lighten this abode of desolation, as well as bread, butter, poultry, and even salt. I was even, from necessity, in the habit of *repairing SECRETLY* to the English camp to purchase butter, eggs and bread, of the soldiers' wives, otherwise the Emperor would often have been without breakfast, and even without dinner!’



Signor Santini overshoots his mark a little—he proves rather too much.

The Governor, it appears, has personally nothing to do with the supply of Buonaparte's establishment; it is managed by a purveyor, chosen, we believe, by the Emperor himself;—and the miserable pittance to which the purveyor is to confine his expenses is 1000*l.* a month. This, Lord Bathurst states, is the very sum allowed to the Governor of the island, who has a family and a staff to maintain—who is obliged to keep a table at which he receives the Commissioners of the Allied Powers, strangers who happen to arrive, and the principal inhabitants of the island:—but it is insufficient, it seems, to furnish Buonaparte with eggs and salt. What follows is still better: for it seems that but for Santini himself the Emperor would have starved altogether.

‘I used to rise at break of day, and when I did not succeed in shooting a few doves, in the neighbourhood of our dwelling, the Emperor frequently had nothing for breakfast. The provisions do not reach Longwood until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and when they were of so bad a quality that the house-steward had to send them back, the Emperor subsisted entirely on the produce of my shooting.’

We really are in pain for poor Buonaparte—for now that Santini has been torn from him, he must go without his breakfast, unless indeed necessity should teach him to do as we generally do in England, namely, to make his breakfast out of the provisions which come in the preceding afternoon.

But this *famine* is tolerable in Mr. Santini's opinion when compared with the extremities they are made to suffer from *thirst*.

‘It is a fact, which will appear incredible, but which is not the less true, that the emperor is limited to a bottle of wine per day! Marshal and Madame Bertrand, General Montholon and his lady, General Gourgaud and Count de las Cases have also each their bottle.’—p. 17.

We differ very much from Signor Santini in thinking this fact *incredible*. We should, on the contrary, have thought it very probable, and that seven bottles of wine per day to five men and two women, was a reasonable allowance. It appears, however, unfortunately for Signor Santini's credit, from Lord Bathurst's speech, that the fact, however credible, is not true:

‘In order to ascertain the expenditure of any establishment, it was usual to calculate on a certain quantity of such things as were used for each individual, per day. It was by no means intended, that the same quantity should always be drank by each individual. With respect to the calculation of one bottle per day, for each person, it was one which would be considered in this country as not an unfair one—this was the allowance for the King's table. A bottle a day, for each person, was considered by the officers of the British army as sufficient for the supply of their messes—sufficient for themselves, and for such company as

might be invited to their mess: it was not usual to allow more, one day with another, to any person in the prime of life. But to show how liberally the allowance to General Buonaparte was calculated, he should read to their Lordships an extract from the estimate for his table, in which this very article of wine was minutely specified. There was an allowance of strong and weak wine. The quantity of weak wine was 84 bottles in the course of the fortnight; but he should put that out of the question, and merely state the quantity of the other description of wine. Of that better sort of wine, there was no less than 266 bottles in one fortnight, applicable, wholly and entirely to General Buonaparte and his attendants. The particulars were—

- 7 Bottles of Constantia (or 14 pint bottles).
- 14 Bottles of Champaign.
- 31 Bottles of Vin de Grave.
- 84 Bottles of Teneriffe.
- 140 Bottles of Claret.

In all 266 Bottles.

The number of persons connected with General Buonaparte, excluding those of tender age, amounted to nine, so that there was an allowance of nineteen bottles in one day for ten persons; and taking one day with another, the allowance might be considered two bottles a day for each grown person. In addition to this quantity of wine, forty-two bottles of porter were allowed every fortnight, being at the rate of three to each individual.

Upon all this we cannot help repeating that we think our government has done and is still doing too much. Why should they allow twelve, why even eight thousand a-year for this establishment—why is General Buonaparte to have a suite of FIFTY\* persons—why is he to have twelve men-servants, and General Bertrand four, and Mr. Montholon three, &c.—why are two, or three, or four tables to be kept for all these people, according to the fancied gradations of their *imperial* character and offices? If these generals and their wives choose to live in St. Helena with Buonaparte, we have no great objection; but let them live, as they must do any where else, at their own expense, and not at ours. It is stated in Montholon's Letter that our government has called upon Buonaparte to make up all the expense of his establishment beyond 8000*l.* or (as it would now appear to be settled) 12,000*l.* per annum. This seems to us to be all wrong and inconsistent with our whole course of proceeding. We might have treated Buonaparte altogether as a common prisoner, given him no establishment at all, and made him only the usual prisoners' allowances; but as we did not take that course, and as we are pledged to treat him as a general officer, we are bound to furnish him a convenient habitation, a decent table, and

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\* So stated by Santini.

suitable attendants; and the expense of doing so, be it great or small, we must now be contented to bear. But are we also to provide for four other families towards whom we have no such engagement—for General and Madame Bertrand and four children, Count and Madame Montholon and two, and the worthy Las Cases and one; to say nothing of General Gourgaud and the rest of the imperial suite? If, for any objects of their own, they wish to remain in St. Helena, or if, for any objects of his, Buonaparte should persuade them to stay, it is no concern of ours, at least in a pecuniary way. Buonaparte should have a house at which he might receive their visits, and a table to which he might *in turns* invite them, and this house and this table should be liberally maintained: but with the daily and ordinary expenses of these other families we should have no concern; they never should be mixed with Buonaparte's accounts: and, if he chooses, as he probably would, to contribute something to their housekeeping in return for the pleasure of their society, it should be no concern of ours. With a well furnished house, a carriage and horses, a table of four covers every day, as much wine as he or his guests choose to drink, and half a dozen servants, it could not be said that General Buonaparte was ill treated; and this establishment we have reason to believe might be defrayed for about 4000*l.* per annum at the most. This arrangement, besides saving 8000*l.* per annum, would have the further advantage of dissipating the fumes of the imperial intoxication; it would bring back the general to a recollection of himself; and it would save us from the inconsistency and scandal of treating him neither quite as a general nor quite as an emperor. As long as this undefined and middle course is pursued, we shall be always liable to complaints like Montholon's and Santini's, founded on pretensions which we do not admit and which yet we tolerate.

Santini informs us that the Pole, Piontkowski, has been sent back to Europe. Our readers must be aware that endeavours have been made to excite a great deal of interest about this person, and that our government was so far imposed on as to send him out to St. Helena to join his beloved master. That poor simpleton, Warden, was enamoured 'with the romantic Pole,' *Captain Poniatowski*, an officer of the Polish troops attached to Buonaparte's person, who had a command in the little army which landed in France from Elba. (p. 204.) Santini calls him *Colonel*, (p. 29,) *Chef d'Escadron*, (p. ix,) and *Count* (p. 26) *Poniatowski*. This is of a piece with the rest,—all false, and all designed to deceive the world by magnifying every thing which has any concern with the Great Napolione.

The name of the person alluded to is, as we stated in a former number, Piontkowski, and not Poniatowski; the latter is a noble

Polish name, to which this Pole has no more pretensions than Cobbett has to call himself Percy or Howard; but a great name was chosen to give éclat and interest to the transaction,—when the detection should come, the blame of the mistake might be easily transferred to the printer.

He is not only not a Count, but (it would seem from Warden's account\*) not a gentleman.

He was neither a Captain, Colonel, nor Chef d'escadron; but a private soldier, or, at most, a corporal.

He was so far from being attached to the person of Buonaparte, that the latter had never heard of him until he arrived at St. Helena, and so little interest did he feel about him, that we believe he never saw him; (Warden says he saw him *once*;) and it was at Buonaparte's particular request that he was sent off the island with the grooms and butler, as an impudent intruder.

While Buonaparte was thus teaching Santini and Montholon to emulate the fame of Mendez Pinto and George Psalmanazar, an anonymous hand was playing in the *Manuscrit venu de St. Hélène*, another trick of the same game.

This work, which affects to be a summary of Buonaparte's life written by himself, has excited a considerable degree of interest in this country, and a still greater in France; the name of the supposed writer, and the mysterious title which it bears, naturally excite curiosity; and there is besides a visible effort at imitating that sudden and *tranchant* style which is supposed to be characteristic of Buonaparte. But this effort is, we think, as vain as it is visible; and on an attentive perusal of the whole work, we are satisfied, 1st, that the 'Manuscrit' is not the production of Buonaparte, and 2d, that it is not from St. Helena.\* It is, we believe, the production of Paris; and it has been published, we are satisfied, with no other view than (what we have already stated to be the general object of the Revolutionary faction) that of keeping the name, past actions, and future pretensions of Buonaparte alive in the public mind. The 'Manuscrit' is neither a *criticism* on his character, nor an *apology*. It is not written for *fame*, for the author conceals himself—nor for *profit*, for we happen to know that no price was demanded for the copy: there remains then no other possible motive for its publication than that which we have assigned. It is very much the fashion with all the Revolutionists in France to affect to believe in the authenticity of the 'Manuscrit.'—'If not written by the Emperor himself it is undoubtedly the production of M. de las Cases.'

\* 'Neither Poniatowski's situation or manners were such as to associate him with the suite, nor did his modesty appear to expect it.' *Warden*, p. 205.

—It is impossible that it should be the production of either, or that any well informed person should think so. It contains no new fact, no new argument, not even a new view of any of the subjects of which it treats; there is nothing to be found in it which a reader of the *Moniteur* might not have known; there are a thousand persons in France who could compose such a commentary, but we take it to be utterly impossible that Buonaparte, or *Las Cases* under his dictation, could have written the history of so many events, and of such an extensive and important period, without having slipped into some novelty either of fact or reasoning; nor would either of them have made a sketch of such turgid vapidty and such arrogant inanity as this production: nor do we believe that Buonaparte will be pleased with this supposed imitation of his style; we are confident that his personal vanity is so great that he will be enraged to find so trivial a production published in his name. We rest nothing on the numerous falsehoods and misrepresentations which this *Manuscrit* contains, because Buonaparte would probably have written as many and as gross, but there are blunders and anachronisms into which he could not have fallen—for instance, a partisan writing hastily may forget the order of Buonaparte's battles and treaties, but could Buonaparte himself forget whether the battle of Jena preceded the treaty of Tilsit? In short, this work is obviously a fabrication, and we are prepared to expect, from the system which we now see in progress, that a series of similar attempts will be made to keep awake and active the hopes of the revolutionists; to make Buonaparte, though dead in law,

———vivum volitare per ora virorum;

and to spread in France, and in Belgium, that great dogma of the revolutionists, *that things cannot remain as they are*. This is the chord upon which they are all strumming, and this is the cry in which they are all ready to unite. The survivors of the Mountain, or of the party of Duke Egalite, the rump of the Directory, or the tail of Buonaparte, are in this unanimous, and we shall be most happily mistaken if Europe does not soon feel the effect of this union of factions who, however discordant in their several hours of triumph, are now yoked together in the harness of adversity.

These people will soon, we understand, receive a considerable reinforcement in the person of the Count de las Cases, who by a series of sedulous infractions of the regulations established at St. Helena, has contrived to be sent off the island. We say contrived, because we have heard that his proceedings were all steadily directed to this very object; and when the governor offered to overlook his irregularities, and to permit him to remain with his master, he peremptorily rejected this indulgence, and insisted upon undergoing the penalty of exile from St. Helena. This, from any

other person of the party there, would have appeared to us quite natural. General Bertrand always talked of coming home in a year. Gourgaud has mentioned two as the term of his service. M. and Madame Montholon have, we believe, expressed the same sentiments; but we are convinced that the return of Las Cases at this season is a part of the system. Buonaparte sends him as Noah did the raven from the ark, to see if the waters have subsided, and whether the time approaches when 'the chief of the sacred family' may descend from his rock in the midst of the waters.

Las Cases will arrive with the crown of martyrdom on his head, and a budget of *Buonapartiana* at his back—he will invoke all the morbid sensibility of all the enemies of all the governments of Europe, in favour of unfortunate greatness and persecuted fidelity. Hearts that were not so weak as to sigh at the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, or the more obscure, but not less certain fate of Palm and Wright, will bleed for the exile of the faithful Las Cases, and the culinary privations of the Great Napoleon; and the restricting his table to twenty bottles of wine a-day will excite the commiseration of those who witnessed with unmoved placidity the calumnious and cowardly persecution of the Queen of Prussia.

We here pause.—Impressed as we are with a deep sentiment of the consistency and strength which the revolutionary party have obtained, and are hourly increasing throughout Europe, we shall not fail to recur to this subject whenever we see the press of this country called in aid of the schemes of Buonaparte, or of Buonaparte's auxiliaries, and we shall contribute our mite to the resolution of that famous problem, whether, in a free press, the force of reason and truth, and the principles of order, good morals, and true religion, are a match for the adroitness and the audacity of the philosophers of the Revolution and their disciples—the loose in morals, the factious in politics—the preachers of liberty, the practisers of despotism—the weak and the wicked, the giddy and the godless.

ART. X.—1. *Report of the Secret Committee.*

2. *On the present State of Public Affairs.* Anon. 8vo.

3. *A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom.* By the Hermit of Marlow. 8vo.

THAT was an unhappy state of society in which every citizen was so closely interested in public affairs, that it was declared criminal by the laws for any one to be neutral in times of public com-

motion. The poets and philosophers, as well as the divines, have ever reckoned an exemption from cares of this kind among the first blessings to be desired by those who would live well and wisely; and truly it is no light evil to men who would fain live for posterity and for themselves in the worthiest sense, when these cares break in upon them, to interrupt their labours, and disturb the tranquillity of their meditations. The course of ordinary politics is to them like the course of the seasons, to be regarded with no greater anxiety, in sure belief that the same Providence which disposes the seasons will dispose the events of the world also in such manner that they shall work together for good. Such things require only that calm and pleasurable attention which is necessary for obtaining a competent knowledge of current history; and the violence with which party matters are agitated, and the occasional gusts of popular passion are to them like the wind, which bloweth as it listeth. But when questions are at stake in which the great interests of mankind, or the safety, honour, and welfare of their own country are nearly concerned, it is no longer fitting that they should look on as indifferent observers. By the fundamental laws of England every man is bound to bear arms against an invading enemy; and when worse dangers than invasion are designed and threatened, it becomes the duty of all those who have any means of obtaining public attention, to stand forward, and by resisting the danger, endeavour, as far as in them lies, to avert it.

It is unnecessary in this place to adduce proofs that such designs are actually existing: we have too much respect for the judicious part of our readers to employ their time upon this topic, and too little hope of the factious, to mispend our own in attempting to produce an effect upon schirrous hearts and distempered intellects. There is an admirable print among George Wither's Emblems, having for its motto, *Cæcus nil luce juxatur*: it represents an owl standing, in broad sunshine, with spectacles on its beak, a lighted candle on each side, and a blazing torch in each claw; and the more light there is, the less is the owl able to see. No happier emblem could be conceived for a thorough-paced oppositionist of the present day—

For what are lights to those who blinded be,  
Or who so blind as they that will not see?

Some of this class deny the existence of any combination for overthrowing the government, of any treasonable practices, or any seditious spirit; and they deny it in good faith: for they have so long been accustomed to the use of inflammatory language, to argue in favour of the enemies of their country, and to wish for the success of those enemies, in pure obstinacy of party-feeling, that

they are perhaps incapable of understanding the object which their own conduct has constantly tended to promote. There are others who, being a little more accessible to conviction, admit that a conspiracy has been formed, but affect to despise it because the persons who are implicated are of low condition; as if in these days rank and fortune were necessary qualifications for a conspirator! But let it be remembered, that of all the shocking diseases to which the human frame is liable, the most shocking and the most loathsome is that in which it is devoured by the vermin which its own diseased humours have generated: and to despise the present appearances in the body politic for this cause, would be as absurd as to disregard the first symptoms of that frightful malady by which Sylla was consumed. The error of these persons proceeds from inattention to the great and momentous change which the public press has produced in the very constitution of society. Formerly the people were nothing in the scale—we are hurrying on towards the time when they will be every thing. Like the continental physicians, such statesmen would pursue the expectant system, and trust to the *vis medicatrix*. Where the danger is imminent strong remedies must be applied; if the bones are tainted, they must be searched till the joints are loosened—how else should the poison be expelled?

The Lord Mayor, with his usual discretion, has assured the public that no plot or conspiracy has existed against the government, and that the Report of the Secret Committee is, to his own knowledge, incorrect: for it states that an attack had been made upon the magistrates, and this was not the fact; the people had not attacked either himself or any other magistrate—he had only been fired at by some wanton and drunken individual. Common sense will allow of such a distinction as little as common law. The story is well known of a duellist who proposed to mark out his own lean dimensions upon the waistcoat of a corpulent antagonist, saying, that if he did not hit him between the lines it should go for nothing; the Lord Mayor's reasoning has all the absurdity of this proposal without the wit. Does he believe that the shot was fired *because* the individual was wanton and drunk, or because that individual was engaged in an actual and fore-planned insurrection, having in all likelihood made himself drunk for the work? For what purpose, does he imagine, had the rioter provided himself with firearms, either before the insurrection, or in the plunder of the gunsmith's shops? It was no attack, because the man was drunk! By the same reasoning, no attack was made upon Mr. Platt; and it has indeed more than once been remarked in extenuation of that atrocious act, that the assassin was intoxicated:—he was so; and what was the remark of one of his associates upon that point—that 'the



drunken dog had spoiled all!' because in this drunkenness he had precipitated the execution of a plot which was soberly laid. His lordship also tells us that he is a member of the Union Club, and vouches for the loyalty of that association. It would be well if he called to mind that Petion, who, like himself, was a popular mayor, was, like him, also a member of a club of reformers, which club would have brought him to the guillotine, if he had not escaped that fate by perishing of hunger in the open fields! The Lord Mayor is a most active magistrate; no man pursues a thief with more alacrity, or collars one with greater spirit; in the language of the fancy, he is *game*. Nor is this his only merit—he goes through his business with decision and despatch. But when he meddles with state-affairs, he reminds us of the old adage, *Non ex quovis ligno Mercurius*—it can never be carved into the bust of a statesman, though it may do very well for the sign of the patriot.

Men engaged in parties, says Bishop Burnet, are not easily put out of countenance. The Lord Mayor denies that he was attacked, though he was shot at; and he would persuade the public that there are no symptoms of a revolutionary spirit in the deluded multitude, though Sir James Shaw, in his presence, seized a fellow bearing the tricolour flag in the Royal Exchange! The Livery of London, in perfect conformity with the opinion of this magistrate, resolved to petition Parliament not to pass any laws restricting the rights of the subject, 'without allowing the people to ascertain the truth of the alleged grounds upon which such measures had been proposed.' Such a resolution could hardly have been expected from the mayor, aldermen, and livery of Gotham! Information which it is not prudent to lay before Parliament otherwise than through Secret Committees, because, if it were prematurely made public, the guilty would have warning to elude the pursuit of justice, and the persons who had given evidence for detecting them might probably be murdered, the Common Hall would submit to the people, that they may ascertain its truth: they petition Parliament to let the question be tried and decided by the whole people, instead of putting it in train to be brought before a jury! They take no notice of the great retrenchments which have been made; on the contrary, they imply that no such measures have been taken, as far as it can be implied by words without uttering a direct falsehood; and they avow the opinion that there is 'a settled design in the present ministers of the crown to trample upon the liberties of the people, and to establish a despotic government.' Mr. Favell, in proposing these resolutions, so remarkable for their moderation, their wisdom, and their truth, trusted that the Livery would be willing to die in the last ditch in defence of their rights! Brave Mr. Favell!—did

he mean Fleet Ditch, or Shore Ditch? And Mr. Hunt, the Orator, pathetically, yet heroically, observed, that if the Habeas Corpus were suspended, ministers would have a right to drag him to a dungeon and imprison him until the act expired. They might torture his flesh, he said,—they might impair his constitution,—but he gloried in the idea that they could not destroy a noble mind! Heroic Mr. Orator Hunt! But these magnanimous patriots may calm themselves. The worthy members of the Livery are in no danger of dying in a ditch, provided they do not walk too near one on their way home from a Reform dinner; and Mr. Hunt will not have his flesh punished if he appoint no more pugilistic meetings, or keep them no better than his appointment with mine host of the British Coffee House.

‘When God only intends the temporary chastisement of a people,’ says Cowley, ‘he does not raise up his servant Cyrus, (as he himself is pleased to call him,) or an Alexander, who had as many virtues to do good as vices to do harm, but he makes the Massaniellos and the Johns of Leyden the instruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty may be more evident by the weakness of the means by which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the serpents and the monsters of Africa to correct the pride of the Egyptians, but called for his armies of locusts out of Ethiopia, and formed new ones of vermin out of the very dust.’ ‘The thing which has been, it is that which shall be!’ How greatly might it profit the people if they would look back upon the demagogues who, in other generations strutted their hour as lords of the ascendant, and were drawn in triumph by the deluded populace through the streets of London! Such a retrospect, beginning with Titus Oates and ending with Colonel Wardle, might teach the Londoners a little to distrust their own sagacity. The Turks preserve a saying of their prophet, ‘If you are perplexed in your affairs, look for assistance from the inhabitants of the tombs:’ but alas! for the multitude, the experience of their fathers is buried with them, and the lessons of history, dearly as they have been purchased, are in vain.

The invincible attachment which the French bear to their country is one of the best traits of the French character. No distance, no time, no wrongs, can diminish it. Wherever they may be placed, whatever injuries they may have sustained, though their property should have been confiscated, their family butchered, and themselves proscribed, we have seen that the honour of France was still dear to them; insomuch, that for this cause, the emigrants were often known to rejoice at victories which prolonged the time of their exile, and seemed to render it perpetual. In this respect they greatly excel us: for melancholy as it is to confess the dis-

graceful fact, the English have less national feeling than any other people. It is notorious that the bitterest enemies of England in America, the writers who by their falsehoods and virulent invectives have most contributed to exasperate the Americans against Great Britain, are natives and subjects of this country, who with the feelings of renegades and traitors, hate the land in which they were born and bred. And well it is when this generation of vipers transport themselves: but too many of them remain at home to hiss and to sting. We talk of patriotism,—but no men ever possessed so little as our self styled patriots. They are ready at all times to impeach the motives and calumniate the measures of the government, labouring even, as far as they can, to obstruct its common and necessary operations. In times of war they go on from step to step, pleading the enemy's cause with all the warmth and zeal of unfeeling advocates, till they have identified their own feelings with his; and they pursue so precisely the course which is best suited to his interests, that he reckons their efforts among the circumstances that facilitate his success. In times of peace they join in any cry however senseless, take up any cause however frivolous or unjust, and follow any leader however worthless, desperate, or despicable, for the sake of annoying the government at least if they cannot succeed in inflicting upon it any serious injury. A spirit like this has never existed in any other country, unless it were Carthage; and had it not been by the prevalence of such a spirit, Carthage perhaps might not have been overthrown,—for Hannibal, like Marlborough, had his worst enemies at home.

It may be neither interesting nor unprofitable to trace, if we can, the growth of a spirit by which England is so peculiarly characterized and disgraced, and to seek for the causes which have tended to combine so many persons against the best government in the world.

The wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, bloody as they were, and important in their political consequences, were of the same character as contested elections in the present day: the game was of the same kind, though the stake differed tremendously in magnitude; men were engaged on either side from party-feeling, or private and accidental circumstances, such as their connexions, or their birth-place,—not from any public principle, or clear conception that their cause was right. And when the ferocious struggle was terminated by the union of the two families, it is surprising how little animosity seems to have survived it. The religious disputes under Henry VIII. divided the nation in a different manner, and produced a long train of consequences, which are acting at this hour, and the end of which no human foresight can discern. The first Reformers were possessed by a burning fiery

zeal; they trampled under foot all personal considerations; the strongest human ties proved as weak as the green withs which Samson snapt asunder when he arose from his sleep: their comforts, their worldly wealth and prospects, their affections, their liberty, their lives, were as dust and ashes compared to the kingdom of Heaven, on which their hearts were fixed, and which was ever present to their fervent imagination. Impatient of restraint, and intolerant of all error or even difference of opinion, however harmless, they were equally ready to stand in triumph beside the stake as persecutors, or sing in the flames themselves triumphantly as martyrs. The Catholics, on their part, were neither less sincere, nor less zealous: they saw distinctly the enormous present evil to which their antagonists shut their eyes, and the perilous consequences which those antagonists, perhaps, were incapable of seeing; but they were blind themselves to the corruptions and abominations which had provoked this destructive hostility. Both parties had their time-servers, who sought only to advance themselves in the confusion; but the feelings of the great majority, as well as of the leading persons on both sides, were unalloyed with any baser motives, though all the fiercer passions were called into full play.

During the first heat and effervescence of this great revolution, the most momentous by which civilized society had ever, till then, been convulsed, the religious part of the question was exclusively regarded, but it was not long before its earthly relations were perceived, and the church of England had hardly been established by Elizabeth before theological opinions produced two political parties in the state, each mortally inimical to the other, but both hating the new church which stood at equal distance from either. The Catholics looked to Spain, hoping to recover their lost supremacy by the arms of a foreign power. Their hearts had ceased to be English when the government of England became heretical, and Burleigh tells us that Philip II. was even 'greatly beloved' by them: his domestic tyranny, his persecution of the Jews in Spain, and his infernal cruelties in the Netherlands, excited in them neither shame nor indignation; the more formidable he was, the greater were their hopes; they looked to him, as the ultra-whigs of the present day have looked to Buonaparte, and in like manner forgave his insatiable ambition, his falsehoods, his murders, and his massacres, because he was the enemy of their own government. The Puritans were not less disaffected, but they were less treasonable, because they expected no foreign assistance, neither were they at this time so strong a party in themselves. It soon became apparent that they tended naturally toward republicanism; for certain it is, that monarchy and episcopacy, the throne and the altar, are much more nearly connected than writers of bad faith, or little reflection,

have sought to persuade mankind. They who disregard all sanction of antiquity, who dissent from the institutions and abhor the ceremonies of their country, have proceeded far in denaturalizing themselves. Resistance, according to a memorable declaration of Mr. Fox, must always be considered by such men as a question of prudence; they are held to their allegiance by a cable of which only one weak strand is uncut,—when the first gale comes on it will part. Besides this insensible, but natural, inclination toward democracy, which arises from the principles of a popular church government, there was another cause why the current should set in that direction; it was only under commonwealths that the Puritans saw their beloved discipline flourish; the sufferance which it had obtained in France was one in opposition to the crown, and exposed to continual and imminent danger from its known enmity. At that time the elements of our constitution had not yet adjusted themselves; there was a fair external, but it was like a crust upon the chaos,

————— *congestaque eodem*  
*Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum,*

and these fermenting principles were in full activity within. The prince was for extending too far his undefined prerogative, and the people were equally disposed for pushing to extremes their undefined rights. Perhaps political causes would not have produced a civil war, if a religious ferment had not existed at the same time and combined with them,—as some diseases are known in a certain degree to be influenced by any endemic malady which happens to prevail, and thus to acquire a type more malignant than their own. The Puritans were intolerant, fanatical, insolent and seditious; on the other hand their opponents were equally bigoted, and they were imperious and cruel; but it should not be forgotten that they clearly understood the designs of the discontented, and that their foresight was fully confirmed by the sequel. Laud cut off the ears of his libellers; and as injuries of this kind are never repaid without large interest, when their day of triumph arrived they cut off his head. His journal was published for the sake of vilifying his character, but malice is as often deficient in judgment as in generosity, and it proved his best vindication. Time enough should now have elapsed for us to contemplate this part of our history with indifferent minds, neither extenuating the errors of one party, nor aggravating those of the other,—but the memory of Laud is still pursued with calumny and insult.

Do not let us identify our own feelings too much with those of our forefathers. The rank among the nations which, by their valour, they have won for us, we are bound resolutely to maintain; the liberties which, by their virtues, they have bequeathed to us,

we are bound religiously to preserve; the institutions which, in their wisdom, they have framed for us, we are bound faithfully to uphold, that our children after us may inherit those privileges and blessings which have been our happy inheritance. But let us not perpetuate the spirit of factions which have done their work of evil and good. Let us do honour to their sincerity, to their sacrifices, to their sufferings, and to their zeal,—when it was on the suffering side. But let us mark out distinctly upon our historical chart the errors of their course, lest we, in our time, and others after us, should suffer shipwreck upon the same rocks and quicksands.

The wisest thing which the government and the rulers of the church in those days could have done, would have been to encourage the emigration to New-England, instead of impeding it. In an evil hour for the body politic did they close that abscess which the peccant humour had opened for itself. They should have afforded every possible outlet. ‘You will not live contentedly under our system; go then where you may establish your own, and go in peace.’ This should have been their language. But they did not understand the nature of the steam which was at work, and alarmed at hearing the vapour hiss as it issued out, they stopt the safety-valve. Indeed, throughout this whole portion of our history, to whatever communion or party the writer may belong, he will have almost as much to blush for, as to forgive.

The political struggle which began on both sides, rather from resentment of their wrongs than in any fixed purpose, assumed in its progress a character of decided principle. On the one part there was a generous sense of loyalty which shrunk from no personal sacrifices, but would have given unlimited power to the object of its idolatrous devotion; on the other, a sentiment, not less noble in degree, and of austerer kind, which offered up old feelings and old institutions at the altar of Republican Liberty. But the sects who associated for the subversion of the monarchy remained united no longer than while the contest was doubtful; their mutual animosity had only been suspended while they were bent upon the destruction of a common enemy. One of these sects perceived the error which they had committed, and addressed, in 1657, a memorial to Charles II. offering their services to assist in his restoration. A few brief extracts from this paper may be read with peculiar advantage at this time,—and with interest at all times—for their wisdom and the feeling with which it is expressed. The memorial came from ‘certain Baptists,’ and spoke the sense of that body of Christians, who have ever been the most tolerant of the sectarians.

‘Like poor bewildered travellers, perceiving that we have lost our

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way, we are necessitated, though with tired and irksome steps, thus to walk the same ground over again, that we may discover where it was we first turned aside, and may institute a more prosperous course in the progress of our journey. Thus far we can say we have gone right, keeping the road of honesty and sincerity, and having yet done nothing but what we think we are able to justify, not by those weak and beggarly arguments drawn either from success, which is the same to the just and the unjust, or from the silence and satisfaction of a becalmed conscience,—but from the sure, safe, sound, and unerring maxims of law, justice, reason, and righteousness.—

‘How have our hopes been blasted! how have our expectations been disappointed! how have our ends been frustrated! All those pleasant gourds under which we were sometimes solacing and caressing ourselves, how are they perished in a moment! how are they withered in a night! how are they vanished and come to nothing! Righteous is the Lord, and righteous are all his judgments! We have sown the wind, and we have reaped a whirlwind; we have sown faction, and have reaped confusion; we have sown folly, and we have reaped deceit. When we looked for liberty, behold slavery! When we expected righteousness, behold oppression! When we sought for justice, behold a cry—a great and a lamentable cry throughout the whole nation!—

‘Time, the great discoverer of all things, has at last unmasked the disguised designs of this mysterious age, and made that obvious to the dull sense of fools which was before visible enough to the quick-sighted prudence of wise men,—that liberty, religion, and reformation, the wonted engines of politicians, are but deceitful baits by which the easily-deluded multitude are tempted to a greedy pursuit of their own ruin.’

The abuse of these ‘wonted engines’ led necessarily to a violent reaction; and the people laid their liberties, with their crown, at the feet of Charles the Second. Under his reign it is that we first discover a set of men acting, with or without cause, in regular opposition to government,—sometimes upon just grounds, at others for the mere purpose of vexatiously impeding it in its ordinary course; and even at times forcing it into measures of iniquity and blood. Three classes may distinctly be perceived in this first regular Opposition:—the stern old republicans, who, though they had seen by experience how impossible it was to establish a commonwealth in England, clung nevertheless to their darling theory: some of these men were of high principles and stoical virtue, who nursed in themselves a consolatory pride, by thinking that though fallen on evil days, they were worthy of a purer system and a happier age. With these men most of the Independents joined in feeling, and differed from them only in the reverence with which they regarded the memory of Oliver, whom the higher class beheld as the betrayer of their cause, but whose name was precious to those of his own community. The second class consisted of such men as Lord

Russel, whose imaginations were less ardent, and their views more moderate—who desired nothing more than constitutional liberty—and would have regarded such liberty as we now enjoy as a true political millennium: the Presbyterians were generally of this spirit. The third were men of no principle, like Shaftsbury, who, whether he were conspiring with the crown, or against it, cared for nothing but his own purposes, and the gratification of a wicked heart. It would be libelling human nature to suppose that there were many persons so thoroughly depraved as this accomplished villain;—he is here mentioned not as the representative, but as the head of a party whose sole principle was that of selfishness.

The wisest statesman of that age, Sir William Temple, speaks thus of oppositions. ‘Among such men, I have observed all set quarrels with the age, and pretences of reforming it by their own models, to end commonly like the pains of a man in a little boat, who tugs at a rope that is fast to a ship: it looks as if he resolved to draw the ship to him; but the truth and his meaning is, to draw himself to the ship, when he gets in where he can, and does like the rest of the crew when he is there.’ How often has this happy illustration been exemplified in the course of English history! But if we would see in what manner the deleterious spirit of party can disorder the judgment and infect the whole moral and intellectual nature of men, it is only necessary to remember the Popish plot—that foulest stain in our annals. If there be one historical fact more humiliating to an Englishman than all others, more painful and mortifying to every good mind—it is the conduct of Lord Russel upon occasion of Lord Stafford’s sentence. At this time it requires no small exertion of charity to suppose that any person could ever have believed Lord Stafford’s guilt, or have listened to the evidence against him without instantly perceiving its absurd insufficiency and its atrocious falsehood. Yet when he had been condemned upon such testimony, and the King (who dared not save him in opposition to the madness of the people and the malignity of party) remitted to the venerable old man the more ignominious and cruel parts of his sentence, Lord Russel stood up in Parliament and called in question the King’s power of exercising this poor indulgence of humanity!—When he himself was condemned under circumstances of equal injustice, and the same mitigation of the pains of death was granted,—his own feelings, at being reminded of Lord Stafford’s case, were hardly too severe a punishment for having thus, in the strong language of the prophet, ‘corrupted his compassions,’ and sinned against his own soul. Lord Russel is deservedly canonized in history as one of our state-martyrs; and in thus alluding to this only spot upon his life, no wrong is offered or intended to his



name. But if the spirit of party could act in such a manner upon one whose principles were so just, whose disposition was so gentle, and whose heart was so good—upon so truly religious and excellent a man,—who can wonder at the demoniacal passions which it calls forth in viler natures—in the selfish, the sensual, the profligate, and the godless!

Under Charles the Second we first behold men acting for or against the government, not upon any consistent scheme of political views or moral principles, but merely as they happened to be in or out of place. And in the same reign the religious disputes, which during their paroxysms had occasioned such public and private calamities, such individual wickedness and national disgrace, settled in a chronic disease. The hatred which Charles conceived in his youth for the discipline and manners of the puritans would in him be pardonable, even if there had been less cause for a reasonable dislike of both; but it led him to measures of infamous cruelty in Scotland, and to a system in England which, though less bloody indeed, was yet abominably inhuman, as well as grossly impolitic and unjust. It is not imaginable that any system could have reconciled all differences and abated all asperities of sectarianism: that which was pursued tended inevitably to increase them; the Church retaliated upon its fallen enemies with little discrimination and less charity, and the Nonconformists' Memorial became the counterpart of the Sufferings of the Clergy—another part of the History of Persecution in England! The sectaries thus acquired a new generic name, when that of Puritans had become odious to the nation; and though this may at first appear a trifling thing, it was in no slight degree unfavourable to the interests both of the State and the Church. The mere circumstance of being thus comprehended under one appellation gave them a bond of union, and a political coherence as advantageous to their insulated concerns as it is injurious to the common weal. The Act of Uniformity embodied among us a party inveterately hostile to the Church; but the Church of England is vitally and inseparably connected with the State, and they who are discontented with it are but half-Englishmen. When Burleigh sought to impress upon his sovereign a full sense of the formidable strength of Spain, he reminded her not merely that the Spaniards were 'constant, ambitious, politic, and valiant,' but that they were also 'a people one-hearted in religion.' This great statesman well knew where this is not the case how rarely unanimity will be found in national measures.

James the Second towards the latter part of his reign courted the Nonconformists, and their late historians justify those who presented an address to this monarch, in terms not very consistent with historical truth, 'When a gang of assassins,' says the writer,

'are tearing my flesh, and drinking my blood, and breaking my bones without mercy,—if Satan's eldest son were to pass by, and drag mine adversaries off me, and rescue me from their murderous hands, I know not that it would be any crime to thank him for his merciful interposition and his compassion to a poor tormented creature.' Discrete and sober language! from whence it might be inferred that all the tortures inflicted upon the Christians by Decius or Diocletian, had been renewed by the Church of England. But the Dissenters happened at that time to have a specimen of thorough Romish intolerance before their eyes; they compared the Act of Uniformity and the Conventicle Act (things bad enough of themselves) with the *Dragonnades* of Louis XIV. and taking warning in time by the experience of their neighbours, they made common cause with the Church against an enemy who never persecuted by halves.

James was too late in his temporizing policy. The execution of Mrs. Gaunt, which, when all its circumstances of baseness, illegality, cruelty, and consummate wickedness are considered, is, perhaps, the foulest murder that ever was committed under the forms of law, had filled the Dissenters with indignation and hatred against him. They seem also to have continued obstinate believers in the popish plot, when most other persons were heartily ashamed of having been so grossly deluded. Even in the reign of George I. Crosby calls the conduct of Oates in this impudent villany, 'a never-to-be-forgotten service to his country.' Oh if men would but call into action half as much disposition to believe in matters of religion, as they exhibit daily in political transactions, there would be no such thing as infidelity in England,—for we continually see (and never was it more strongly exemplified than at the present time) that they who are possessed by the spirit of faction, form their opinion of the facts before them, and believe or disbelieve, according to their inclination and their will, in spite of the understanding faculty, and in contempt of conscience. 'When parties are once formed,' says Burnet, 'and a resolution is taken upon other considerations, no evidence can convince those who have beforehand resolved to stick to their point.'

There are some curious particulars concerning Titus Oates in Crosby's History. This wretch being once told that he ought not to seek revenge, but leave it to God, replied, 'that vengeance was indeed God's sweet morsel, which he kept to himself!' It is one of the few blots upon King William's reign that this man should have been pensioned with 400*l.* a year. To remit his fine was allowable and wise, because so excessive a mulct was plainly intended to serve as a sentence of imprisonment for life; and therefore it was proper to abrogate a sentence which went beyond the strict bounds

of law as much as it fell short of the malefactor's guilt. But Oates had been found guilty, upon the fullest testimony, of a series of perjuries perhaps the most wicked in themselves, and the most extensively fatal in their consequences that ever consigned any one miserable soul to perdition ; and no paltry considerations of petty interests should have induced a government, standing as William's did upon the sacred ground of religion and constitutional liberty, to injure itself with after-ages by sanctioning and rewarding a convicted miscreant.

The Revolution of 1688, of all revolutions the most necessary in its causes, the most moderate in its course, and in its consequences the most beneficial, produced a new faction in the country, more respectable in their origin than in their conduct. Their principle in reality was of a religious nature, and entitled to as much indulgence as any other scruple of conscience, which is innocent in itself, and injurious only to the individuals by whom it is fostered. Erroneous therefore as the Nonjurors were, yet in resigning their preferment rather than offend against their own sense of allegiance, they acted upon virtuous grounds, and are to be mentioned with respect, though not with applause. The joint-historians\* of the Dissenters have chosen to charge the clergy of the seventeenth century with a disposition towards Popery, and instancing in proof of this the fact that Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester, died in the Romish communion—they add, *Ex uno disce omnes* : a conclusion as logical as it would be to infer that the whole body of the Dissenters are as uncharitable as Messrs. Bogue and Bennet have here shown themselves. It is to the opposition which the English bishops made against James's design of re-establishing the Roman Catholic religion that we are indebted for the Revolution ; it is to the Church of England, and to the clergy of that church, that we are beholden for the blessings consequent upon that Revolution which we now enjoy. The liberties of the country were saved by its religion. Those prelates who had preached and were ready to practise passive obedience in human concerns, and who were far from blameless on the score of persecution, manfully stood forward when they saw the irons preparing, which may truly be said to eat into the soul. And as if to prove how free they were from any selfish or merely political views, when they thus nobly placed themselves in the breach, many of these very men submitted afterwards to the deprivation of their bishoprics, and bore testimony to the claims of the ejected king, as honestly as they had resisted his projects.

The Jacobites of the last century, like the Catholics of the preceding one, hoped to recover their ascendancy by means of a foreign power ; and learning thus to desire the success of that

\* Messrs. Bogue and Bennet, vol. i. p. 422.

power against the fleets and armies of England, they denaturalized themselves at heart. In this case, however, as in that of the Catholics, there was a principle and a point of conscience: the man who erred in judgment, and perhaps made himself amenable by overt acts to the laws of his country, might yet stand acquitted to God and to his own heart. But by this time there had arisen among us a sect more mischievous than the wildest fanatics: a sect who arrogated to themselves the name of Free-thinkers, though they were of all men in reality the most enslaved in mind. The picture which Berkeley has given of them in his admirable work represents them as truly now as when it was drawn. 'They seem to me,' he says, 'drunk and giddy with a false notion of liberty; and spurred on by this principle to make mad experiments on their country, they agree only in pulling down all that stands in their way, without any concerted scheme, and without caring or knowing what to erect in its stead. To hear them descant on the moral virtues, resolve them into shame, then laugh at shame as a weakness, admire the unconfined lives of savages, despise all order and decency of education, one would think the intention of these philosophers was, when they had pruned and weeded the notions of their fellow-subjects and divested them of their prejudices, to strip them of their clothes, and fill the country with naked followers of nature, enjoying all the privileges of brutality.'

This evil we derived from France. Voltaire has been the great master of this execrable school, but Voltaire only followed the fashion of his country. 'It is impossible,' says Addison, 'to read a page in Plato, Tully, and other ancient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions; they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes.' It was in a nation where the fashionable literature deserved this character that Voltaire was born and educated: he obtained his popularity in the cheapest way, by falling in with the humour of the times, flattering the prejudices of his contemporaries, and administering provocatives to their vices. Are we wrong in believing that the irreligion which prepared the way for his success is more imputable to Henry IV. than to any other individual? In an age of religious sincerity and fervour, Henry IV. for palpable political considerations, renounced the

faith in which he had been bred, and for which so many thousands and tens of thousands of his adherents had willingly shed their blood; and he reconciled himself to an idolatrous, faithless and persecuting church, at a time when the holocausts of the Inquisition were still smoking, and before the martyrs of St. Bartholomew had mouldered in their graves. The world had never seen so signal an instance of apostacy. No protestants, however they might strive to excuse the change for the immediate benefit of peace which was obtained by it, could possibly believe that it was the result of conviction; and it needs little reflection to perceive what must necessarily have been the fatal effects of such an example. Swift was of opinion that the best means for promoting the advancement of religion, when piety and morals had fallen to decay, would be by the example and influence of the sovereign and the government. Thus, indeed, Christianity had been introduced into England, Scotland, Ireland, and the whole North of Europe. The princes were converted and the people followed the steps of their rulers. Would not the example of disbelief, or at least of making belief subservient to policy and worldly views, be followed with even more alacrity? so it might have been foreseen, and so it was found. The chief persons among the Huguenots, who had at one time nearly divided France, one after another struck into the path of preferment. One thing alone was wanting to complete the depravation, that the morals of the king should be as loose as his faith, and here also the pattern of evil was found. Perhaps there is no other person in history, who with a strong understanding, a good disposition and good intentions, has left so injurious an example to mankind as Henri IV. of France. The effect was seen in the reign of his immediate successor, and more especially during the wars of the Fronde. The religious wars had been atrocious to the last degree, but men were sincere and zealous on both sides, ready to suffer or to inflict death for their principles. Subsequently they shifted sides, like players at a whist-table when the rubber is ended, and carried on hostilities with the same ferocious spirit, when there was scarcely even a profession of principle on either part.

Infidelity had been known in England before it was imported from France, but it had made no progress. Lord Herbert was too much an enthusiast to make proselytes to a system which is fatal to enthusiasm; the elements were not so happily mixed in him as in his saintly brother; but they were the same elements, and such as find no sympathy in vulgar minds. Hobbes had no taint of licentiousness in his thoughts or habits: while he weakened the restraints of religion, he would have bound faster the chains of human authority. These were not opinions to make their for-

tune in this country. They were addressed to hard heads, and might have suited hard hearts : something light and frothy was wanting, which should flatter the vanity as well as the vices of man, and this was introduced from our neighbours at a time when the nation was disgusted with fanaticism and hypocrisy. A philosophy\* of home growth soon came to its aid,—a superficial philosophy, which, deriving every thing from without, led the way for gross materialism† with all its pernicious consequences,—the necessary consequences of premises so shallow and so false.

The prevalence of this spirit is shown by the manner in which Swift attacked it in his 'Argument to prove that the abolishing of Christianity in England might be attended with some inconveniencies, and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby.' A fashion of infidelity even at that time when the laws against irreligious publications were enforced, prevailed in the higher and even in the middle classes, among the town wits, the club and coffee-house politicians, and the talkers of the age ; this too when frequent changes in church-government had loosened the belief of the people, and when the character of the inferior clergy was, from many causes,‡ at the lowest ebb. How prevalent it had become a generation later, and how low it had sunk, may be seen by Fielding's admirable account of the Robinhoodians, and the fine satire with which he draws from their proceedings the following conclusions, as what 'must be allowed by every reader'—

'First, that some religion had a kind of establishment among these people.

'Secondly, that this religion, whatever it was, could not have the least sway over their morals or practices

\* This subject has been treated with great ability by Mr. Coleridge in his *Lay Sermons*. See in particular the last note to his *Statesman's Manual*.

† A writer of great erudition and strength of mind, who lived when this miserable philosophy was beginning to show itself in England, distinctly perceived its fatal tendency. 'Atheism,' he says, 'most commonly lurks in *confinio scientiæ et ignorantia*. When the minds of men begin to draw those gross earthly vapours of sensual and material speculations by dark and cloudy disputes, they are then most in danger of being benighted in them. There is a *natural sense* of God, that lodges in the minds of the lowest and dullest sort of vulgar man, which is always roving after him, catching at him, though it cannot lay sure hold on him ; which works like a *natural instinct* antecedent to any mature knowledge, as being indeed the first principle of it : and if I were to speak precisely in the mode of the Stoicks, I would rather call it *δὲ μὴν πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*, than with Plutarch *θεῶν νόστος*. But when contentions, disputes, and frothy reasonings, and contemplations informed by fleshly affections, conversant only about the outside of Nature, begin to rise in men's souls, they may then be in some danger of depressing all those *inbred notions* of a Deity, and to reason themselves out of their own sense, as the old Sceptics did. And therefore it may be, it might be wished, that some men that have not religion, had had more superstition to accompany them in their passage from ignorance to knowledge. See *Select Discourses* by John Smith, late Fellow of Queen's College in Cambridge. 1660.

‡ Some of these causes are indicated in a former Number.

‘ Thirdly, that this society in which the first principles of religion and government were debated, was the chief assembly in this country, and Mr. Whitebread, the baker, the greatest man in it.

‘ And, lastly,’ he says, ‘ I think it can create no manner of surprise in any one that such a nation as this hath been long since swept away from the face of the earth, and the very name of such a people expunged out of the memory of man.’

When Fielding thus strongly and indignantly expressed his own feelings upon this important subject, the circulation of opinions was slow because of the little intercourse between one part of the country and another. From London to York was then a week’s journey, and there were no stages which travelled farther north. No provincial newspapers were extant ; there were no circulating libraries, no book-clubs, no reviews, and the earliest magazines had but just been established. Every month now produces more books than were at that time published in a year, and the number of readers has multiplied in equal or greater proportion. The error of that day was not on the side of toleration or supineness, as the proceedings against Clarke and Whiston may prove : it was dangerous to attack the religion of the country, and whenever it was attempted, the attack was made covertly, and with at least an appearance of decorum. Yet even then the pestilence of infidelity was but too widely disseminated ; it produced less certainly the disbelief of revealed religion than the hatred of it ; and when men, either from profligacy, or from any mis-directed principle of faith, desire the overthrow of an ecclesiastical establishment, they are prepared to regard with complacency any political circumstances favourable to a consummation which they wish for so devoutly. In proportion therefore as irreligion and infidelity increased, they increased the number of bad subjects.

Infidels and atheists in catholic countries hate their own church, even where it is most intolerant, less than they abhor the reformed religion, which, standing upon the sure ground of reason and Scripture, challenges the freest, fullest investigation. Infidelity indeed allies itself easily with the Romish church as a system which it may safely depise in the gross, which requires only externals, and compounds at a moderate rate for transgressions of every kind. Bolingbroke would have betrayed this country to a popish sovereign. This man was a sciolist in philosophy and a traitor in politics. Though more than a century has elapsed since he and Harley impeded the course of Marlborough’s victories and blasted their fruits, a true Englishman cannot read or remember the history of those times without feeling his cheek glow with shame and indignation. England never had so much in her power as during the conferences at Utrecht, and never did she appear in so degraded

and disgraceful a character : so notorious was the bad faith of the English cabinet, that Prince Eugene said to one of our ministers, he knew not whether he were speaking to an Englishman or a Frenchman. A charge even of direct corruption is brought against our negotiators, and by no light authority. D. Luiz da Cunha, one of the Portuguese ministers at the Congress, asserts, that the reason why Portugal obtained such unfavourable terms was that he had not money to bribe the English ministers, and the Spanish ambassador had.

The peace of Utrecht, with all the complicated treachery and baseness by which it was brought about, was the effect of faction, of that vile party-spirit which has been so often the reproach and the bane of England. The faction which then, for its own sinister purposes, betrayed the interests of Europe, did not long enjoy their triumph ; the great object of all their machinations was frustrated, and the happiest age of English history began with the accession of the House of Brunswick. The reigns of the first two Georges were disturbed by two rebellions, rashly undertaken, ill-conducted, and too rigorously punished. After the second of these explosions the Jacobites satisfied themselves with indulging their feelings in treasonable songs and toasts ; and as the prince to whom they were so faithfully attached happily had no children by the remarkable woman whose life he rendered miserable, their loyalty died a natural death. The last remnant of this unfortunate family was no object of fear or jealousy to the reigning king ; he became therefore an object of dignified compassion. At a time when Buonaparte, renewing the bloody practices of former usurpers, ordered the Duc d'Enghien to midnight execution, the last of the Stuarts received from the King of England an allowance suitable to his birth and rank. Upon his decease the Prince Regent gave him a monument ; and it will perhaps be recorded in history that this act of honourable and princely feeling was censured as a waste of public money by some of that party who arrogate to themselves exclusively the praise of liberality.

The present king—an Englishman not only by birth and education, but if ever there was one, by heart and habits also—succeeded to the throne of an united people, which none of his predecessors had done since Henry VIII. The Jacobites were now regarded rather as humourists than as a party in the state : their politics were as much out of date as a ruff and fardingale, or a Steenkirk wig. The Catholics were quiet and contented ; for the vexatious laws under which they lived had been suspended by the spirit of the age, and they were not molested. The Dissenters, enjoying the most full and perfect toleration, were more engaged in controversies among themselves than with the Church. Vigorous counsels had



raised our military and naval reputation to its old and proper standard. Affairs were quiet at home and prosperous abroad. Our colonies were rapidly increasing in population, wealth and importance. Commerce was more flourishing than ever, arts and manufactures were improving,—a spirit of improvement seemed to characterize the age. Literature and the fine arts were every where encouraged; scientific voyagers and travellers were sent out by England, France, Spain, Denmark and Russia; and despotic sovereigns courted the correspondence of men of letters and affected the language of philosophy. But what a philosophy! Alas—they had ‘forsaken the Fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water.’ The moral consequences of such philosophy were seen in the private life of Catherine, and in the first partition of Poland. The purchase and subjugation of Corsica by the French was another proof of the atrocious usurpations which might unblushingly be effected in an age of liberal ideas; and tortures too shocking to be remembered without shuddering, were inflicted upon a poor madman by a court which called itself the most polished in the world, and in a nation which boasted of its humanity and its fine feelings!

In England, notwithstanding all the fair appearances with which the present reign commenced, a spirit of insubordination had long been gaining ground. Steele remarked at the beginning of the century, that ‘the newspapers of this island were as pernicious to weak heads in England as ever books of chivalry to Spain.’ The temper which they produced was not dangerous in his days, and he regarded it rather as a malady and a misfortune in the individuals, than as an evil to the state; ‘they are considered as lunatics,’ he says, ‘and therefore tolerated in their ravings.’ During the two preceding reigns the circulation of political writings had been comparatively trifling, and their effect not very great. We had not yet learned to talk of the reading public, or to call ourselves a thinking people. The pamphlets and flying squibs of the day were above the reach of the multitude, and beneath the notice of the learned; they passed current therefore for as little as they were worth. But a tremendous alteration was now to take place, and the art of popular writing was at the same time carried to perfection and directed to the most mischievous of all purposes. This was accomplished by Junius: the most influential and the most pernicious English writer of his age. The works of other libellers have died with them; and the authors have either sunk into utter contempt, or been remembered only for infamy; but it has been this man’s fate to have his falsehood, his malignity, and his wickedness overlooked or pardoned because of the skill with which he compounded his poisonous ingredients. He may be considered as

the founder of that school of writers, who, setting truth at defiance, impose the most audacious misrepresentations upon a credulous public, and seasoning sophistry with slander, carry into literary and political disquisition a spirit of personal malevolence. He too was the first writer since the Restoration who set an example of traducing the sovereign, insulting the chief magistrate as an individual, while he laboured to bring the measures of his government into hatred and contempt.

M. Simond traces the American war with all its consequences to a personage who, in the part which he acted upon the political stage, had certainly no other object than that of repairing his own ruined fortunes.

‘Our new world,’ says the Gallo-American traveller, ‘has generally the credit of having first lighted the torch which was to illuminate and soon set in a blaze the finest part of Europe: yet I think the flint was struck, and the first spark elicited by the patriot John Wilkes, a few years before. In a time of profound peace, the restless spirits of men, deprived of other objects of public curiosity, seized with avidity on those questions which were then agitated with so much violence in England, touching the rights of the people and of the government, and the nature of power. The end of the political drama was in favour of what was called, and in some respect was, the liberty of the people. Encouraged by the success of this great comedian, the curtain was no sooner dropt on the scene of Europe, than new actors hastened to raise it again in America, and to give the world a new play, infinitely more interesting and more brilliant than the first.’

Franklin was in London during the Saturnalia of Wilkes’s triumph.

‘Tis really,’ he says, ‘an extraordinary event to see an outlaw and exile, of bad personal character, not worth a farthing, come over from France, set himself up as candidate for the capital of the kingdom, miss his election only by being too late in his application, and immediately carrying it for the principal county. All respect to law and government seems to be lost among the common people, who are moreover continually inflamed by seditious scribblers to trample on authority, and every thing that used to keep them in order.—What the event will be, God only knows. But some punishment seems preparing for a people who are ungratefully abusing the best constitution and the best king any nation was ever blest with.’

These were the remarks of Franklin, made at the time and on the spot,—and he will not be suspected of undervaluing popular rights and popular feelings. He describes the people as ‘intent on nothing but luxury, licentiousness, power, places, pensions and plunder;’ and the ministry as ‘divided in their counsels, worried by perpetual oppositions, in continual apprehension of changes, and intent on securing popularity in case they should lose favour.’

Titus Oates had been the first *Roi des Halles* in England : Dr. Sacheverel was the second ; and to him, after an interregnum of threescore years, John Wilkes succeeded. After Wilkes there was a shorter interregnum till the accession of Lord George Gordon ; during the last twenty years the succession has been interrupted, and the distinguished office was filled by Mr. Hunt, when he was suddenly shorn of his beams by the Act against Seditious Meetings. Wilkes was very far the ablest man upon this notable list of worthies ; the government by its mis-management placed the laws on his side, and thus unfortunately provoked a host of generous feelings in aid of one of the greatest profligates of a profligate age. M. Simond is right in reckoning him among what Mr. Clarkson would call the forerunners and co-adjutors of the American and French Revolutions : beyond a doubt the seeds of disaffection and insubordination were scattered at that time wherever the affairs of England were canvassed ; and they took root in America as well as at home. But the ground was ready for the sower. Wilkes would have produced little effect if the public mind had not been apt at the time to receive such influences. Concerning America, suffice it in this place to observe, that every thing in the history, habits, institutions and circumstances of that country tended surely and inevitably toward Republicanism. At home there was a great body of latent discontent ; it was developed at this time by Wilkes, it was fostered by Junius and the writers of that school, and it was brought into full action by the American war.

Some influence must be attributed to the leaven which Jacobitism had left behind. The Jacobites, indeed, no longer existed as a faction, their hopes having no longer an object whereon to fix ; but when disloyalty had ceased, disaffection would in very many instances remain ; and men who had been trained up to regard the reigning family with dislike, and desire their overthrow, would be disposed to unite with any party in whom they could find the mere sympathy of opposition. If a generation of perfect tranquillity had intervened, this feeling would have worn out ; and all the adherents of the old family would gradually and imperceptibly have transferred their entire allegiance, as many unquestionably did. But there was no such interval ; and it is a curious fact that the last man in England who was a professed Jacobite became a furious Jacobine.

Infinitely more effect is attributable to the state of religion, and the progress of what are called liberal opinions. The American war made the Dissenters feel once more as a political party in the state. New England was more the country of their hearts than the England wherein they were born and bred ; and when the flag of Republicanism was hoisted, it awakened hopes which were

lying dormant, and brought forth their old opinions with increased strength. England had never been without some few speculative republicans since the time of the Restoration; their tenets had become to a certain degree fashionable in the early part of the present reign. The most distinguished poet of his age breathed a spirit of Grecian freedom throughout his writings with an impassioned and stately eloquence which was at once adapted to elevate youthful minds and impress youthful imaginations. Books were printed with the cap of liberty in the title-page, and a lady favoured the world with what she was pleased to call a History of England, written upon republican principles,—for which the rector of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, placed her statue while she was yet living, in the chancel of his church. All persons who partook of these opinions wished well of course to the Americans in their resistance to the mother-country. In that Life of Washington which was compiled from his own papers, it is said, that at the commencement of the resistance the popular leaders were greatly encouraged by their zealous friends in England, who exaggerated the divisions and discontents at home, exhorted them to persevere, and assured them that perseverance would crown their patriotic efforts with success. Thus they were stimulated to proceed, in expectation that government must yield, till they were actually engaged in a war, from the thought of which in the first instance they would have shrunk with horror. During the progress of that war Washington constantly enumerated English disturbances among his grounds of hope, dwelling upon this when he had almost ceased to hope; and there was a secret committee in America empowered by Congress to correspond with their friends in Great Britain and Ireland. Some of the treason which was committed during that war may perhaps appear hereafter when other collections of American state-papers shall be published:—that it existed to a great degree is beyond all doubt.

As there were some persons who favoured the American cause on account of their republican predilections, there were many more who acquired a predilection for republicanism because they favoured the American cause. Indeed it was scarcely possible to consider the character of Washington without feeling some degree of prepossession for whatever opinions might be entertained by so wise and excellent a man. The Constitution of the United States was extolled as the noblest work of human intellect, and it was believed that all which philosophers had devised in their ideal fabrics of society was realized in America. Little did the enthusiasts who thought thus know what was passing in the mind of Washington himself,—for Washington, seeing the strong tendency of the Americans towards licentiousness and anarchy, confessed to his friends his fears that the great cause in which they had embarked would be dis-

honoured and betrayed, and the last and fairest experiment in favour of the rights of human nature turned against them.

An American officer of distinction who had served during the war with La Fayette and Kosciusko, and came to Europe with them in the same vessel after peace had been concluded, when he took leave of the latter at Paris, said to him, 'I suppose you are going to see what can be done in your own country?' The Pole shook his head, and replied, that the people were not in a fit state for such a revolution. Well had it been for France if La Fayette had had the same wisdom! But the intellectual atmosphere had received its taint: and as an *influenza* beginning in Tartary travels from China throughout the whole inhabited part of the old continent, so was this moral pestilence to run its course. 'The trumpet had sounded—Wo, wo, wo to the inhabitants of earth! and the vial of wrath was poured out.'

If it had been proposed to establish kingdoms in America, and introduce hereditary nobility, with all those gradations of rank which have grown out of the feudal system, and been softened and matured into their present form, men would have perceived the unfitness and impossibility of creating such an order of things in agricultural and commercial colonies. They would have seen that it was as absurd as to erect a modern citadel upon the plan of a baronial castle, or build a cotton-mill upon the model of a cathedral: but they saw no absurdity in reducing Europe to the standard of America, plucking up all her venerable institutions by the roots, and levelling the whole platform of society by the rule and line of trans-Atlantic equality. This was a portentous error, though in its origin not altogether without excuse: for the evils of inequality in Europe, from causes which will presently be adverted to, were every day becoming more grievous and more glaring. No generous heart could contemplate those evils without an ardent desire of relieving, and if possible removing them. But men fell into the strange mistake of believing that the facilities of subsistence in America were owing to its form of government, and that the abolition of the privileged orders was all that was needful for placing us in the same condition with the inhabitants of a new country, where hands were wanting to till the ground, and consequently where the wealth of every family was in some degree in proportion to its numbers. Under this delusion, they mistook the means of bettering the condition of the poor, and supposed that the best way to elevate and improve the lower classes was to pull down all above them.

When these principles began to spread, it so happened that our literary journals were almost wholly in the hands of dissenters, and more particularly of those dissenters who prided themselves upon the

freedom of their opinions. No sooner had the genuine philosophy of the fathers of the English church given place to the flimsy metaphysics of the material school, than it was evinced, by the growth of heretical opinions, with what wisdom our ancestors had asserted sound and orthodox learning to be the same. The old religious disputes related almost exclusively to the discipline, the rites, or the ceremonies of the church;—episcopacy or presbytery, adult or infant baptism, the mode of administering the sacrament,—the use of the cross in baptism, the surplice and the altar, with other such points of controversy, in which the disputants argued from the same premises, and held the same essential faith. Even when doctrines were disputed, they were such as in no ways affected the fundamental principles of Christianity. It was otherwise when Arianism, which, for more than a thousand years, had disappeared from the Christian world, was revived in England. In the Establishment it called forth able defenders of the established truth, and the question there was laid at rest. But among the dissenters, say their historians, 'the case was widely different. The people concerned themselves as much about religion as their teachers, and many of them understood as well the doctrines of the Gospel. When the heresy found an entrance here, it created a convulsion in the body, and produced in the adherents to the ancient faith paroxysms of horror and anguish, and roused their most vigorous energies to expel the poison.' Yet these historians admit that during this period 'error was the destroying angel of dissenting congregations.' They impute the revival of Arianism to the devil himself. 'When it filled the pulpit,' they say, 'it invariably emptied the pews. This was the case not only where a part of the congregation, alarmed by the sound of heresy, fled from the polluted house to a separate society, but where no opposition was made, and all remained without a murmur in the original place. In numerous instances the preacher, full of the wisdom of the serpent, sought by hiding the monster from their view, to draw them over by stealth to the new theology, and unveiled his sentiments only as the people were able to bear them without a frown. Though at last his wishes were crowned with success, yet the decay gradually consumed the growth, the strength and the life of the society, till a large congregation was reduced to a handful. When Socinianism found an entrance, its operations were quicker than those of the Arian creed, and more effectual: flourishing societies were reduced to a few families, which, being animated with zeal for the new opinions, or indifferent about any, chose to continue to support the mode of worship to which from education, or use, they were attached. In many places, Socinianism was the abomination of desolation, and consigned what had been formerly the house of prayer, and of the

L. K.\*

assemblies of the saints, an undisturbed abode to the spiders and the bats.'—Old Daniel Burges used to say that he dreaded a *Christless Christianity*.

The nature of Socinianism has been exposed with consummate ability by Mr. Coleridge in his second Lay Sermon. Here we have briefly to notice its growth and progress in England. It grew out of Arianism, and so entirely destroyed the system from which it sprung, that there is not (we believe) a single Arian congregation at this day existing in Great Britain. And as the Arian ended in the Socinian heresy, so did Socinianism tend with equal, or more rapidity, toward unbelief. It is well known that the Socinian academy at Hackney was given up, notwithstanding the high character and learning of some of its conductors, because almost all the students pushed the principles in which they were educated farther than their tutors. The dry-rot was in the foundation and the walls, as well as in the beams and rafters, and the unfortunate pupils came away believers in blind necessity and gross materialism—and in nothing else. The literary journals, at the commencement of the French Revolution, were in the hands of those dissenters, among whom this change during half a century had been taking place. The writers therefore were men in all stages of disbelief,—for every thing was tolerated except orthodoxy.

We happen to have at hand the Monthly Review of the 'Inquiry concerning Political Justice, and its influence on general Virtue and Happiness, by William Godwin.' The manner in which this work was treated by what was then, without competition, the most accredited journal of the age, will show in what spirit the journal was conducted. It was announced 'with no small degree of pleasure, as a work which, 'from the freedom of its inquiries, the grandeur of its views, and the fortitude of its principles,' was 'eminently deserving of attention.' The writers, indeed, 'would by no means be understood to subscribe to all the principles,'—but they took care not to specify any from which they dissented. 'Knowledge,' they said, 'was not yet arrived at that degree of certainty which is requisite for any two men to think alike on all subjects; neither had language attained that consistent accuracy which can enable them to convey their thoughts, even when they do think alike, in a manner perfectly correct and intelligible to both.' In this manner they excused themselves from offering any objections to a system of politics and ethics, which laid the axe to the root of every social institution, human and divine, and of every domestic virtue!—Many of the opinions which the work contained, they said were bold, some of them were moral, and some doubtless were erroneous;—but its patient and philosophic manner 'ought to endear it even to those whose principles it might offend.' The

farther they proceeded in their examination of this 'bold and original work,' (for it was continued in three numbers,) the more they were convinced that it was proper, at that particular period (1793,) to present their readers with a clear analysis of its contents rather than obtrude any decided opinion of their own. When the minds of men were so much agitated, they thought it *their duty* thus to limit themselves. The opinions of the author respecting government were 'indeed highly interesting to society;' at least they deserved a serious and deep investigation, since the conclusions to which they led were fascinatingly attractive; and, if false, deserved to be clearly, fully, and immediately exposed. The task was too unwieldy and mighty for their limits: but they earnestly recommended it 'as a labour worthy of all inquiring minds to examine the work itself, in order that they may confute these new doctrines, if in opposition to virtue and truth; or if in agreement with them, that they may further elucidate, strengthen, and expand the writer's principles.'—'Whether the author's opinions should prove to be truths, which time and severe scrutiny would establish, or the visions of an over-zealous mind, which strict examination would dissipate, it was certain that his intentions were friendly to man. The tone of virtue was uniform, and predominated throughout the work.' It need not here be stated what were the sentiments which were promulgated under this *tone of virtue* in Mr. Godwin's work—a work in which the existence of the Deity was spoken of as an hypothesis, and in which the ethics were worthy of the religion! Of the author himself we have no wish to speak with asperity; miserably mistaken as he was, he is entitled to full credit for sincerity and fair intentions. He erred from vanity, not from any principle of evil.

During the seventeenth century, every man had his place in society, and none of the ways of life were crowded. 'All honour in England,' says an old writer, 'came *a Marte* or *Mercurio*, from learning or chivalry, from the pen or the pike, from priesthood or knighthood.' If a boy who was born in the lower ranks discovered a decided disposition for learning, patronage was obtained for him, by the help of endowed schools, exhibitions, or scholarships; he made his way through college, and rose perhaps to high offices in the church or in the law. But unless this aptitude was strongly marked, parents in general were well content that their sons should fill the same station which they themselves had filled before them. Long after the Reformation, there was even a difficulty in finding a sufficient number of clergy for the service of the establishment. But when our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, assumed a character of stability, and the commerce of the nation increased, the ambition as well as the wealth of individuals increased also, and



Addison observes that, in his time, the great professions, law, physic, and divinity were overstocked with practitioners. Hence there arose a class of literary adventurers. As early as in Elizabeth's days, a few unlucky individuals had lived by their wits, without any other profession or means of subsistence; but men of letters were not known in England as a distinct class in society till the beginning of the last century, and during the present reign they have increased in number at least fifty fold.

When literature was confined to colleges and convents, it may safely be affirmed, that men of letters were at the same time the happiest and the most useful of their generation. They had no cares for the morrow; they wrote from the fulness of the mind, or from the impulse of strong desire: some to collect the scattered memorials of past times, or record the events of their own; others to exert the whole force of their intellect on the subtlest or the highest problems which could be proposed to human understanding. If they obtained celebrity, it was well; and if they failed, the labour had been its own reward. The schoolmen will not now be spoken of with derision, as they have often been by writers 'too ignorant to be humble;' enough is known of their real merits to ensure the acknowledgment that their powers of mind were commensurate with their Herculean industry; and that characters more truly venerable, or on whom it is more consolatory and delightful for the imagination to dwell, than Bede, William of Malmesbury, and many of the monkish historians, are not to be found in the annals of mankind. Great as have been the advantages of printing, it was a lamentable change, when literary composition and that exercise of reason which should be, as till then it had been, the noblest of human occupations and the highest of human enjoyments, became a trade—a mere trade, to be pursued not from aptitude or choice, but from necessity and for daily bread. It is a difficult, as well as a delicate task, to advise a youth of ardent mind and aspiring thoughts in the choice of a profession; but a wise man will have no hesitation in exhorting him to choose any thing rather than literature. Better that he should seek his fortune before the mast, or with a musket on his shoulder and a knapsack at his back,—better that he should follow the plough, or work at the loom or the lathe, or sweat over the anvil, than trust to literature as the only means of his support. Let the body provide for the body; the intellectual part was given us for other purposes. A single hour of composition won from the business of the day, is worth more than the whole day's toil of him who works at the trade of literature: in the one case, the spirit comes joyfully to refresh itself, like a hart to the water brooks; in the other, it pursues its miserable way panting and jaded, with the dogs of hunger and necessity behind. Nor

are respectability, worldly welfare, happiness, health, and even existence, all that are endangered by this course of life; there are worse evils than neglect, poverty, imprisonment, and death. It is not of his earthly fortunes alone that a man may make shipwreck upon this perilous course; his moral nature may be sacrificed, and his eternal hopes desperately hazarded. Boyse in his blanket, Savage in a prison, and Smart scrawling his most impassioned verses with charcoal upon the walls of a madhouse, are not the most mournful examples which might be held up as a warning to kindred spirits. There are even more pitiable objects than Chatterton himself with the poison at his lips. His mighty mind brought with it into the world a taint of hereditary insanity, which explains the act of suicide and divests it of its fearful guilt. But it is when literary adventurers commit the act of moral suicide that they render themselves objects of as much compassion as is compatible with abhorrence,—when they become base in the basest way, and acting as panders to the lowest vices or the worst passions of man's corrupted nature, deal in scandal, sedition, obscenity, or blasphemy, whichever article may be most in demand, according to the disease of the age. The reader need not be reminded of the wretched libeller in France, who when he was brought before the minister and interrogated concerning the motives of his conduct, replied that it was necessary for him to live. If the real motives of our present race of libellers could be traced, very many of them would be found to proceed from the same cause, cupidity or poverty acting upon minds which have long since emancipated themselves from all moral restraint. This has been placed beyond all doubt in the case of one incendiary, the most notorious of his tribe. He was involved in unprofitable speculations and consequent debts; he thought it possible by taking advantage of the general distress, to bring about a revolution; he spared no efforts for effecting this, in the hope of enriching himself in the scramble; and being disappointed by the enactment of those timely laws which the safety of the country required, the villain fled from his creditors and from the pursuit of justice. Another of these firebrands, perceiving some two or three years back that his journal flagged in its sale, observed that it was not seasoned enough, and he must put more capsicum in it;—a significant expression, implying more personality, more falsehood, more abuse of the Prince Regent, a stronger infusion of slander, and a little more of the essential spirit of treason. Had this man taken to any useful profession, or even any honest trade, he might have bequeathed an honourable name to posterity, and gone to his grave without the miserable reflection, that from error, and vanity at first, and afterwards from irritation, pride, wilfulness and malignity, he had made the talents with

which he was intrusted, instruments of evil to others, and of perdition to himself.

A Frenchman who at the age of nineteen, and in the first years of the revolution, entered Paris for the first time, meaning to live by his literary talents, describes his own feelings and his conduct on his arrival in a very memorable manner. After wondering awhile at the Louvre, till a sense of weariness and hunger made him think it necessary to look out for food and lodging, '*Je fus distrait,*' he says, '*de ma stupidité contemplative par un appétit dévorant, qui me rappela en un clin d'œil mon isolement, le peu de moyens pécuniaires que j'avais, la disgrâce et l'exhérédation dont j'allais être puni.*' " *Te voilà donc à Paris sans état, sans fortune, sans parens, sans connoissances !—D'après ce soliloque, je perche mon chapeau au bout de ma canne ; je le fais tourner, attachant ma destinée à la direction de la corne droite, qui se fixe à l'E.S.E. Me voilà dans la Rue Saint Jacques.\** Many are the literary adventurers who choose their part in political warfare with no truer compass to direct their course,—and without the honest intentions of the Irishman, who seeing two parties of his countrymen warmly engaged in bludgeon work, and being utterly unable to refrain from joining in the sport, exclaimed, as he rushed in among them, 'God grant I may take the right side!' But the general tendency of men who thus throw themselves upon the world to live by their wits is soon determined by the disappointment which they almost universally experience at their outset ; for disappointment brings with it discontent, which is the parent of disaffection ; and envy, which the unsuccessful are too prone to entertain towards all who are more fortunate than themselves, is inseparable from hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. Thus it is that of

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\* This poor Frenchman, P. Pitou, who as long as his Memoirs shall be remembered will be liked the better for having worn a cocked hat, deserved a happier fortune than he met with. He seems to have kept clear of the crimes of the Revolution, but being reduced at last to sing ballads of his own composing about the streets, some unlucky couplets offended the Directory. and he was condemned to death for them by the friends of humanity and liberal opinions who were then at the head of affairs. The sentence was commuted for transportation to Cayenne. He survived the sufferings and dangers of that inhuman banishment, and it is in his Memoirs that the account of the death of Collot d'Herbois is given,—a death worthy of his crimes : he was lying upon the ground, his face exposed to a burning sun, in a raging fever, the negroes who were appointed to bear him from Kouron to Cayenne, a distance of six leagues, having thrown him down to perish ; a surgeon who found him in this situation, asked him what ailed him. he replied,—*J'ai la fièvre, et une sueur brûlante.—Je le crois bien, vous suez le crime.*—was the bitter rejoinder. He expired vomiting froth and blood, calling upon the Virgin Mary and upon that God whom he had so often renounced, crying out for a priest, and despairing of mercy while he implored it. M. Pitou describes him as *not* naturally wicked, but made so by the Revolution ;—*il avait d'excellentes qualités du côté du cœur, beaucoup de clinquant du côté de l'esprit ; un caractère faible et irascible à l'excès généreux sans bornes, peu attaché à la fortune, bon ami, et ennemi implacable. La révolution a fait sa perte.*

meremen of letters, wherever they exist as a separate class, a large proportion are always enlisted in hostility open or secret, against the established order of things. From the first their bias is on the wrong side; vanity, presumption, and half-knowledge, make them believe that they are wiser than their elders, and capable of reforming the world; add to these errors by which youth is so easily beset, false philosophy to which they lead, and irreligion in which that philosophy ends, and you have a revolutionist complete. 'Loose principles,' says Stillingfleet, 'bad practices, and extravagant desires, naturally dispose men to endeavour changes and alterations, in hopes of bettering themselves by them; and the prevalency of vice doth unhinge government and weaken the strength and sinews of it.'

The progress of society also, which tends naturally to overstock every profession, and to crowd all the middle walks of life with unsuccessful adventurers, is continually increasing the number of persons who are discontented because their fortune has not corresponded to their desires. The acute observer who asked of Mæcenas why no man was contented with his destination, was in this instance less accurate than usual in his remarks. It is not with their way of life that men are dissatisfied, but with their success in it; and in whatever way they may be placed they usually contrive to keep upon excellent terms with themselves. The dissatisfaction which would have its seat at home if they had courage or virtue to look into their hearts, and set about the rigorous duty of self-examination, is projected by an easy effort of self-love; they impute their failure in life to any cause rather than to the want of talents, or of discretion, or of character; the game has gone against them, and they wish to shuffle the cards and cut for the winning seats. As early as the days of the Prophet Samuel we know who were the men who have always been found ready to embark in desperate designs,—'every one that is in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented.' Talleyrand has said that hope is the counterpoise of discontent; with more truth may it be said to be the heaviest weight that discontent casts into the scale.

'States are secure in proportion as the great body of the people are contented with their situation, and attached to the institutions of their country:—no axiom in geometry can be more incontestable than this. Wherever this attachment is loosened and a spirit of discontent has gone abroad, convulsions must be expected, and revolutions will ultimately follow, unless the evil be averted by wise preventive means. While the endemic moral maladies of the last half-century have been tainting the middle classes,—while a false philosophy, sapping the very foundation of religion, has made a

breach through which unbelief and atheism have come in ;—and while crude and erroneous notions of policy have substituted a cosmopolitan *liberality* as it is called, and a spurious patriotism in place of those old English virtues which our fathers called *loyalty* and love of our country, changes more alarming only because they act upon a wider population, have been taking place in the condition of the populace. The direct tendency of the manufacturing system has been to raise up among us a class of men who are exposed to every imaginable circumstance that can render them dissatisfied and dangerous, and who are removed from all those local and personal ties, all those soothing and genial influences, which bind the peasant to his superiors and his country. They have been trained up in a manner of which it is not speaking too strongly to affirm that it is alike pernicious to the body and to the soul. All means of instructing them in their moral and religious duties have been neglected, while the wickedest writers that ever converted the press into an engine of mischief have used every means for engrafting sedition and impiety upon vice and ignorance. So long as manufactures flourished, and the wages of the week sufficed for the expenses of the week and for the week's debauchery, all seemed well to the superficial observer, and there appeared no further evil upon the surface than the increase of crimes in manufacturing districts, and the continual increase of the poor-rates. The revenue however prospered, and it was even boasted in parliament, as a cause for national exultation, that the labour of children during the present reign had been made productive to the state. Alas! they who mistake the wealth of nations for their prosperity, and, in pursuit of it, lose sight of their virtue and their happiness, are wofully ignorant of all upon which the strength of nations and the security of governments must be founded. Governments that found it upon manufactures sleep upon gunpowder.

But the system bore in itself the seeds of its own destruction. It was not possible that improvements in machinery should always be confined to ourselves. Men equally ingenious were at work upon the same object on the continent, (where indeed they were stimulated and encouraged in every way by the government,) and no laws, however severe, could prevent the emigration of artificers. The journeyman who, in defiance of laws, carries his labour where he can obtain the highest reward for it, is no object of moral indignation; but the fact that many of the most flourishing fabrics which were established under Buonaparte's patronage have been erected or conducted by subjects of Great Britain, is one melancholy proof how entirely the British are capable of expatriating themselves. While the continental nations have thus been taught to manufacture for themselves, a cause upon which it is more humili-

liating to reflect has contributed to their success, and probably to the permanent diminution of our foreign trade. Flimsy goods have been fabricated for the sake of immediate gain; the arts of chemistry have been fraudulently employed by unprincipled speculators, and rapid fortunes have thus been accumulated by these nefarious means, at the expense of the national character. There was a time when English goods were sufficiently warranted by their name; but the foreign customers upon whom a trick of this kind has once been practised, will look to some other country in future for their supply.

That our manufactures should ever again flourish as they have, is neither to be desired nor expected. From the commencement of the present century the cotton manufacture, which Mr. Brougham calls the great staple of the country, has been declining, and at this time it is chiefly supported by the exportation of cotton yarn, from which other nations now fabricate their own piece-goods. The propriety of permitting this exportation is just now a subject of warm discussion, and the legislature has been called upon to prohibit it, by short-sighted reasoners who never look beyond their own private and immediate interests. The truth is that these other nations will begin to make the yarn for themselves also, as soon as they find it more advantageous than buying it from us; and any interference on the part of the government would only accelerate this result, which sooner or later is inevitable. Home restrictions are not necessary to hasten the downfall of our manufacturing system. Some of the continental nations rival us in those branches wherein we are most expert, of course it is impossible that we should force our goods there. Others are rapidly advancing to a competition with us;—there it is the duty and the manifest interest both of the government and of the people to favour their own produce by excluding ours. In others which are less advanced, and where a want of industry, as in Spain, is the national disease, the great object of the statesman will be to stimulate industry, and the most obvious means of effecting this is by discouraging foreign manufactures for the purpose of forcing their own. An opposition orator, if he pleases, may call this ingratitude in our allies, and ring changes upon the folly, the incapacity, and the wickedness of ministers for not making impossible commercial stipulations in peace, with as much reason as he rang the same changes during the war. He may affirm also if he pleases, as Mr. Brougham has done, that ‘from all our exertions to serve the continental powers, whether looking after honour or profit, we have been fated to reap nothing but loss and disgrace. But the sound part of the public know how to appreciate such assertions and such authority. As for profit, we were not looking for it in

the pounds, shillings, and pence meaning of the word: and if there be an Englishman who can indeed believe as well as assert that we have reaped nothing but disgrace from our exertions in the war, the disgrace is upon himself, upon his heart, and his understanding: he had no share in the counsels which led to our success, and it is his proper punishment that he should have had no communion in the joy, no participation in the honours of the triumph.

The progress which manufactures had made on the continent was very little understood while the war continued, and meantime our adventurers, in the eagerness of speculation, seemed to think it impossible that the markets which were open to them should ever be overstocked. Instead of cautiously proportioning the supply to the demand, they acted as if the demand would always keep pace with the supply. The more their gains, the more they were desirous of gaining; with them 'increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on: but unfortunately they reasoned, that as it was with the manufacturer so it would be with the consumer. Thus they converted their very prosperity into the means of ruin, increasing the quantity of produce by every possible improvement in mechanism, till machinery at length has come in competition with human labour, for which during the first part of the process its tendency had been to produce an increased demand. The multitudes who have been thrown upon the public are now to be fed, means for employing them are to be devised, and the recurrence of any similar calamity is, if possible, to be prevented. Nothing but a thorough reformation, moral and religious, of the labouring classes can accomplish this; such a reformation as shall in its direct and immediate consequences improve their physical condition, increasing their comforts as it increases their respectability,—nothing short of this can restore security. It is not the fault of this or of that administration, of any man or set of men, or of any preconcerted order of things, that such is now the condition of society; the evil has unavoidably arisen from the prevalence and extent of the manufacturing system; yet while we acknowledge the evil in all its magnitude and in all its bearings, we ought not to be unmindful of the good which that system has produced and the benefit which will eventually be derived from it. That system supplied the resources which enabled us to support the most arduous, the most necessary, and the most glorious war in which Great Britain ever was engaged, a war which has entitled her to the gratitude and admiration of all succeeding ages. And in its remoter consequences whatever diminishes the necessity for bodily labour will be a blessing to mankind. But when the evil has come upon us, when its presence is painfully and alarmingly felt, its causes distinctly perceived, and all its perilous tendency clearly apprehended, then indeed, if any means of remedy should be

neglected, the neglect will be a sin for which all who are implicated in it will stand arraigned not alone before posterity, but at the most awful of all tribunals !

If we compare the present disaffection with that of any former age, it will be apparent that the danger differs as much in kind as in degree. The party in the legislature who stand opposed to the measures of government were never at any time so little formidable either for talents or for their credit with the people. They staked their characters as statesmen upon the issue of the war, and forfeited it both abroad and at home, now and for ever. They have neither leader, nor bond of union : and were the government even to drop in their hands, they would be found incapable of occupying it ; for they have neither the confidence of the Sovereign, nor of the people ; nor of each other. This, however, is the more alarming to the commonwealth. On all former occasions the discontented part of the public have looked to a party in the legislature, and fixed their eyes upon the men by whom the change of measures which they desired was to be brought about : and the Opposition themselves have always till now been ready to assume the command of the ship whenever they could get on board, and unanimous in their opinion which course to steer. But in the present crisis they are as much at variance with each other as with the ministry : east and west are not more opposite to each other than those statesmen who supported Mr. Pitt in the whole course of his foreign policy, and who have now supported the present government in those strong measures which were absolutely necessary for the public weal, are to the anacephalous Foxites. The ultra Whigs again hold these latter in utter contempt and hatred as moderates ; and the thorough-paced revolutionist spares no effort to persuade the discontented part of the people that their superiors are their natural enemies, and to excite and exasperate them against all who are raised above them by the advantages of birth and fortune. ' The interests of the great,' says the Examiner, ' are so far from being the same as those of the community, that they are in direct and necessary opposition to them ; their power is at the expense of our weakness ; their riches of our poverty ; their pride of our degradation, their splendour of our wretchedness, their tyranny of our servitude.' Such are the doctrines and such the language which this convicted libeller sends into the pot-houses of manufacturing towns and of the remotest villages !

The prospectus of Mr. Hone's Register is now before us. This man is the publisher of those irreligious parodies which have excited such just and general indignation ; and since the abdication of King Cobbett, being ambitious of reigning in his stead, he adver-



tises his unstamped two-penny farrago as being conducted upon the same principles. 'Numerous,' he says, 'have been the meetings, singularly wise are the resolutions and petitions passed at those meetings,—wonderful indeed has been the unanimity of the people. Numerous and not less wise, or less unanimous, will those be which are about to follow.'—He talks of 'the blaze of intellect, the glorious light of knowledge so equally shining and generally diffused as the meetings for reform show it to be.' 'But in what classes,' he asks, 'among whom is it that we witness this knowledge, this improvement of the understanding? Is it among the nobles of the land, our *hereditary* guardians? Do they manifest superior wisdom? Do they call public meetings? Do they or any of them attend public meetings to instruct the people, and point out the road to good government, to independence, to happiness? No, not they.—They call no meetings, they attend no meetings; they do all they can to prevent meetings. They would have all quiet, quiet as death. They prove, as a wise man once said of them, that in knowledge they are an hundred years behind the state of society in which they live. By an unvaried and unqualified support of all the violent measures of ministers both at home and abroad, they have reduced the mass of the nation to a state of poverty, of dependence, of starvation: until alarmed for themselves, they have established soup-kettles to dole out broth in scanty portions to the industrious people, who, but for their conduct, would have been living as became men, independent-minded men, from their own earnings.' Mr. Hone will doubtless exempt one of our *hereditary* guardians from this indiscriminate and sweeping censure,—he will make honourable mention of the Norfolk meeting, and confer upon Lord Albemarle all the celebrity which the Reformer's Register and Weekly Commentary, conducted upon the principles of Mr. Cobbett, can bestow.

That nobleman has discovered, 'by the blaze of intellect and the glorious light of knowledge' which illuminates such meetings, that 'his Majesty's Ministers are engaged in plots and conspiracies themselves.' He has discovered that Spence\* was an old gentle-

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\*The following notice respecting this man has been transmitted to us from the Secretary of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle upon Tyne, through their very respectable President, Sir John E. Swinburne.

*Newcastle, Feb. 23d, 1817.*

'There did exist a Debating Club at Newcastle more than forty years ago, which assumed the name of the Philosophical Society: they met in a school. Of this society, or club, Spence, then a Schoolmaster in Newcastle, was a member, and there produced his strange paper, which was heard with very little attention. Spence, however, got it printed and hawked about the town, as an Essay read at *The Philosophical Society of Newcastle*, upon which a respectable member of the club moved at the next meeting that Spence should be expelled, and he was unanimously

man who had been many years dead, and who was very mad when he was alive; and that the doctrines of the Spenceans are not dangerous, because of their palpable absurdity. Alas! there are times and places when even such speeches as those at the Norfolk meeting may be mischievous.

Another of Mr. Cobbett's successors commenced his paper under the title of 'The Republican;' but being told that it would be more generally read if the name were less explicit, he tells us that 'he has complied with the wish of persons who are as firm to the cause as himself,'—'and I assure the tyrant and the slave,' he continues, 'that I will not swerve one jot from the principles I have begun with.' Many other such 'Successors to Mr. Cobbett' have started up, all printing like him, upon unstamped paper, and like him, addressing themselves to the poor and ignorant part of the community, for the purpose of persuading them that all their miseries are occasioned by the government. The Stamp Office and the Attorney General are no doubt acquainted with this whole litter of libellers; but there is one circumstance relating to the incendiary whom they are ambitious to succeed, which is little known, and may possibly tend to open the eyes of some of his deluded followers.

About twelve months ago Cobbett began to reprint his *Weekly*

expelled accordingly. He soon after removed from Newcastle, and was entirely lost sight of there. The period, (1775.) when this circumstance is stated to have taken place,—and the present *Literary and Philosophical Society* of Newcastle having only been established in 1793, sufficiently prove that Spence had no connexion with it; and our society having last month dismissed from his situation as their Librarian, Mr. Marshall, a printer of Gateshead, for having published the *Political Litany*, may serve as a proof, if any were wanting, that the Society are determined to adhere strictly to their fundamental Rule,—That Religion and Politics are prohibited subjects of discussion.

We insert this notice because it seems to be the wish of the existing Society that it should thus be made public. But it must be apparent to them, and to every other person, that in simply stating where and in what manner Spence first promulgated his doctrines, no imputation was or could be intended against the Society to which he happened to belong.

Spence's name reminds us of the *Monthly Magazine*, and of what the worthy and witty Editor of that loyal and religious publication has said in reply to what he is pleased to call 'a dull but wicked article upon Parliamentary Reform,' in the last Number of the *Quarterly Review*. So we would have him call it:—

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile,  
Filths savour but themselves.

This honourable Editor asserts that the *Quarterly Review* denies the necessity of Parliamentary Reform 'because there exists a society of Spencean visionaries,' and because (in his own words) 'we of the *Monthly Magazine* named a book which was likely to satisfy the curiosity of our readers in regard to the views of those visionaries, though we purposely forbore to commend what we plainly admitted we did not understand.' That this Editor should deny his own words, does not surprise us; but that he should do it when any of his readers may convict him of falsehood, by turning back only to his last month's Number, is indeed being magnanimously mendacious. These were his words:—'His pamphlet (Mr. Evans's) is written with considerable energy. We collect from it, that the main object of the Society is a more equal occupation (not proprietorship) of land,—a principle which has so often been urged in the pages of this Magazine.'

Political Register at New-York, with a letter in each Number addressed 'To the People of the United States in general, and his old English friends in that country in particular.'

'Gratified,' he says, 'at perceiving that what I have dared to publish here (that is in England) appears to have assisted in causing many amongst you to see the character, conduct, and views of our government in their true light, I am by no means content with efforts confined within the limits of a press, whence to publish even in the most moderate language, truths disagreeable to men in power, exposes the publisher to punishment little short of death; and I am the less disposed to this mental bondage, to this mere sighing under the terrors of the lash, when I see that there are many even amongst you, who still have a banking likeness to this government, and some who have the folly to hold it up as the bulwark of religion and liberty.'

His object, therefore, is to remove the error of those persons who are ignorant enough to think well of England, and to effect this, he describes the state of 'abject slavery' to which the English are reduced,—'a people who are compelled to crouch to insolent Hanoverian soldiers, and some of whom in the very heart of England have been flogged by those Hanoverians.' 'A nation,' he says of the English, 'who in their eagerness to enslave and entail slavery on other countries—who in their mischievous zeal for restoring tyranny and persecution in every country where they had been abolished, have plunged themselves into misery, and laid their own breasts bare to those very bayonets, for the employment of which against the breasts of others, they have so cheerfully paid.'—'What a shame is it,' he says, 'for any one to pretend to believe that there is any thing worthy of the name of public liberty, or of private property left in England! What base hypocrisy for any writer to affect to consider us in the light of a free nation!'

The charges which this miscreant makes against his country are so absurd, as well as so atrocious, that their notorious falsehood would have exposed him to universal contempt in England. Thus he informs the Americans that the English government sent Buonaparte back to France from Elba, because they were at once envious and fearful of the happiness and good fortune of France, where 'the ease, the comfort, the manners and the *morals* of the people, and in short every thing, had been improved by the revolution. Buonaparte's return was a premeditated scheme of the English government, and having let him loose, the Guelphs,' he says, 'had the impudence to call him an usurper.' He says that by chicanery we kept the French prisoners to rot in England, even at the expense of lives of Englishmen in France; and that 'tortures were inflicted upon these prisoners to make them enter into our service against their own country, at the very time that this govern-

ment was hanging and cutting out the hearts and bowels of Englishmen who had entered into the service of France for the sake of getting out of French prisons. He says that after the peace with America was ratified, an English officer, at Dartmoor availed himself of a pitiful pretext for causing several of the Americans who were his prisoners, to be murdered in cold blood,—and the villain insinuates that this officer was *selected* by the government as a fit person to inflict tortures and commit murder. The hanging of two French prisoners on a charge of forging Bank notes, he calls the foulest murder that ever was committed.

We will not sully our pages by transcribing the coarse and disgusting language with which he insults the royal family in all its branches; if the miscreant had not eloped from his creditors the laws would probably have been called upon to decide whether an Englishman residing in England can cause the most treasonable libels against his own sovereign and his own government to be printed and published in America with impunity. We will only select one passage which might excite the indignation even of his most deluded disciples: it is from a letter dated March 9, 1816, and published at New-York on the 22d of June; the intended marriage of the Princess Charlotte being the subject. Of the Prince Regent he says, 'I much question whether *the man* knows any thing at all about his daughter's being about to be married; and then alluding to that part of Lord Castlereagh's speech, in which it was said the House of Brunswick had 'largely contributed to the happiness and liberties of England,' he says, 'as if our liberties had been, or could have been, or ever can be owing, in any degree, to a set of beggarly Germans being put upon the throne, and kept there by a band of boroughmongers as mere tools in their hands!'

Such is the language which this brutal ruffian sent across the Atlantic to be published in America while he remained in England, endeavouring to subvert the institutions of his country by arousing the poor and the ignorant against all who were above them. And how truly his followers had imbibed the same vulgar and ferocious spirit was shown at Maidstone, at one of those meetings—

Where gentry, title, wisdom,  
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance.

After such specimens the reader will not be surprised at finding him call Mr. Perceval one of the most cruel, as well as most corrupt and hypocritical of men, 'the most malignant of all the tools of tyranny; saying 'he was exposed to so much detestation that he could hardly hope to escape a violent death;' and asking, 'if it was possible for justice or humanity to follow this corrupt, cruel, and hypocritical tyrant to the grave.'—'You in America,' he says,

‘will wonder how I can express openly my satisfaction that the time of suffering is arrived,—how I can laugh at and mock the sufferings of these people;—you will wonder that I do not lose all my readers.—To be sure, this consideration would have no weight with me, for what is life without *pleasure*—and how can I have any pleasure as to public affairs if I stifle my sentiments? It is, perhaps, quite impossible for any writer to be more unpopular than I am. There are, to be sure, a great many thousands who are my staunch friends: but comparatively speaking, these are nothing.’ He declares that he should have sunk into a state of melancholy if he had not felt confident that a short time would verify all his predictions of calamity to this nation and thereby give him ample vengeance; and he boasts that he never laughed so much in his life as at seeing the distress of the Hampshire farmers and freeholders. ‘*The definition of a true patriot,*’ says the Examiner, ‘*is a good hater;*’—and it may be admitted that according to this definition, Mr. Cobbett is as true a patriot as Mr. Examiner himself.

This latter patriot has drawn his own portrait, certainly with no intention of presenting an unfavourable resemblance;—it is the picture of a true Jacobine drawn by himself. ‘A true Jacobine,’ he says, ‘is one who does not believe in the divine right of kings, or any other alias for it, which implies that they reign in contempt of the will of the people; and he holds all such kings to be tyrants and their subjects slaves. To be a true Jacobine a man must be a good hater; but this is the most difficult and the least amiable of all the virtues.—The love of liberty consists in the hatred of tyrants. The true Jacobine hates the enemies of liberty, as they hate liberty, with all his strength, and with all his might, and with all his heart, and with all his soul. His memory is as strong, and his will as strong as theirs, but his hands are shorter.—The sense of wrong, and the barefaced assumption of the right to inflict it, deprives him of his rest. It stagnates in his blood. It loads his heart with aspics’ tongues, deadly to venal pens. It settles in his brain. It puts him beside himself.’—Here the reader will agree with this true patriot. ‘The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness, and the end of his talk is mischievous madness.’ One of the last Numbers of this patriotic Journal contains a tolerably explicit confession of the writer’s faith, political and religious. The former is conveyed in a parallel between Paganism and Christianity. ‘Disputes and bloodshed on holy accounts,’ he says, ‘were phenomena in the ancient world. It may be said that these are the abuses of religion, not religion itself; but, the abuses of Paganism led to no such horrors: they were chiefly on the pleasurable side of things, whereas the former were on the

painful. *They dealt in loves and luxuries*, in what resulted from the first laws of nature, and tended to keep humanity alive : the latter have dealt in angry debates, in intolerance, in gloomy denunciations, in persecutions, in excommunications, in wars and massacres, in what perplexes, outrages, and destroys humanity.' The gentleman who thus admires the morality of paganism would do well to consider what was said by an old divine of such morality and of its consequences. 'Men debauch themselves out of their religion; and atheism is not the persuasion of the man, no, nor the belief of the devil, but the punishment of the beast. 'Tis that hardness of heart, that reprobate sense to which God delivers up an obstinate sinner; 'tis the last of judgments inflicted by God upon him that has refused all the methods of his mercy. God has forsaken him, and delivered him up to the worst of all evils,—that is, to himself.'

Now for the political avowal of this votary of the 'loves and luxuries.' 'We contend,' he says, 'in opposition to Mr. Southey and all that servile crew, that the only possible preventive of one or other of these impending evils, namely, lasting slavery, famine, and general misery on the one hand, or a sudden and dreadful convulsion on the other, is the liberty of the press, which Mr. Southey calls sedition, and the firm, manly, and independent expression of public opinions, which he calls rebellion. We detest despotism, we deprecate popular commotion, but if we are forced upon an alternative we have a choice; we prefer temporary to lasting evils.' Here it must be acknowledged that, as far as respects the writer's own opinions, we have something very like naked truth,—though not in company with uncorrupted faith.

All the other confluent causes of discontent are trifling in themselves and light in their consequences compared to the seditious press. Two years ago it was computed that above 500,000 newspapers were printed every week. Cobbett boasted that he had sold more than a million of his papers within the last six months, and that a single paper frequently served for an hundred auditors. The country indeed is rid of this libeller, but the flood-gates of sedition is still open; and what Wesley recommended to the government in the days of Wilkes and liberty, is even more needful now than it was then, 'vigorously to execute the laws against incendiaries, against those who by spreading all manner of lies inflame the people even to madness; to teach them that there is a difference between *liberty* which is the glory of Englishmen, and *licentiousness*, a wanton abuse of liberty, in contempt of all laws divine and human.' 'Can any thing be done,' he asks, 'to open the eyes, to restore the senses of an infatuated nation? *Not unless the still-renewed, still operating cause of that infatuation be re-*

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*moved.* And again, in his excellent remarks upon Dr. Price's *Observations on Civil Liberty*, this extraordinary man expresses himself with an anxiety which subsequent events have amply justified. 'I am in great earnest,' says he, 'so I have need to be, for I am pleading the cause of my King and country, yea of every country under heaven where there is any regular government. I am pleading against those principles that naturally tend to anarchy and confusion, that directly tend to unhinge all governments, and overturn it from the foundation. Their natural tendency is to plunge every nation into total anarchy.'

The laws, and nothing but the laws, can preserve us from this catastrophe. Meantime individuals may do much in their respective spheres toward that amelioration of the people which is the only true reform, and upon which our security mainly depends.

The question is whether revolution, whether this endemic moral malady of this distempered age, can be averted till time be gained for educating the populace and improving their condition. 'We must make the poor,' says Sir Egerton Brydges, 'by a wise application of their labours, not only create the funds of their own subsistence, but add to the wealth of the rest of society.—We must do that which will equally restore their moral and physical happiness,—that which, while it will supply them with a sufficiency of food and bodily comforts, will, in the same degree, ameliorate their morals and their hearts.' For this we may look to the legislature. What is required of us is that we be as active in good as the malevolent are active in evil; let each man do his duty in his respective station—above all, let the magistrates and the clergy exert themselves; and it will be found that the good principle is mightier than the evil one. The laws are with us—and God is on our side.

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#### CORRIGENDUM.

Page 334, line 18. Read, "*some* of which are highly honourable, &c. There are *some* from Marcus Aurelius which would ill deserve this character, did we not suppose with the learned editor, that they were sportive allusions to some parts of the writings of Plato."

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